



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 08165914 0

268

The
Gordon Lester Ford
Collection
Presented by his Sons
Worthington Chauncy Ford
and
Paul Leicester Ford
to the
New York Public Library.

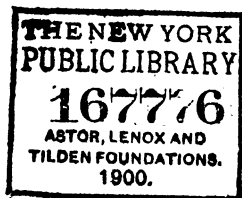
*DA

Digitized by Google
Polymer

THE
FESTIVALS
ENLARGED
VOLUME. II



Boston
Published by J. T. Buckingham?
1812.
a. 4



THE
POLYANTHOS.

Apr.
FOR ~~MARCH~~, 1813.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth.

Dr. Johnson.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM HEATH.

THE aged and venerable subject of this very brief and imperfect sketch was born at Roxbury, (Mass.) March 2, (old style) 1737. He descended from an ancient family, and is of the fifth generation who have inherited the same estate. His education was that of a farmer. A fondness for military exercises, and a desire to "gain a name in arms," appear to have been the ruling passions of his youth—passions, which maturer years and the peculiar situation of our country, ripened into the most inflexible patriotism, and rendered him a zealous defender of our national independence.

He was early called by the voice of his country to take an active part in the contest with Great Britain, which ended in our emancipation from her authority. On the 9th February, 1775, he, with others, was appointed, by the Massachusetts provincial congress, a General, to command the militia, in case they should be ordered out to oppose the British army then in Boston. He commanded the militia in the battle at Lexington, April 19; and after the British troops had retreated to Charlestown, he marched the militia to Cambridge, where they lay on their arms during the night. On the next day he issued his general orders—the *first issued* in the revolutionary war.

On the 22d of June following, he was appointed by congress fourth brigadier-general in the continental army ; but before notice of this reached the camp, he was appointed and commissioned, by the Massachusetts congress, a major-general of their forces. He continued with Gen. Washington in the camp at Cambridge, commanding the first brigade, until the British army evacuated Boston ; after which he accompanied a detachment of the main army to New-York, where he exercised the command, until a senior officer arrived.

He was commissioned by congress a major-general, in the continental army, on the 9th of August following. Having been employed in various important duties in the vicinity of New-York, in March, 1777, he was appointed to take the command of the Eastern Department, as successor to Gen. Ward, who had applied for leave to resign. This year was an important era in the annals of America. Congress had determined to make great exertions to drive the British troops from the country ; for which purpose they had ordered eighty-eight battalions to be raised in the United States, fifteen of which fell to Massachusetts. The arming, equipping, and sending on the recruits—furnishing the recruiting officers with bounty monies—and superintending the military stores, were employments, which called for the utmost exertion, and which he executed with scrupulous fidelity.

The arduous duties of the station Gen. Heath now held were increased in the autumn, by the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne at Saratoga, under a convention, which brought the army, consisting of seven British and seven German regiments, under his direction. Congress committed the management of this army solely to Gen. Heath. The conclusion of the president's letter, which notified him of the trust, was as follows : " I have to assure you, sir, that congress repose the utmost confidence in your address and abilities, for conducting this important business, in which, on one side, the faith and honor of these infant states are to be preserved ; and on the other, the magnanimity and resolution of congress to be exemplified." This additional duty, continued till the autumn of 1778.

In June, 1779, Gen. Heath was again called to the main army, and took the command of the troops on the east side of Hudson river. About this time, congress appointed him a commissioner of the board of war—an employment which he declined, preferring the more active duties of the field. In the beginning of July, he was employed to intercept the predatory excursions of Gen. Tryon, who had ravaged the Connecticut shore of the sound, burning and pillaging the houses, and otherwise insulting the inhabitants. From this time till the next summer, he was employed in confidential business, to bring about a co-operation with the French fleet, which were then coming to our assistance.

About this time Gen. Sir Henry Clinton prepared to attack the French army at Newport: Gen. Heath called out the whole militia of Rhode-Island, which, with the other troops from Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and the French troops and squadron, constituted a formidable force, ready for instant action. Sir Henry Clinton gave up his design, and disembarked his troops.

On the discovery of Arnold's treason, Gen. Heath was directed to take the command of West-Point and its dependencies. In May, 1781, the main army being in an alarming situation for want of provisions, he was specially appointed by the commander in chief to repair to the governors, and legislatures (if in session) of the several New-England states, to represent the distressed situation of the army, the necessity of immediate relief, and the adoption of a correct system, to ensure a future supply of provisions. This was promptly executed, and the most fortunate consequences resulted from it.

Gen. Heath was entrusted with the command of the main army, during the absence of Gen. Washington to Virginia, from August, until April, 1782, and received the entire approbation of the commander in chief, for his fidelity, in executing the trust. He was afterwards appointed one of the commissioners to meet commissioners from Sir Guy Carleton, at Tappan, to adjust and settle the accounts between the United States and the British government, respecting prisoners of war, and to provide by a cartel for their exchange.

On the 24th of June, 1783, he left the army to return home ; and calling to bid his beloved General Washington farewell, the following was presented to him in the general's *own hand writing*.

" Head Quarters, June 24th, 1783.

" Dear Sir,

" Previous to your departure from the army, I wish to take an opportunity of expressing my sentiments of your services, my obligations for your assistance, and my wishes for your future felicity.—Our object is at last attained ; the arrangements are almost completed, and the day of separation is now at hand.—Permit me, therefore, to thank you for the trouble you have lately taken in the arrangement of the corps under your orders, as well as for all your former cheerful and able exertions in the public service.—Suffer me to offer this last testimony of my regard to your merits, and give me leave, my dear sir, to assure you of the real affection and esteem with which I am, and shall, at all times and under all circumstances, continue to be, your sincere friend, and very humble servant,

G. WASHINGTON."

Gen. Heath is now the only survivor of the *first fourteen* general officers appointed by Congress in June, 1775. He has acted in many important civil offices. As early as 1770, he was elected by his native town a representative to the general court, and continued a member, by repeated elections, either of that body or the provincial congress, till hostilities commenced. Since the termination of the war, he has been in the house of representatives, senate, and executive council of Massachusetts ; has been 20 years judge of probate for the county of Norfolk ; was once elected lieutenant governor of the state by a handsome majority ; and has been twice chosen by the people an elector of president and vice president of the United States.

We regret that the limits of our work will not admit a more copious sketch of the life and character of a man, who has spent more than forty years in the public service. The reader, who wishes for a more circumstantial detail, will find it in

“Memoirs of Major General Heath, containing Anecdotes, Details of Skirmishes, Battles, and other Military Events, during the American War; written by himself,” and published by Thomas and Andrews, Boston, 1798—a book which contains much important information of undoubted credibility, and from which most of the preceding sketch has been extracted.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A COURSE OF
LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE FOURTH.

Galvanism, briefly considered, as a supplement to the Lecture on Electricity.

GALVANISM, or the science of animal electricity, has of late years very generally attracted the attention, and exercised the ingenuity of philosophers.

A great variety of experiments has been instituted to discover the cause of this curious phenomenon; but as yet, no ultimate decision has resulted from the most labored and minute investigation of the subject. Vital fire, or the electric fluid, operating in the human frame, in a state or modification particularly adapted to the animal system, has been referred to as the cause of muscular motion by some ingenious writers; and attempts have been made to establish as a foundation of a new theory, the identity of the electrical and nervous fluids. Professor Volta, to whom we are indebted for the Galvanic piles, believed that the muscular contractions which he observed in his experiments were excited by the electricity of the metals or other heterogeneous bodies that he employed as conductors, and that there was nothing like animal electricity in the phenomena noticed by Galvani, which proved nothing more, than that animals are electrometers of a nicer sensibility, to the slightest electricity, than all other electrometers with which we are acquainted.

It is well known that many animals are affected by natural electricity, and are extremely susceptible of every variation of atmosphere. To the patient and scientific observations of a French officer, the world is indebted for a curious and important discovery in *animal barometry*. The *garden spider* was the interesting subject of his notices ; and he asserts that this insect indicates not only the present state of the weather, but prognosticates its change with much more precision than the catgut or mercurial barometer.

The garden spider has two ways of working ; according to prevailing, or future weather. If the weather is to be rainy, or even windy, he attaches sparingly the principal threads which suspend his fabric to its supporting branches ; and thus he waits for the effect of a temperature which is about to be very mutable. Spiders possess not only a future, but a more distant *presentiment* than artificial barometers, concerning the approaching changes in the state of the atmosphere. A good barometer will foretell the weather for the next 24 hours ; but when the spiders work with long threads there is a certainty of having fine weather for 12 days or a fortnight. When they are idle, wind or rain is to be expected. When they work carelessly, look for changeable weather. When they are very active and industrious, they indicate settled, fine, and serene weather. When a spider is perceived incessantly renovating the web destroyed by the effusion of rain, it is not only a sure sign of this rain being of short duration, but denotes a speedy return and a permanence of fine weather.

According to the theory proposed by Galvani, and more advanced and perfected by his nephew Aldini, the human body is a kind of Leyden bottle. There is an excess of electricity in one part, and a deficiency of it in another. The conductor, or the body which serves as such, communicates the electric fluid from the part where it abounds, to that where it is deficient, and during this transition the muscular contractions take place in the same manner as is obtained by the explosion of the Leyden phial. As those bodies only which serve as conductors of the electric fluid, can be employed in discharging the Leyden phial, so also bodies of the same nature

are these only which can excite the muscular contractions. But as the Leyden phial, after a few explosions, ceases to emit any electric signs, in like manner the animal, after having sustained a variety of contractions, becomes altogether motionless. Nature makes use of the transition of the electric fluid in order to produce these various motions, and perhaps, also it may administer to perception. This simple theory, though countenanced by a great number of electrical phenomena, still remains without the support of perfect analogy: for if the comparison of the animal body with the Leyden phial be just, the results of experiments made with either should be similar. Now light bodies, when one end of a semi-circular conductor is applied to the ball communicating with the inside, and the other touches the outside of the Leyden phial, are known to spring up from the ball to the semi-circular conductor; a similar effect should therefore be produced in the case of the animal Leyden phials, if the expression may be allowed.

Vassali Eandi, the friend of Galvani, has no hesitation in declaring that he has frequently reiterated the experiment, varied the apparatus, and made use of the lightest bodies, such as the finest metallic leaves, without being able to ascertain with accuracy that any electrical appearances were produced. What then must be the inference? Is it to be concluded that the fluid that occasions the muscular contractions, is neither metallic nor animal electricity, but a fluid of a different kind, the nature of which is still to be explored? The ingenious author, whose name has just been mentioned, ventures not to pronounce a decisive opinion on the subject. If, however, he should dare to deliver one, it would be, that the muscular contractions are produced by the motion of the animal electrical fluid, directed by the conductors of natural electricity; for without adducing in corroboration of this opinion, the numberless experiments published by Gordini, Galvani, Volta, and many others, he would simply observe, that in the processes of nature, when any body changes its chemical state, it also admits a change in its peculiar capacity of containing the electric fluid, and even not unfrequently it changes its na-

ture itself so far as it has any relation to electricity, as may be observed in metallic oxyds.

The apparatus commonly termed the Galvanic pile, was invented by the celebrated professor Volta. Mr. Cruikshank, an ingenious Englishman, has greatly improved the means of experiments in Galvanism by the contrivance of the trough. Volta's pile is composed of a number of plates of zinc and copper, and pieces of wet cloth, all of equal size, placed one upon another; first a plate of copper, then of zinc, then a wet cloth; then of copper, zinc, and wet cloth, until a pile of twenty, forty, or sixty, or any required number of plates, is raised. The cloth should be wet with salt water, diluted muriatic acid, or some other oxydating menstruum.

With this apparatus water is decomposed in a very pleasing and easy manner. Take a narrow glass tube 5 or 6 inches long; fit each end with a cork, penetrated by a piece of slender iron wire, and fill the tube with water. Let the ends of the two wires be distant from each other, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch, and let one be made to communicate with the top, and the other with the bottom of the pile. On making this communication, bubbles of air will form, and will ascend to the top of the tube; the wire being rapidly oxydated. In this experiment water is decomposed; its oxygen unites with the iron, while its hydrogen appears in the state of gas. After the apparatus has stood thus prepared about 12 hours, on uncorking the upper end of the tube, and suddenly applying a lighted candle, the hydrogen gas will take fire, and explode with a considerable noise.

The Galvanic trough of Mr. Cruikshank is made of baked wood, wherein grooves are formed opposite each other, one tenth of an inch deep, and sufficiently wide to admit of a plate of zinc and copper, soldered together; three of these grooves are made in the space of an inch; the interstice between each pair of plates, is to be filled with an oxydating menstruum, to answer the same purpose as the wet cloths in the pile. The plates after being soldered together, are to be cemented into the grooves.

Mr. Cuthbertson, in a recent publication, has noticed some

remarkable and distinguishing properties between metallic Galvanism and electricity. When iron wire is ignited by a common electrical discharge, in such a degree as to produce a red heat through the whole length, the discharge is accompanied by a loud explosion, and the red heat produced in the wire lasts no longer than the body of the metal can retain that heat. But when produced by the Galvanic discharge, no explosion happens, and the red heat that is caused, continues for a sensible length of time, longer than when it is caused by the electric explosion. This proves that a current of Galvanic fluid follows the discharge. Deflagration of iron wire may be produced by Galvanism as well as by common electricity, so far as to form globules ; but the electric discharge will disperse them to a great distance ; whereas they are left at rest by the Galvanic. An electric discharge can convert iron and other metallic wires into an impalpable powder so as to float in the air ; which cannot be done by Galvanism. Common electricity charges coated glass ; so does Galvanism ; but in a very inferior degree. Though not universally allowed, there is no doubt of this fact. Galvanism decomposes water ; so does electricity ; but in a very inferior degree. A double quantity of Galvanic fluid in the form of a discharge can only ignite a double length of wire ; but a double quantity of electricity, in the same form, will ignite four times the length of wire. The deflagration of charcoal, which is produced by Galvanism, has never been effected by common electricity.

Galvanism has been introduced into this course, merely as it is connected with electricity, or as a modification of the same fluid. Its wonderful properties, in the hands of skilful chemists, have developed some secrets of nature, which had resisted the energies of all former powers, though they were applied by the most consummate skill, and with the most unwearied perseverance. I will only mention the discovery of the metallic bases of potash and soda, as an example in point, and refer the student for more particular information on the

subject, to professor Davy's various works, and to the notes to the American edition of Henry's Chemistry, p. 43.

Since the astonishing discoveries of the modern English and French chemists, have been made public, little is left for communication but a detail of experiments and a repetition of them. I speak of the present moment. Our continent presents an ample field for the chemist—and we venture to predict, that our GORHAM and SILLIMAN will rival the Davys and the Lavoisiers of the elder hemisphere. Already have they availed themselves of the experience and science of Europe; and with an exhaustless mine of materials for examination, they will, not fail to realize the fond hopes, and gratify the sanguine expectations of their country.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF DEPRAVITY.

IN a late English publication, we find the following relation of an undoubted fact, which occurred not many years ago in one of the provincial courts of Great Britain.

Two men were once convicted of highway robbery before judge Caulfield. When the jury brought in their verdict of guilty, the elder of the two fellows turned round to the younger, and with a countenance expressive of the most diabolical rage, malice, and revenge, addressed his companion in the following manner.

“Damnation seize you, you henhearted villain! If it had not been for you, I would have sent that rascal to hell, who here witnesses against us. I would have murdered the villain and then he would have told no tales. But you, you cowardly scoundrel, persuaded me to let him go—You dog, if I be hanged, you will be hanged with me, and that is the only satisfaction and comfort I have. But, good people, if any of my profession be among you, take warning by my example. If you rob a man, kill him on the spot; you will then be safe, for dead men tell no tales. I have robbed many persons, and I may escape from prison, and rob many more—and, by heavens! the man I rob, I will surely murder.”

"May God visit the blood of the man you murder upon my head!" said judge Caulfield. "Go, Mr. Sheriff, procure a carpenter, have a coffin made, and a gallows erected on the very spot where that monster now stands; for from this bench I will not remove till I see him executed. As for the young man, whose heart, though corrupted by the influence of this infernal wretch, still retained the principles of humanity, he shall not perish with him. I must indeed pass upon him the sentence the law requires; but I will respite him, and use my influence with the crown, to procure his pardon. This hoary villain shall not therefore have the satisfaction his malignant heart has anticipated."

The sheriff obeyed the order; a gallows was erected in the court-house; and in the presence of the judge, the jury, and the people, the unparalleled monster ascended the scaffold, cursing and blaspheming even to the moment when he was launched into eternity.

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XII.

You are well acquainted, my Emilia, with the numerous race of our modern Midas, who boast themselves to be in possession of learning and talents, which unhappily no other person can discover. These gentlemen may, with greater propriety, boast of the nobleness and antiquity of their origin; since their first father was assuredly Midas, king of Lydia, a contemporary of Bacchus. It is a pity, for the sake of our musical age, that this illustrious *amateur* should have been born some thousand years too soon; in the nineteenth century he would have done wonders; he would have been the oracle of our Opera-goers, the chief of our musical critics, to whom now he has only transmitted his name and his ears.

This prince having heard much of Apollo's sublime talent, exclaimed one day (resting his hand on his hip):—"Marvel-

lous ! I am curious to judge of this fellow's merit ; let him be brought to me."

Apollo presents himself ; and Midas stuttering and lisping alternately, from the altitudes of his folly, pronounces these words :—

" You profess the chromatic art ; let us have a taste of it : I shall judge then. Not that I am an educated musician ; Jupiter preserve me from it ! But I know every thing, without having learned any thing. Yet more, I pique myself, when I pronounce an opinion, upon employing the most strictly technical terms. Since, thanks to the dictionary, I am learned by alphabetical order ; and now, my dear Sir, I must warn you, that in our lyric committee, you will either be lauded like a god, or hissed like a fool. With us there is no medium ; you are either divine, or detestable."

While Midas uttered these preliminary follies, his favorite Pan came to assist at his rising.

Pan was a neighboring lord, renowned for his drinking songs. The king seeing him enter, ran to meet him, and taking Apollo by the hand :—" You see," said he, " a rival in this gentleman. Here is my barber also : proceed, my friends ; I am ready—begin."

Pan sung first, and Midas, while he listened, nearly swooned with extacy ; he raised his eyes to heaven, struck his feet and his hands together, and cried out as loud as the songster. Thus one ass in a thicket, listening to the voice of his brother, enchanted with hearing him bray, brays back in unison. Pan having happily concluded, Apollo hardly began, when Midas interrupted him with exclaiming :—" You sing as people speak !—Wretched air ! bad taste ! sickly expression !—Where are your *cork-screw* cadences ! the grand bursts, the thunderings of voice ! the *wire-drawn* thrills !" —Then turning towards his favorite, he added with the smile of a protector :—" He is a young man yet ; but if he will take time to study your method, and follow my instructions, I will engage to make his fortune, and bring him into fashion."

Even while he spoke, Midas felt budding under his hair, a

pair of long hairy ears. Terrified at this prodigy, Pan took to flight, and boasted no more. Apollo retired satisfied with this vengeance ; and the prince remained alone with his barber, whose officious genius soon enveloped his miraculous ears with a superb perriwig. Midas exacted from him the promise of inviolable secrecy ; the barber swore to it ; but alas ! the secret was of so weighty a nature, that the poor barber could no longer support it. He went and dug up the earth in a solitary spot, then bending down to the hollow, he whispered :—" Midas, the king, has ass's ears." Having thus buried his secret he went away. But shortly afterwards this piece of ground produced some reeds, which, whenever they were agitated by the wind, distinctly repeated :—" Midas, the king, has ass's ears."

You perceive, therefore, that in those times, secrets when they were sown, took root and grew like plants. If it were thus in our days, every rose in my Emilia's garden, waving beneath the light wing of Zephyr, would murmur as they waved, " I love thee."

In despair at the publicity of his misfortune, Midas sought an asylum at the court of Bacchus. To console him, the God proffered him the first favor he should desire. The long-eared prince demanded the privilege of turning every thing he touched into gold. Before the end of one day Midas repented of his indiscreet request. Food when it approached his lips, was changed into gold, and this *poor rich* man soon found himself threatened with famine.

Satisfied with having given him this lesson, and touched with his repentance, Bacchus bade him bathe in the waters of Pactolus, to deliver him from this foolish attribute. This river, which traverses Lydia, has ever since that period rolled its crystal waters over sands of gold.—Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

While Apollo extended in distant regions the empire of the fine arts, terror and desolation reigned at the foot of Mount Parnassus. Juno, enraged at seeing Jupiter bring forth Mi-

nerva without her aid, had struck the earth with her hand, and from this terrible blow the serpent Python was born. This monster, ever since the departure of Apollo, had established himself at the foot of Mount Parnassus, upon the borders of the river Cephissus, whence he ravaged the surrounding country. Upon this news, the brother of the Muses, quitting his sisters and the palace of Bacchus, remounted his faithful Pegasus, flew, arrived, combated the monster, and made him expire under his arrows.

This victory was celebrated all over Greece, and raised Apollo to the summit of glory. The Pythian games were then instituted to his honor ; they were very similar to those of Olympus ; but genius divided here the triumphal crowns with strength and agility. These crowns were then composed of oak branches, but after the metamorphosis of Daphne they were formed of laurel. At the Pythian games were found competitors in poetry, dancing, and music. These peaceable combats were every day renewed ; the deity of the fine arts presided over them, seated on a throne of verdure. He animated the song of the shepherds, and the graces of the shepherdesses, and made spring up beneath their steps the flowers and the delights of the golden age.

In quitting these charming assemblies the happy couples dispersed throughout the adjacent woods, and over the hanging mountains. Hymen led them through secret labyrinths ; and during the silence of night nothing was to be heard but soft sighs answered by the echoes, and tender murmurs proceeding from the depths of natural grottoes.

Too frequently happiness remains only while she is veiled : report published that of Apollo, and of his sylvan companions ; the gods became jealous of his enjoyments, and recalled him to Olympus.

The son of Latona regretted his exile, as we should regret our country—"Alas !" cried he, shedding bitter tears ; "must I quit you for ever, sweet asylum, beautiful shades, where far from the tumult of courts, liberty shared my days between nature and the arts ! Ye woods, where I loved to respire peace

and freshness in solitude ! Ye mysterious grottos where my heart yielded itself to the voluptuous tenderness of tears and sighs ! shall I never see you more ?—Nymphs of these groves and plains, forget my youthful errors ! Naiads of these fountains, whom I have so often caused to weep, forgive me ! I was fickle, I wounded tender hearts ; the court had polluted my morals ; but in this happy corner of the world, far from state intrigues, beautiful Naiads, my love has become pure as your waters ; and I owe to you the delight of having tasted supreme bliss in the bosom of fidelity.—Herdsmen, whom I love, and whom I quit, when you see my radiant car begin or finish its career, think that it is the eye of your friend which watches over, and enlightens you !—Yes, beyond every other scene, this region shall ever be dear to me ! I will be prodigal there, of my light and of my precious gifts. I will make genius flourish there ; and Greece shall be the country of philosophers and demi-gods.

“ Adieu, my friends ! I pray you to cherish my sisters. Forget not my tenderness ; continue to me your affection.”—At these words the son of Latona mounted upon a cloud and disappeared.

The herdsmen who had tasted the charms of his society, felt all its value when it was lost ; and their regret was more tender than had been their friendship. They soon addressed worship to their friend in Olympus : they elevated temples to him, and assembled in them to sing his praise. Apollo was no longer upon earth, but he dwelt in the hearts of those who had associated with him—how sweet is such a thought to sincere friends !—Does it not sometimes even reach you, my Emilia ? and at this very moment, exiled to the bosom of Paris, far from the smiling abode of Pomona and of Flora, do you not feel, that with the most devoted most tender of lovers, you still secretly dwell in the retreat whence I now write ?

Of all the gods of antiquity, Apollo is, perhaps, the one whose worship has been the most extensive. The hymns sung to his honour were denominated *Pæans*, because they usually commenced with these two words, *Io Pæans* ! These

words were consecrated to recal the victory of Apollo over the monster Python. The witnesses of that terrible combat, cried out to him incessantly, "*Io Pean ! Iomord !—strike !*"—and consequently, after all victories, this burthen became a cry of exultation.

It was usual to immolate upon the altars of Apollo a white bull or a lamb. They added to these sacrifices some libations of oil and of milk ; the one in memory of the period in which he tended sheep ; the other, because that the olive, faithful to the god of day, flourishes only in those regions where his beams shine brightest.

Besides these, they offered upon his altars, the crow, which like Apollo, foreseeing the future, is supposed to announce the decrees of destiny ; the eagle, who, with daring eyes, gazes on the sun's fullest lustre ; the cock, whose morning cry celebrates his return ; and the grasshopper, who sings the lovely season of his reign.

This god was represented under the figure of a young man without a beard, his hair bright and floating, and his brows bound with laurel. With the right hand he held a bow and arrows ; with the left, a lyre of seven strings, emblem of the seven planets, whose celestial harmony it is supposed to imitate. Sometimes he carried a buckler, as protector of mankind, and presented the Graces, who animate genius and the elegant arts. A cygnet was placed at his feet ; this bird was consecrated to him on account of the tender and melodious manner with which it sings its approaching death, as if the term of existence was the epoch of happiness.

I will not detail to you the infinite number of temples which were dedicated to this god, nor the multiplied feasts which they celebrated to his honor. The most celebrated temples were that of Delos, the place of his nativity, where Theseus afterwards established the Pythian games ; that of Mount Soracte, where the priests walked with naked feet, and burning censers ; and that of Delphos, where young people offered him their flowing hair. It was here that Apollo distributed oracles from the lips of the Sybils.

The Delphian Sybil was called the Pythoness, because that while she delivered her oracles, she seated herself upon the skin of the serpent Python. This skin covered a tripod of massy gold, which had been found in the sea by some fishermen. These fellows having vainly disputed between themselves for the possession of it, agreed to consult the oracle, which commanded them to bestow the tripod upon the wisest man in Greece.

The fishermen presented it to Thales : this philosopher joined to the sciences of geometry, physics, and astronomy, a profound study of morals ; it was he who said, that of all human studies, that of one's self was the most difficult. Thales sent the tripod to Bias, whom he regarded as wiser than he. Bias was, indeed, a treasury of science and virtues. This was he, who, at the moment in which an enemy's army carried Prienne, his country, by assault, being warned to save his wealth, replied, as he moved on—"I carry it all in myself."

In spite of the vanity which may be found in this response, Bias had the modesty to send the tripod to Pittacus, who passed it to Cleobulus, and he sent it to Periander. I will say no more of these three worthies, than that they were philosophers. Periander offered the tripod to Solon, who made true riches consist in virtue, that only treasure which neither time nor fortune can alter. Solon refused the tripod, and made him propose it to Chilos, whose philosophy bounded itself within this simple maxim, "moderation in all things."—The tripod after having thus passed through the hands of seven sages, returned to Thales, who deposited it in the temple of Apollo, when it was consecrated to the service of the Sybil.

Such were the manners of the Greek philosophers. When we recal those glorious ages in which that happy country flourished, tenderness and admiration are divided between the virtues and the graces which were fostered in her bosom, and which have long been exiled thence, by barbarism and oppression.—Adieu.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR.....No. VII.

Dives amicus

Sæpè decem vitiis instructor, odit & horret ;
 Aut, si non odit, regit ; ac, veluti pia mater,
 Plus quam se sapere, et virtutibus esse priorem
 Vult : & ait propè vera : Mæx (contendere noli)
 Stultitiam patiuntur opes ; tibi parvula res est.

HORACE EPIST.

THE most ridiculous and unjustifiable of all kinds of extravagance, is that which proceeds from a desire to equal a more opulent neighbor, in the expensive distinctions of dress and equipage. "Your rich friend," says the Roman satirist, "though in a tenfold degree more vicious than yourself, will hate and despise you for your presumptuous rivalship. If he do not abhor, he will enslave you, and you will become his bondman—the servant of his imperious will, or capricious tyranny. Like a pious mother, he would have you more wise and virtuous than himself. With great truth he says, What madness urges you to contend with me?—I may be allowed to play the fool sometimes, because my riches enable me to do foolish things : I may indulge myself in whims and extravagancies ; and can afford to pay for them. But your small estate confines your lawful pleasures within narrow bounds. While your circumstances are such, that you are dependant upon another, caution, and the frugal enjoyment of the little that you possess, best become you. Avoid ostentation, and do not madly endeavor to vie with me ; for remember the revenge of Eutrapelus, who grew indignant when the poor and needy citizens of Rome aspired to the rank, and became ambitious to appear in the garb and state, of their wealthy superiors. When he designed to ruin a fool of that description, he was sure to clothe him in a magnificent habit. For, said he, this difference of apparel will lead him to fancy himself a great man ; he will form new projects and indulge high expectations ; he will scorn to rise from his couch till mid-

day; he will sacrifice friendship and honor to obtain a mistress; money he must have, and excessive interest he will give to procure it; at last he is forced to amuse the populace as a prize fighter; or to drive his horse laden with herbs to market, as the day laborer of some industrious gardener."

Thus far the wise and polished Horace. His sentiments and remarks concerning men and morals, were the result of much experience and philosophical observation. They need no comment. But I hope the following story will amuse my readers, while, in an agreeable and familiar way, it illustrates and explains the Latin verses which I have prefixed to my present number.

Every body, who has seen Amsterdam, must know that a very useful class of men, called the croyers, reside there. They generally trundle a wheel barrow before them, and attend mercantile houses, carry letters, messages, burthens, and make out to procure a comfortable subsistence; and some of them, something more.

There was one of these, whose name was Isaac. He was called Isaac the croyer. He seemed to be at the top of his business, and was computed to be a warm fellow, and worth 10,000 guilders, nearly 1000*l.* currency. As Isaac had acquired this property by industry and attention, so he labored cheerfully to enlarge it, by economy and frugality. Naturally parsimonious, he and his wife seemed to have no other view than the increase of their guilders. They lived in a kind of cellar kitchen, which though sometimes damp, was always comfortable. An adjacent old clothesman furnished their wardrobe. Thus situated, as our Isaac was one day returning from his accustomed services, he stopped at a place called Rag Fair. Seeing a hat nearly new, and likely to go off very cheap, he bid for it, and on paying five guilders, a very small sum, considering its real value, the hat was Isaac's. Although he had never indulged himself in such extravagance before, his wife (notwithstanding the natural aversion of the woman to dress) liked the bargain well enough, as it was but for once. On the next Sunday, Isaac and his wife, as usual, went to

church ; the hat pleased mightily. Yet every thing did not suit, for Isaac wore a cap ; it was therefore determined that by the following Sunday, he should buy a perriwig. He recollected the place of his late purchase, and there, also, for a rider, about 14 guilders, he was supplied with a good wig. Behold Isaac and his wife strutting forth, the envy and admiration of all his profession. One of his acquaintances happened however to laugh at him for wearing a fine hat and peruke, with a short jacket without any cuffs or collar. A conference was held, and for a few guilders more, Isaac shone forth in a pretty decent half cast black coat and ruffles. All was still tolerable. Isaac labored as usual, and their money, notwithstanding their late purchases, did not decrease.

Near Isaac's lowly habitation was the residence of a barber. His lady kept the best company in town, and entertained very genteelly ; indeed she gave the ton to the whole street. Perceiving Isaac to mend in his Sunday appearance, she thought it her duty to bring Isaac's wife forward, as Isaac in time might be a customer. Ruminating upon this, when she was returning from carrying a new dressed wig home, she stopped to see the old woman, just to chat a bit with her. The croyer came home in the evening. My dear, says his wife, don't you find our kitchen grows very damp ? Bless me (says she, coughing) it will certainly kill me. I shall die of a consumption. A constant repetition of the same thing, sometimes forces conviction. He determined to hire a small room in a garret, but he did not know what to do with his wheel barrow. After some reflection and talk with his wife, he hired a small decent little house. This required 3000 additional guilders a year, for rent. To be sure the house must be painted ; and no soul could endure it without its being white washed, and as the cough and dampness continued, the barber's wife told the old woman nothing would cure it but a carpet ; and she would come the next day and drink tea with her. This was a sore stroke. Isaac and his wife had never drank tea in style ; and they hardly knew the use of the carpet. The bag of guilders was however broke in upon ; and

considering every thing, Isaac's wife was told at the tea table, that in the course of two or three years, she might be pretty genteel, if she would but keep high company.

The barber's wife had some grand acquaintances. Among others was Yffrow Vander Fliss, a very handsome lady, about as big as an hogshead : her friends, however, overlooked this. To the Yffrow Isaac's wife was introduced. She lived in a high house, which served as a store house for Dutch cheese and herrings. Isaac's wife became quite polished ; Isaac himself was introduced to Mynheer, who very civilly treated him with a bottle of wine of his own brewing.

On the Sunday following, Isaac, instead of regaling himself in his walk, with a light, cheap beverage, was in a circle of Dutch wits. They talked about the fisheries, ridiculed the states, and abused the stadtholder. Isaac became a new man, he got the newspapers read to him, learnt to drink claret on Sunday, and talk politics. His wife one evening was taken very ill. After some little time, however, she got over her fit. Isaac tenderly inquiring after the reason of her illness, was very much enraged to find that in a select party that afternoon, Mrs. Van Spachad declared that she could not stay where Isaac's wife was ; he was a croyer, lived in a small house, and trundled a wheel barrow ! When the croyer heard this, he swore he would challenge her. His wife, however, would not suffer him to risk his life, and therefore very prudently exchanged the challenge for the hiring of a larger house, and burning the wheel barrow. The rent startled Isaac ; it was 300 guilders more than ever he had given. But this was laughed at by a large party of friends, who came to spend the afternoon and evening at his house. Launched forth into the circles of splendor and gaiety, their company was universally courted, and their table generally honored with numerous friends and well wishers. Isaac's wife had the finest carpets, the best furnished house, and the greatest quantity of plate, of any person of her acquaintance. Dinners, suppers, tea parties, all contributed to her amusement ; for Isaac, as it is the duty of all good husbands, denied his wife nothing.

His friends too were very kind. They would often borrow 20 or 40, 100 or 200 guilders from him. If Isaac had not been a gentleman and a man of honour, they declared they would not have condescended to request the loan.

This lasted three years. One morning Mynheer Vander Fliss sent in his account of wines, groceries, &c. Isaac was alarmed at the amount. The bag of guilders was resorted to, but that was insufficient. Three days after, an officer of justice seized the property and person of the croyer. The sale of the former, barely satisfied his creditors; the latter was liberated from prison. Isaac and his wife execrated the first step from their former situation. The wig and the hat were condemned to the flames. The charity of some well disposed burghers induced them to lend Isaac, at 100 per cent. interest, a sufficient number of guilders to purchase himself a wheel barrow, that he might assume his former occupation. And it is a standing proverb to this day at Amsterdam, when a man forgets his situation, and aspires beyond his circumstances, to say, "he is turning Isaac the croyer." No man trusts him after this; and his character is blasted forever.

ETHELGAR.

BY CHATTERTON.

'Tis not for thee, O man, to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings shine on the rising waves, and the black clouds sit on the brow of the lofty hill: who then protects the flying deer, swift as a sable cloud, tossed by the whistling winds, leaping over the rolling floods to gain the hoary wood, whilst the lightnings shine on his chest and the wind rides over his horns? When the wolf roars terrible as the voice of the Severn, moving majestic as the nodding forests on the brow of Michelstow; who then commands the sheep to follow the swain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning? Know, O man, that God suffers not the least member of his work to perish, without an-

swering the purpose of its creation. The evils of life with some are blessings, and the plant of death healeth the wound of the sword. Doth the sea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy soul, look unto the Lord; thou shalt stand firm in the days of temptation as the lofty hill of Kinwulf. In vain shall the waves beat against thee; thy rock shall stand—comely as the white rocks—bright as the star of the evening—tall as the oak upon the brow of the mountain—soft as the showers of dew that fall upon the flowers of the field.

Ethelgar arose the glory of Exanceastre. Noble were his ancestors as the palace of the great king. His soul with the lark every morning ascended the skies, and sported in the clouds, when stealing down the steep mountain, wrapt in a shower of spangling dew. Evening came creeping on the plain, closing the flowers of the day, shaking her pearly showers upon the rustling trees; then was his voice heard in the grove, as the voice of the nightingale upon the hawthorn spray. He sung the works of the Lord. The hollow rocks joined in his devotion; the stars danced to his song; the rolling year, in various mantles drest, confest him man. He saw Egwina of the vale: his soul was astonished as the Britons who had fled before the sword of Kenric. She was tall as the towering elm; stately as a black cloud burst into thunder; fair as the wrought bowels of the earth; gentle and sweet as the morning breeze; beauteous as the sun; blushing as the vines of the west: her soul as fair as the azure curtain of heaven. She saw Ethelgar—her soft soul melted as the flying snow before the sun. The shrine of St. Cuthbert united them. The minutes fled on the golden wings of bliss. Nine horned moons had decked the sky, when young Elgar saw the light. He was like a young plant upon the mountain, or the sun hidden in a cloud. He felt the strength of his sire, and swift as the lightning of heaven, pursued the wild boar of the wood. The morn awoke the sun, who stepping from the mountain's brow, shook his ruddy locks upon the shining dew. Elgar arose from sleep; he seized his sword and spear, and issued to the chase, as waters swift falling down a craggy

rock : so' raged young Elgar through the wood. The wild boar bit his spear, and the fox died at his feet. From the thicket a wolf arose, his eyes flaming like two stars ; he roared like the voice of the tempest ; hunger made him furious, and he rushed like a falling meteor to the war, like a thunderbolt tearing the black rock. Elgar darted his spear through his heart : the wolf raged like the voice of many waters, and seized Elgar by the throat, whose spirit sought the regions of the blest. The wolf died upon his body. Ethelgar and Egwina wept ; they wept like the rains of the spring. Sorrow sat upon them as black clouds upon the mountains of death ; but the power of God settled their hearts.

The golden sun arose to the highest of his power ; the apple perfumed the gale, and the juicy grape delighted the eye. Ethelgar and Egwina bent their way to the mountain's side, like two stars that move through the sky : the flowers grew beneath their feet ; the trees spread out their leaves ; the sun played upon the rolling brook ; the winds gently passed along. Dark, pitchy clouds veiled the face of the sun ; the winds roared like the noise of the battle ; the swift hail descended to the ground ; the lightnings broke from the sable clouds, and gilded the dark brown corners of the sky ; the thunder shook the lofty mountains ; the tall towers nodded to their foundations ; the bended oaks divided the whistling wind ; the broken flowers fled in confusion round the mountain's side : Ethelgar and Egwina sought the sacred shade. The bleak winds roared over their heads, and the waters ran over their feet. Swift from the dark cloud the lightning came ; the skies blushed at the sight. Egwina stood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the spring. The lightnings danced about her garments, and the blasting flames blackened her face ; the shades of death swam before her eyes, and she fell breathless down the black steep rock. The sea received her body, and she rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar stood terrible as the mountain of Maimdip. The waves of despair harrowed up his soul, as the roaring Severn ploughs the sable sand : wild as the evening wolf, his eyes

shone like the red vapors in the valley of the dead. Horror sat upon his brow ; like a bright star shooting through the sky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill, like a tall oak breaking from the roaring wind. St. Cuthbert appeared in the air ; the black clouds fled from the sky ; the sun gilded the spangled meadows ; the lofty pine stood still ; the violets of the vale gently moved to the soft voice of the wind ; the sun shone on the bubbling brook. The saint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal ; as the soft dew of the morning hangs upon the lofty elm, he bore him to the sandy beach, while the sea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning folding up the black mantles of the night. "Learn, O man," said the member of the blessed "to submit to the will of God. He is terrible as the face of the earth when the waters sunk to their habitations, gentle as the sacred covering of the rock, secret as the bottom of the great deep, just as the rays of the morning. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine at the stroke of the Almighty, for God is as just as he is great." The holy vision disappeared as the atoms fly before the sun. Ethelgar arose and bent his way to the college of Kenwelken, where he flourishes as a hoary oak in the wood of Arden.

"COWPERIANA."

MAN is never so deluded as when he dreams of his own duration. Whether we look back from fifty, or from twice fifty, the past appears equally a dream ; and we can only be said truly to have lived while we have been profitably employed.

Were men in general to save themselves all the steps they take to no purpose, or to a bad one, what numbers, who are now active, would become sedentary !

Lavater's 'Aphorisms' appear to me some of them wise, many of them whimsical, a few of them false, and not a few of them extravagant. *Nil illi medium*—If he finds in a man the feature or the quality that he approves, he deifies him ; if the

contrary, he is a devil. His verdict is in neither case, I suppose, a just one.

The present [1789] appears to me a wonderful period in the history of mankind. That nations, so long contentedly slaves, should, on a sudden, become enamored of liberty, and understand, as suddenly, their own natural right to it, feeling themselves at the same time inspired with a resolution to assert it, seems difficult to account for from natural causes. With respect to the final issue of all this, I can only say, that if, having discovered the value of liberty, they should next discover the value of peace, and lastly the value of God, they will be happier than they ever were since the rebellion of the first pair, and as happy as it is possible they should be in the present life.

If two of the wisest in the science of jurisprudence may give opposite opinions upon the same point, which not unfrequently happens, it seems to be a matter of indifference whether a man answers by rule or at a venture. He that stumbles upon the right side of the question, is just as useful to his client, as he that arrives at the same end by regular approaches, and is conducted to the mark he aims at by the greatest authorities.

It is a noble thing to be a poet, it makes all the world so lively. I might have preached more sermons than even Tillitson did, and better, and the world would have been still fast asleep; but a volume of verse is a fiddle, that puts the universe in motion.

FENELON.

THE person of Fenelon is thus described by one who was intimately acquainted with him :—

He was above the middle size, elegantly formed, slender and pale. His nose was large and well shaped. His eyes darted fire and vivacity. His countenance was such that whoever saw it once could never forget it. It contained every thing and united contrarieties, without their appearing to be at

variance. It contained gravity and sweetness, seriousness and cheerfulness. It exhibited equally the man of learning, the ecclesiastic, and nobleman ; but what universally pervaded it, as well as the whole of his person, were finesse, understanding, decorum, the graces, and particularly dignity ; inasmuch that it required an effort to remove the eye from him. There appeared something more than mortal blended o'er the whole. All the portraits of him appeared to speak ; yet no painter could ever reach the proportions, the harmony, and delicacy of character, that were united in his expression. He possessed a natural, soft and flowery eloquence, a politeness insinuating but noble, an elocution neat, easy, and agreeable, with a clearness and precision not to be surpassed, and which could not be misunderstood, even when treating upon the most abstract and difficult matter.

With all this superiority, he never permitted himself to appear to possess more understanding than those with whom he conversed. He put himself upon a level with every one, without either their perceiving he did so, or in the minutest manner derogating from that sublime and affable characteristic, which forever distinguished his deportment. To such a degree did he both fascinate and instruct all to whom he spoke, that they could not quit him for a moment, without desiring to return to him. This rare talent, which he cultivated in so eminent a degree, attached his friends to him all his life, in defiance of his exile and disgrace, and the unhappy distance they were from him. It united them in the melancholy pleasure of talking of him, of regretting him, of sighing after his return, and expecting it with the ardor of enthusiasm. In the year 1709, a young prince passed a few days with Fénélon. Among other subjects they conversed on *toleration*. "Never, sir," said the archbishop, "Never, sir, oblige your subjects to change their religion ; no human power can force the impenetrable intrenchment of the freedom of thinking. Violence will never convince the heart ; it can only make men hypocrites.—Grant to all men a civil toleration of religion ; not as if you approved of every difference as a matter

of indifference ; but as if you permitted every thing with patience, which God permitted.”—“ All forms of government,” said the good archbishop one day to the chevalier Ramsay, “ are necessarily imperfect ; for the supreme power in this world must ever be entrusted to man ; yet all forms are good, when those who govern attend only to the great law of the public welfare.”

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

FALSE WIT.

As nothing occurs oftener in conversation than *junes*, so nothing seems to be oftener commented on by the writers of short essays and scraps. One would think that nothing new could be said upon *funning*, yet I cannot help encountering the hazard of saying trite and tedious things, by once more putting pen to paper, from the impulse which has been given to my thoughts by a *funning epitaph*, written by one of my friends, and which appears to me no contemptible performance in that style.

A poetical dyer (not Dyer the poet) is supposed to dedicate the following doleful stanzas to his deceased wife :—

My wife has died and gone to dust,
The thing is strange to me ;
Yet not a soul alive, I trust,
E'er dyed so much as she.

To dye, indeed, was all her pride,
For threescore years and four ;
She dyed each day she liv'd, and died
When she could live no more.

When she grew old, I know not why,
Her dying days were past,
And so for want of cloth to dye,
She died herself at last.

Aristotle is said to have taken great pains in dividing into *genera* and *species* the tribe of verbal witticisms ; and Dean

Swift did not disdain to employ his time in manufacturing *clinchces*, *conundrums*, and *puns*, of all possible sorts and kinds. I hope I may not be severely censured for venturing to enquire, of those who have nothing better to attend to, to what *genus* and *species* the following is to be referred :—

The celebrated Radcliffe, in his early days, and before his practice enabled him to keep a horse, was met by a rival physician, who was extremely well mounted, and who was very proud of his steed. A friend of Radcliffe, who met him at the same instant, pointing to the horse, observed, "Is not that a very fine horse, doctor?" "Aye, aye," replied the other sneeringly, "he *may* pass for a tolerable horse-doctor."

If you will allow me to trifle a little longer, I will add another specimen of the same kind :—

Says Will to Tom, 'The other day,
As I was loitering in a lane
Down by the shore, I saw a house
Fly through a window's broken pane.'

'Tush, man, a stranger sight than that
I met this morning,' Tom replied ;
'I swear, I saw a winged horse
Fly o'er a river four miles wide.'—

Now, gentle reader, what think you ?
Believe or not, they both said true !

J. H.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

VARIETIES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

DIDEROT.

DIDEROT thinks it ridiculous to say, "the more heads the better counsel," because, nothing is more common than heads, and nothing more rare than good advice. Was Adrian to be blamed for causing to be inscribed on his tomb-stone, "It was the great number of physicians that killed the emperor?"

EPIGRAM ON THE SCOTS.

Doctor Johnson's prejudices against the Scots were strong, but his sarcasms were always witty. From a couplet in Dr. Donne's works it should seem that Johnson was not singular in his antipathy—

Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his doom,
Nor forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him at home.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XV.

LOUIS XV. though a flagitious prodigal of public money on national occasions, was a niggard in all affairs which affected him individually. He could not even bear to lose at play with *La Valliere* and *Goutant*. When unfortunate, he perceptibly murmured, and to conceal his ill-humor, he would eat the wax from the tapers. The minute attention which he paid to his secret finances, which were managed by *Bertin*, proves how much he was infected with this failing. A thousand traits show that nature had rather formed him to be an attentive farmer general, living in the midst of pleasure and abundance, than to be governor of a great empire. A friend of *Piron* very well described him in his parody of an epitaph, made at the time of his death by a celebrated academician :

Ci-gît Louis, ce pauvre roi,
On dit qu'il fut bon, mais à quoi ?

Here lies poor *Louis* ; he was good they say ;
Was he indeed ? But good for what, I pray ?

ANECDOTE OF CLERMONT TONNERRE.

CLERMONT TONNERRE, bishop of *Noyon*, was a man of unmeasurable pride, and pushed his claims beyond all bounds. When preaching in the *cathedral*, he was once heard thus to commence his sermon:—*Listen, thou Christian mob, (canaille) to the word of the Lord.* At another time, disturbed by the whispers of the inattentive, while he was celebrating mass, he turned towards the assembly, crying out: *Really, gentlemen, judging by the noise, with which you fill the church, one would*

conclude that it was a lackey, and not a prelate of rank, who officiated.—It was this bishop who, when seized with a dangerous illness, sent for his confessor, and made known to him his fears of hell. The courtly priest replied : *You are very good, my lord, thus gratuitously to terrify yourself : but God will think of it twice before he damns a person of your high birth.* The bishop, it is said, was well satisfied with the answer, and very much admired it.

POETS.

We are incessantly told that we must be born poets—Yes, in the same manner that we must be born musicians, orators, or mechanics : that is, with the dispositions necessary to become such, which dispositions must afterwards be unfolded and brought to perfection by study and exercise.

IMPULSE.

It is not, says Cowper, when I will, nor upon what I will, but as a thought happens to occur to me ; and then I versify, whether I will or not,—and in the afternoon, he somewhere says, till I have drunk tea, I am fit for nothing.

AN EPIGRAM,

On seeing a young lady writing verses with a hole in her stocking :—

To see a lady of such grace,
With so much sense, and such a face,
So slatternly, is shocking :—
Oh ! if you would with Venus vie,
Your poetry and pen lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking !

SPENCER MODERNISED.—*Madness.*

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,
An hundred knots that did him sore constrain ;
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threat'ning revenge in vain ;

His burning eye, which bloody streaks did stain,
Stared full wide, and shot forth sparks of fire ;
And more for rank despite, than for great pain,
Shook his long locks, color'd like copper wire,
And bit his tawny beard, to shew his raging ire !

Guyon conducted by Mammon through a subterranean cavern to see his treasure.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretch'd itself into an ample plain,
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's gloomy reign ;
By that way-side there sat infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife ;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.
On the other side in one consort there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate ;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite :
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might.
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.
And over them sad Horror, with grim hue
Did always soar, *beating his iron wings* ;
And after him owls and night ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings ;
Whilst sad *Celeno*, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrows sings,
That heart of flint asunder would have rift ;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

J. H.

THE DANGEROUS CABALIST :

Or the Jew much more than a match for Christians. A story from the modern Hebrew.

—Credat Judæus Apellâ.

A MYSTERIOUS circumstance occurred about the time of old Mr. Goldsmid's death, 1781, that occasioned much talk among the Jewish people at the time, and is not yet forgotten by many. A little before that event, died a cabalistical Jewish doctor, named De Falk, a man of universal acquaintance, singular manners, and wonderful talents, which seemed bordering on supernatural agency. He had made his will, and appointed Mr. Aaron Goldsmid one of his executors, and Mr. De Symons the other. Among other *items* he left a packet of papers, carefully sealed, in the care of the first gentleman, to be securely treasured up, but never to be opened, nor looked into, on the severest injunction, as such an attempt to discover their contents would be peremptorily attended with fatal consequences to the person who opened it ; whereas, on the contrary, if carefully preserved, himself and family would be highly prosperous in their undertakings.

This divine, for such he may be considered, had kept a private synagogue, in his house in Wellclose-square, and exercised most surprising benevolence. Curiosity, though the most impulsive power acting on the human mind, was long resisted by Mr. Goldsmid's resolution to keep his secret depot inviolable ; but at last he yielded to the silly desire of investigating the contents of *one* packet ; his death ensued the same day, and threw the family into the greatest confusion. The fatal paper was found covered with cabalistical figures and hieroglyphics. The remainder of the papers were secured by the family, who placed them in a privacy where they are not likely to be disturbed. A few anecdotes of this extraordinary person, as current among his nation, are amusing.

Mr. De Falk, at Mr. Goldsmid's table one day, received an invitation to call on a gentleman, for the purpose of conversation with him in a friendly way, on a curious subject ;

"But when," says the gentleman, "will you come?" on which De Falk pulled out a small piece of wax candle from his pocket, and giving it to him, said, "Light this up, sir, when you get home, and I shall be with you as soon as it goes out."

The next morning the gentleman lighted this bit of candle, which seemed to possess the virtue of the ancient sepulchral lamps, that were found burning after being buried many centuries; for he watched it all day, and at night did not find it in the least lessened from what it appeared to be when he first took it. He then removed it to a closet where it might be out of the way; observing it now and then, expecting its going out, and Mr. De Falk to arrive that minute.

Upwards of three weeks elapsed, and the *mt/h* of candle was still burning on the morning of the day on which De Falk called in the evening, in a hackney coach, and surprised the gentleman, who had at the time given over all hopes of seeing him, as the candle shewed no signs of diminution, but kept burning as brightly as at first.

As soon as mutual civilities were over, the gentleman went up stairs to look at his candle in the closet, and, to his utter surprise, found it gone, as well as the stick it stood in. When he returned to De Falk, he expressed his astonishment, and inquired, whether the agent that had removed it, would return the candlestick. "O yes," replied De Falk, "you have it now in the kitchen below." It was found under the dresser.

The quantity of money this Mr. De Falk possessed at times was astonishing; yet, on other occasions, he was so necessitous, as to be obliged to pawn his plate. When this was the case, Mr. Bunn's house in Houndsditch was resorted to; but it sometimes happened that the articles found their way back to the owner, before the premium and interest were paid, as in the following instance, which is well remembered.

Having left a considerable quantity of plate with this convenient neighbor, he called sometime after, with the duplicate and the money exactly reckoned, and putting it on the counter, told them to save themselves the trouble of going up stairs, as he had received the plate back, and they had it not

then in their possession. This they found to be the truth ; while nothing belonging to other people was deranged by the transposition.

Once when a fire in Duke's-place was fiercely raging, the synagogue was considered in very great danger of being burnt. He came, on being applied to for advice and assistance, on this distressing occasion ; when he only wrote *four Hebrew letters* on the pillars of the door, and the wind immediately changing, the synagogue was saved ; and the fire subsiding directly, was happily got under without further considerable damage.

His advice was sought for on all difficult emergencies, and he was seldom unsuccessful in removing the obstacles that lay in the way of his consulters. Many, to this day, have reason to bless his memory, not only for his advice, but for the liberal and permanent donations he has left, which are dispensed now by Mr. De Symons, the surviving executor.

* * The four letters, written by this cabalistical doctor on the door of the synagogue, allude to the name of JEHOVAH, or the LORD ; the right manner of pronouncing which, say the Jews, is lost ; but, if any possessed it, he might move heaven and earth. The belief of this power is so strong among them, that if they considered De Falk as possessing it, what is related of his proceedings bears no assignable proportion to what they would believe of his abilities.

Literary Panorama.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A GENTLEMAN OF RANK
AND TASTE, TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

LETTER IV.

HAVING detained your ladyship so long in the east, where the splendor of fashion's most gorgeous courts has put forth all its magnificence to attract your stay, what can I advance to induce you to turn your gaze westward ? How shall I be

able to draw you from the perfumed borders of the Nile, from the musky plains of Arabia, from the rose-crowned heights of Palestine, to tread with me the cold heaths of Anglo-Saxon Britain, to enter the harsh confines of her wintry halls?

It is to the land of your ancestors, fair countess, that I summon you; and let that sacred plea be sufficient to render the soil dear, their customs respected, their fashions interesting.

I shall not put so great a demand on your patience, as to detain you in the wardrobe of the Anglo-Saxon heroes; suffice it to say, that the series of their garments is in this order;—A linen shirt; woollen, next the skin, so far from being deemed a comfort, by our hardy forefathers, was never worn but as a penance enjoined by the canons. The tunic covered the shirt, and its shape was not much unlike it, but its materials were of a rougher texture, and colored according to the taste of the wearer. Then came the surcoat; a garment sometimes reaching to the feet, and ornamented with fringe or embroidered hems. The cloak, or mantle, followed. Young men wore it clasped on the right or left shoulder; and the old generally on the breast. Its folds and management were as capable of extraordinary grace, as the present movement of a theatrical hero's robes on the stage. Head-dresses the Anglo-Saxons despised. Nature furnished them with fine hair; and, parting it in the middle, like the head of Raphael, it was combed smoothly down, and floated on the shoulders in long, bright, and luxuriant tresses. But, strange to tell, these *beaux* of the eighth century, were not always satisfied with the native hues of their redundant locks. It was not enough for them, that unadulterated with the odious intermixture of powder, they should display hair of nature's own beautiful tints of auburn, flaxen, amber, raven, and all the fine varieties of brown; no—they must emulate sea and sky, and sometimes indulge their fancy by dipping their heads into blue dye, and sometimes into green.

This absurd violation of true taste is a whim not entirely confined to our Saxon ancestors; we find from authentic documents, that Mahomet, the Arabian impostor, by the applica-

tion of *al henna*, or cypress indigo, and the herb *al catam*, stained his hair and beard of a shining red, or rather, I should suppose, of a gold color, that he might seem to have carried off some of the splendors of the heavens he had visited in the changed hue of his locks. This was a very poor substitute for the celestial light, which, on his descent from Sinai, beamed from the face of the Jewish lawgiver.

But not to put too great a force on the native delicacy of my fair correspondent, by detaining her long in the dressing room of the Saxon gentlemen, I will, without farther delay, hand her into the tiring-chambers of the Anglo-Saxon ladies. And it gives me no small satisfaction to assure my Urania, that she will feel no circumstance to excite a wish to retreat. She will find the most engaging indications of modesty in the habits of her fair *foremothers*, without the least tincture of barbarism, and without the proneness to change, which so forcibly characterises the inconstancy of our present fashionable females.

Content with simplicity, which is rarely inelegant, they sought no variety in their garments but what the beautiful foliage of embroidery might yield. Ornaments of this kind depended entirely upon the skill of the ladies ; and testify, by the gradual indications of improvement and taste, that the elegant domestic employment of the needle was holden in deserved respect.

As it has been proved that the *shirt* was an indispensable part of dress with the men, we cannot hesitate to conclude that the women of these primitive ages were equally tenacious of decency in their apparel. I must, however, be constrained to confess, that I nowhere find in our Anglo-Saxon antiquities any mention of this modern raiment, whether by the name of shift, or the now obsolete appellation of smock ; but we have a hint of it in a certain garment, which the ladies of this era denominate a *tunic*, or *under-vest*.

This part of the female apparel bears a near likeness to the long tunic of the men. Its sleeves usually descend to the wrists, and are plaited in elegant folds. It was girdled round

the waist, was long and flowing so as frequently to cover the feet. It is represented to have been worn of different colors, but the most favorite was white. The fabric was linen, and so soft as to display, with modest grace, the motion of the limbs. Were I at all infected with love of the horrible, and were I not afraid of creating a superstitious repugnance in the fancy of your ladyship to my subject, I would say, what seems to me to be the truth,—that nothing more nearly resembles the under garment of an Anglo-Saxon lady, than the shroud of one of her deceased descendants in the nineteenth century.

The *gown* comes next in rotation. I know that a romantic writer, in naming this part of our fair ancestors' wardrobe, would dignify it with the appellation of robe, investure, &c. Any title, in short, that is not simple and easy, and descriptive of the thing. But nothing is so descriptive of the ancient gown, as the modern gown; so, without attempting romantic flight, I presume to introduce the gradual fashion under its homely and proper name. The form of this exterior garment, throughout the whole of the eighth century, never varied; its sleeves, indeed, were subject to some difference in the mode—sometimes they reached to the wrist, and sometimes only to the elbow. It was bound round the waist with a cestus, and when permitted to fall to its full length, descended to the ground, so as to completely cover the under garment. The gown usually displayed all the taste, industry, and magnificence of the fair wearer; she adorned it according to her talents and her means, with needle work of variegated stripes, borders, foliage, and flowers.

A sort of surtout was, in winter, worn over this. It was constructed of warmer materials, with the sleeves so long, that they fell over the hands, reaching below the fingers. Something similar to this, is the *caftan*, at present worn in the Greek isles, where the sleeve conceals the hand as much as a veil does the face. This outer garment was possibly lined with furs. The gown, during the cold season, might be made of woollen cloth; in summer, the highest orders could have it of silk; but as that material was very rare and costly, the

common ranks must have thought themselves sufficiently sumptuous in fine linen.

A *coverchief*, *kerchief*, or veil, was the ornament of the head; and, when turned back from the face, gave the whole female figure the form of a Madonna.

I observed a little before, that the most distinguished garment of the Anglo-Saxon hero was his *mantle*. His lady too, assumed this ample vestment as an essential part of her dress. During all my researches I have never been able to trace any indication of *fibula*, *broche*, or *belt*, in the manner of those ladies fastening on their mantle; but I should suppose from its form being oval, that an aperture was made in the middle of sufficient size to admit the head to pass through it, when cast upon the shoulders. Sometimes the aperture was so made as to allow of a greater quantity of drapery flowing behind than before, and on the arm.

The *kerchief*, by falling from the head down upon the shoulders, gracefully mingled with the mantle, and, where both were of one color, increased much the simple harmony of the dress. The kerchief was seldom used by young women for more than an out-of-doors habit; within their houses they displayed fine and luxuriant heads of hair, ornamented with natural flowers, or half circlets of gold. Indeed, beautiful hair was held in such estimation by their Saxon ancestors, that we find from Tacitus, the punishment for adultery was to shave the head.

Having descanted thus much on the tires and robings of these fair and venerable dames, it is very fair that I should throw myself at their feet, before I presume to inform your ladyship how these pretty feet were clad. But so modest are these ladies, that, with all my peeping and prying, I have hardly yet been able, even in their effigies, to catch one glimpse of the tip of their toe. The only possible source of information I can apply to, is a few drawings of that age, and in them I find the under garment of such an envious length, as to conceal almost the whole of the foot. In one or two instances, where the *shoe* is represented more distinctly than

usual, it appears to have been fastened immediately below the ancles, without any larger opening than was absolutely necessary to admit the foot. These shoes were mostly of a black color; but sometimes they were superceded by the more elegant hue of white, laced up the front, and perfectly flexible to motion.

I know not whether your ladyship has become a practitioner in the Crispin science. Many of your sister peeresses are as nimble at the awl as at the needle; and to them I must refer you to make some guess at the material of which the Saxon ladies formed their shoes. Of their various manufactures I will furnish you with a list, and an analysis or description in my next; and meanwhile I remain, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, your ladyship's own devoted

PARIS.

EXCERPTIONS

From the Essays of Sir Thomas Pope Blount. 1690.

It is an observation of Montaigne, That, as amongst wise men he is the wisest that thinks he knows least; so amongst fools, he is the greatest, that thinks he knows most.

There is no head so sound or strong, but hath some soft place, nor is any man's understanding so clear, as to have no flaw nor dark water in it. The French tell us, *it is hard to find that fish, that at some time or other will not bite.*

Interest is of that magnetic quality, that our affections are irresistibly attracted by it. It is the *pole*, to which we turn, and we commonly frame our judgements according to its direction. Men generally look more after the *dowry*, than the *beauty*, of truth.

An advantageous cause never wanted proselytes. The eagles will be where the carcase is; and that shall have the faith of most, which is best able to pay them for it.

It is related of a famous cardinal of the church of Rome, that when the people flocked about him for his benediction, he gave it in these words: *si decipi vult populus decipiatur*; if the people will be deceived, let them.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TO NANCY IN THE COUNTRY.

I WAS heartily sick of the stage, my dear Nancy, before it put me down at my aunt's door, at the west end of the town, about five in the afternoon of Saturday; but the kind reception my Boston friends gave me made amends for the *miseries* of the journey, which at some future time I will describe to you. The remainder of that day was spent in the usual gratulations, which every one meets with in this hospitable city upon their arrival. On Sunday I attended public worship with the family, and was surprised to see the meeting house crowded, and the whole congregation of Mr. C. so much more attentive than Mr. R's in our town usually are. One great cause of Mr. C's success in the discharge of the duties of his high employment, is because the glowing influence of pure and undefiled religion pervades his own breast before he attempts to enkindle the holy ardor of Christianity in the hearts of his audience. I wish I could say as much of our parish priest, or of all those with whom he occasionally exchanges pulpits. On Monday I went *a-shopping* with my cousins. This business was necessary to me, but *they* were active volunteers. I find the girls of Boston have a fond regard for Cornhill, and no decent occasion of going there is allowed to pass without a stroll on that interesting promenade. We made some morning-calls before we returned to dinner, and I was agreeably disappointed in finding many of their female friends at home engaged in reading, not novels, but history, travels, the best poets, reviews, treatises on botany, &c. and I was in no small degree pleased in hearing two animated discussions by several of our fair friends at the house of my cousin D. One upon the comparative merit of Walter Scott's poems and those of lord Byron; and the other upon the justness of Mr. Walsh's criticism on Mr. Sargent's poem of Hubert and Ellen. I found the advocates of Mr. Walsh and lord Byron on one side, and of Walter Scott and Mr. Sargent on the other, and so well was the contest supported on each

side, I was constrained to admire how rapid the progress of intellectual improvement had been among the Boston girls. Their education is much improved, and, of consequence, their conversation. Dr. Jackson (now unfortunately banished) Dr. Gorham, Dr. Bigelow, Mr. Peck, and Mr. John Rubens Smith, have introduced them to different departments of science, and I do assure you, the exertions of those gentlemen have not made the ladies in the least degree pedantic, nor infected them with the evils which offend in literary women. I am no advocate for learned ladies ; but I do confess I am highly delighted with that mental improvement which enlarges the understanding and makes women more capable of delighting their friends and increasing their rational powers. In man or woman ignorance can be of no advantage ; and the pursuit of knowledge confers happiness in the progress, as well as in the result. I do not find that domestic duties are forgotten or neglected ; only that leisure, which every one finds, and many misappropriate, is devoted by my friends here to their books, their pencils, and their piano-fortes. The needle never rests, and the war has improved domestic economy. In the evening we visited the theatre. I was gratified by the talents some of the actresses exhibited, but wished they had exhibited less of their persons. More covering and less skin would have suited my taste in dress quite as well. Some beaux visited our box between the play and afterpiece. I hope these were not fair specimens of the Boston gentlemen. If they were, I am decidedly of opinion the Boston ladies have the most talents and accomplishments. I will sketch the characters of one or two of these *ladies' men* for you—but not now. They are called *ladies' men*, I think, by way of reproach ; for it is said a *lady's man* is good for nothing else. He may be a harmless implement of amusement in a place of public entertainment, but this is his highest grade and employment. Every where else he is as insignificant as he is ridiculous. I have had the honor of being invited to a party, rout, jam, or tray-sitting—which I cannot tell—perhaps a ball ; for it has become almost the fashion to invite you for one sort of party,

and agreeably surprise you with a different kind. This invitation is, as is customary, ten days before hand; when the grand occasion is over, I will endeavor to give you more information about these male-coquettes.

I am now summoned to the parlor to receive some visits, and must conclude abruptly. I will shortly send you a further diary. Adieu.

MARIA.

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

From the French of Thomas.

LANGUAGES are diffuse in proportion as they are poor.

Poetry has two parts—to describe sensibly, and to describe rhythmically; the first is addressed to the fancy, and the second to the memory.

Poetry, eloquence, and conversation are three shades of the same color. They are different ways of expressing ideas: eloquence is the middle way, as it often tends almost into poetry on the one side, and almost into conversation on the other.

The less people think, the more must ideas be painted to the senses: as nations grow effeminate, poetry quits abstract for picturesque expression.

THE FREEBOOTER.

"The good humor is to steal at a minute's rest—Convey, the wise it call; steal! a *fin* for the phrase."

Shakspeare.

Prize of Drunkenness.

ANACHARSIS, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, he demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company, for, says he, when we run a race, he, who arrives at the goal first, is entitled to the reward.

The same philosopher contends that the drinker, after three bottles, is not the same man he was; and says this of Publius Syrus is one of the prettiest sayings he ever met with—"He,

who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures *the absent*." What a *sacred* character !

—
Latet in herbâ.

My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbor lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid, with laughing eyes—
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies !
Who could expect such hidden harm
Beneath the rose's velvet charm ?"

Never did moral thought occur,
In more unlucky hour than this ;
For, oh ! I just was leading her
To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake ; but she,
In pity, pray'd it might not be.

"No ;" said the nymph, and many a spark
Flash'd from her eyelids as she said it—
"Under the rose, or in the dark,
One might perhaps have cause to dread it :
But when its wicked eyes appear,
And when we know for what they wink so,
One must be very simple, dear,
To let it sting one :—don't you think so ?"

—
Pastime of the Ancients.

Of all the truculent pastimes of the ancients, the following is, for a piece of merriment, the most extraordinary. The Thracians, according to Seleucus, had a sort of game at their convivial meetings, which is thus described—A rope being suspended from a high place, a round stone was rolled immediately under it ; then, according to lots, the *fortunate* man had the privilege of mounting this stone, and slipping his neck in the noose, when some one approached, and kicked the stone from under his feet ; at which moment, unless he was quick

enough to cut the rope with a knife, which he held in his hand, he was strangled. On seeing this event, says the writer, *the others laugh, thinking this a good joke.* This is really carrying a good joke too far.

Dangers of the Sea.

He who has not been at sea, says one of the ancients, has seen no evil. This horror of a sailor's life has obtained in all times. Dr. Johnson used to say, That a ship was a prison, with the peril of drowning superadded. Among the sayings of Cato the censor, as recorded by Plutarch, is the following — "In all his life he never repented but of three things; the first was, that he had trusted a woman with a secret; the second, *that he had gone by sea when he might have gone by land*; and the third, that he had passed one day without having a will by him." It has been also remarked that he, who is wrecked *twice*, deserves no pity.

Temperance.

That which makes vs have no need
Of physick, that's PHYSICK indeed.
Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
His own musick, his own health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well—
Her garments, that upon her sitt
As garments should doe, close and fitt;
A well-cloth'd soul; that's not offrest,
Nor CHOAK'D, with what she should be drest.
A soul sheath'd in a christall shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine;
A happy soul, that all the way
To HEAV'N rides in a summer's day.
Would'st see a man, whose well-warm'd blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood!
Would'st see blith lookes, fresh cheekes beguil
Age? Would'st see December smile?

Would'st see nests of new roses grow
 In a bed of reverend snow ?
 Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a *SPRING*—
 In summe, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man ?
 Whose latest and most leaden houres,
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres ;
 And when life's sweet fable ends,
 Soul and body part like friends ;
 No quarrells, murmurs, no delay ;
 A kisse, a *sigh*, and so away—
 Would'st see all this—be *Temperate !*

Crashaw, 1652.

—

A Sybarite, seeing the manner, in which the Spartans lived, said she was not surprised at their superior bravery in battle ; for any one in his senses would rather die, a thousand times, than live on such vile fare.

—

Recipe to make an ugly wife handsome.

When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome—"Put less water in your wine," says the philosopher, "and you will soon make her so."

—

Fine Art.

How little, exclaims Goëthe, the artist retains with his works. What seems to be most his own, is least his property. Like birds, that have outgrown the nest, his productions pass away from him forever.

—

Simile.

Talking with a fool is like walking with a cripple—he is always to stop for.

—

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A RHAPSODY.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.—VIRGIL.

I LOVE—but let me not confess
To Sophy's ear the soft distress,
For though she bear a friendly mind
In every look and action kind,
Yet must a nature so divine
Be startled at a love like mine.

I WISH—but let me not declare
How wild, how vast my wishes are !
The conqueror's, at ambition's shrine,
Are poor, are weak compared with mine ;
His only grasp the earth and sea,
But, Sophy, mine extend to thee.

I HOPE—but yet must own with shame
'Tis hope without one single claim.
Why should I think of one so fair ?
Great hopes may lead to great despair ;
And even her matchless virtues will
But swell the anguish when they kill.

Those cheeks, where nature's roses blow,
Those hands of down, that neck of snow,
Those veins, where youth's warm currents run,
Those eyes, that substitute the sun,
That mind ! that all-informing soul !
Which might the trembling world control !—

Tell me, thou bright celestial shade
For whom this waste of beauty made ?
Or was it but design'd to show
Virtue's true form to men below ?
It was. I know her radiant blaze,
I feel her influence while I gaze.

O let me then, uncheck'd, admire
And catch from thee her sacred fire ;

Thee to pursue is virtue's way ;
 In following thee I cannot stray ;
 And since to follow is t' improve,
Hope may expire, but never love.

ALPHESIBŒUS.

New-Haven, April 20, 1813.

SELECTED POETRY.

HARMONY OF CREATION.

Who hath not heard, with raptur'd ear,
 The lark's shrill matin, echoing clear,
 While grove and meadow, far and near,
 Resound with tuneful melody ?
 How sweet, how full the blackbird's note
 Seems on the morning gale to float,
 While many a warbler strains his throat
 To aid the cheerful harmony !
 When, at fierce noon, the sun rides high,
 How sweet on river's brink to lie,
 Safe shelter'd from a cloudless sky,
 Some shady tree for canopy !
 There listen to the murmuring stream,
 Like one entranc'd in moody dream ;
 Then mark, on distant sail, the beam
 Of sunshine, glistening cheerfully !
 And Oh ! 'what tuneful notes resound,
 What heavenly music all around,
 When, reach'd his daily journey's bound,
 Bright Phæbus sets resplendently !
 Oft have I loiter'd on my way,
 While choristers on every spray,
 Sang vespers to the closing day,
 And vied in sweetest symphony.
 Is there whose sensual, grovelling mind,
 By taste, by virtue unrefin'd,

Can hear this melody combin'd,
 And not enjoy such minstrelsy ?
 In vain to him returning spring
 Bids flowerets blow, or songsters sing ;
 Their charms no heartfelt raptures bring,
 Nor wake to mental extasy.
 Not so the man divinely taught ;
 His soul, with nobler feelings fraught,
 Ascends on wings of heavenly thought
 To GOD, the SOURCE OF HARMONY.
 In all the music of the grove,
 He hears a song of joy and love,
 Praising the name of HIM above,
 The one eternal DEITY.

TO THE MEMORY OF HER WHO IS GONE FOREVER.

DENIED upon thy sacred urn to mourn,
 To breathe the sigh, or pour affection's tear,
 Alas ! from earthly ties thy spirit's torn
 Nor sorrow soothes her grief upon thy bier.
 Yet Fancy ever haunts each distant scene ;
 Treads the lone aisle, and bends upon thy grave ;
 While pitying angels weep thy fate unseen,
 And flowers immortal all around it wave.
 The virtues, which thy living form enshrind,
 That breath'd so sweet, with such unfading bloom,
 By Heaven exchang'd, shall with thy name be twin'd
 And shed their hallowed odors o'er thy tomb.

EPIGRAM FROM MELEAGER.

DEEP in the earth, these tears for thee I shed,
 Fruits of that love, which follows thee, though dead !
 Yes, let this tomb, by tears bedew'd, express
 My love, Heliodora,—my distress ;

Hear, parent earth, O hear my last request,
And gently, gently fold her to thy breast !

FROM THE SAME.

Know, thou inquiring stranger, that I came,
From Cnidus—Aretemia my name ;
Of gentle Euphron once the happy wife,
I bore him twins, and bade adieu to life ;
I left him one, a father's care to prove,
And one I took, pledge of a husband's love.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY:

Human Possessions.

ALL things, that mortals can enjoy,
Like them are mortal too ;—
They pass you by, or, if they stay,
Are quickly pass'd by you.

Age.

Your locks you may dip in the deep-color'd dye,
But dying old age is in vain ;
For the hard-wrinkled cheek every art will defy,
The smooth forehead will ne'er come again.
Dismiss, then, thy colors, dismiss them with speed,
Nor a mask for a visage mistake ;
'Tis all labor in vain, for you ne'er shall succeed,
Nor a Helen of Hecuba make.

Independence.

FAR from the rich man's board be still thy seat ;
Touch not the parasite's insulting meat ;
Nor, sorrowless, shed thou the lying tear,
Nor with the laugher laugh,—be still sincere ;
And, when nor love nor hate thy bosom move,
With Melia hate not, nor with Mertia love.

MONTHLY DRAMATIC REVIEW.

Boston Theatre.

March 29. Laugh when you can (1)—Shipwreck.

31. West-Indian (2)—Budget of Blunders.

April 2. Liar—Timour the Tartar.

(1) Among the productions of Mr. Reynolds, the comedy of *Laugh when you can* is certainly one of the most pleasing, whether we consider the humor and sprightliness of the dialogue, the morality of the sentiment, or the nature and variety of the incidents. Were it not that he has introduced *one* character, which has no prototype on earth, we could see the representation with unceasing delight. But the character of *Sambo*, a West Indian negro, who talks morality, religion, and law, with more fluency and copiousness than half the lawyers and clergymen of the state, is an outrage upon common sense; and directly opposite to the character of the whole tribe. In the scenes where this personage has no part nor agency, one may "laugh, sans intermission, an hour by the dial," at the good-natured *Goffamer*, and the whimsical and really ludicrous *boaxes*, which he plays off upon old *Bonus*, *Miss Gloomly*, and the villain *Delville*.

Mr. Dwyer, a gentleman of high reputation in the theatrical world, appeared in *Goffamer*. Mr. Dwyer is an Irishman, and still retains a little of the accent of his native country. The character, we had heard of his performances, and the praise awarded by the critics of Dublin, London, New-York, and Philadelphia, are not (as too often is the case) exaggerations.—He played the part with great ease and spirit, and we are sorry that there were not present more witnesses of his merit.

Bonus, the London stock broker, by Mr. Dickson, was acted in the best style of that truly comic and original actor.

(2) "A good play," says Mrs. Inchbald, "like a female beauty, may go out of fashion before it becomes old. Men may admire, till admiration is exhausted, and forsake both the one and the other, for that novelty, which has less intrinsic worth."

Whether this position is true of the *West Indian*, we shall not decide; but certainly some of the speeches were surprisingly *apropos* on the occasion. "Not a soul here," says *Belcour*, "as I'm alive—Why what an odd sort of a house this is!"

Mr. Dwyer played the "young, high-spirited, open-hearted, inconsiderate West Indian," with perfect ease, and his acting was much applauded. Mr. Drake's *Stockwell* was very respectable. Little more is required of the representative of *Charlotte Rusport*, than personal beauty and elegance of manners, which are possessed in an eminent degree by Mrs.

5. Dramatist—Timour.
7. Suspicious Husband—Prisoner at large.
9. Laugh when you can—Huzza for the Constitution.
12. Every one has his fault—America, Commerce, and Freedom—Love laughs at Locksmiths.
19. He would be a Soldier—Hamlet Travestie. (3)—America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Young. There is a degree of modesty and good sense discoverable in the performances of Mrs. Wheatly which tend greatly to conciliate the favor of the audience; but these valuable qualifications labor with inexperience, and an awkwardness, which all her efforts seem inadequate to overcome. Her *Louisa Dudley* wanted nothing but ease in her deportment to make it agreeable.

(3) This laughable burlesque on the tragedy of *Hamlet* was performed for the first time here, for the benefit of Mr. Dickson. It was productive of much mirth; and the burlesque style of acting was kept up with considerable spirit, particularly by Mr. Drake in the *King*, Mr. Dickson in the *Ghost*, Mr. Spiller in *Horatio*, and Miss Dellinger in the mad scene of *Opheelia*. Mr. Entwistle as *Hamlet* was not very successful; owing, probably, more to his attempting to give imitations of other performers in the part, than to any want of capacity in himself to produce the highest effect. From the serious and very low tone in which he closed his sentences, the "soul of wit" was lost to the majority of the audience.

We subjoin one or two extracts from the piece, which may be amusing to some of our distant readers, who have never seen the printed copy of it.

Hamlet's first soliloquy is thus travestied.

A ducat I'd give, if a sure way I knew,
How to thaw and resolve my stout flesh into dew!
How happy were I, if no sin were self-slaughter!
For I'd then throw myself and my cares in the water.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

How weary, how profitless, stale, and how flat,
Seem to me all life's uses, its joys, and all that:
This world is a garden unweeded; and clearly
Not worth living for—things rank and gross hold it merely.

Derry down, &c.

Two months have scarce pass'd since dad's death, and my mother,
Like a brute as she is, has just married his brother.
To wed such a bore!—but 'tis all too late now:

We can't make a silk purse of the ear of a sow. *Derry down, &c.*

21. Road to Ruin—Adopted Child—America, Commerce, and Freedom.

23. Stranger—The Romp.

26. Speed the Plough—Cinderella.

28. The Curfew—Hamlet Travestie.

So fondly he loved her, I've oft heard him tell her,
 "If it rains, my dear Gertrude, pray take my umbrella."
 When too roughly the winds have beset her, he hath said,
 "My dear, take my belcher to tie round your head."

Derry down, &c.

Why, zounds! she'd hang on him, as much as to say
 "The longer I love you, the longer I may."—
 Yet before one could whistle, as I am a true man,
 He's forgotten!—oh frailty, thy name sure is woman!

Derry down, &c.

To marry my uncle! my father's own brother!
 I'm as much like a lion as one's like the other.
 It will not, by jingo, it can't come to good—
 But break, my poor heart—I'd say more if I could.

Derry down, &c.

The annotations added to this piece are "an imitation of the general style, manner, and character of the commentators; and an attempt to produce the ludicrous by the application of the pomp and affectation of critical sagacity, to subjects, light, trifling and insignificant." How well the author has succeeded in this, as well as his primary object may be seen from the following extracts.

Queen. Come, Hamlet, leave of crying; 'tis in vain,
 Since crying will not bring him back again.
 Besides, 'tis common; all that live must die—
 So blow your nose, my dear, and do not cry.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
 Why seems there such a mighty fuss with thee?

Ham. Talk not to me of seems—when husbands die,
 'Twere well if some folks seem'd the same as I.

But I have that within, you can't take from me—
 As for black clothes,—that's all my eye and Tommy. (a)

(a) *My eye and Tommy.*

This is rather an obscure phrase. I suspect the author wrote *my own to me*, and that the passage originally stood thus:

*But I have that without you can't take from me,
 As my black clothes are all my own to me.*

The whole passage, which before was unintelligible, by this *slight* alteration, is rendered perfectly clear; and may be thus explained:—you may disapprove of my outward appearance, but you cannot compel me to alter it; for you have no control over that which I wear *without*, as *my black clothes are all my own to me*—i. e. my own personal property—not borrowed from the royal wardrobe, but made expressly for me, and at my own expense.

Warburton.

Here is an elaborate display of ingenuity without accuracy. He that will wantonly sacrifice the sense of his author to a supererogatory refinement, may gain the admiration of the unlearned, and excite the wonder of the ignorant; but of obtaining the praise of the illuminated, and the approbation of the erudite, let him despair.

My eye and Tommy, (i. e. *fudge*) is the true reading; and the passage, as it stands, is correct.

Johnson.

In the *Ryghte Tragycall Hyflorie of Master Thomas Thumbe*, bl. let. no date, I find, “’Tis all my eye and *Betty Martin*” used in the same sense. If the substitution of “*Tommy*” for “*Betty Martin*” be allowed, Dr. Johnson’s explanation is just.

Stevens.

Ham. Horatio, you’re as tight a lad, I say,
As one may meet with in a summer’s day.

Hor. Come, that won’t do, my lord:—now that’s all gammon. (b)
He’s throwing out a sprat to catch a salmon. (*aside.*)

Ham. Sir, if you think it gammon, you mistake me;
For if I gammon you, the devil take me.

(b) *That’s all gammon.*

It is probable that the author intended *game, man!* by *game* may be understood *fudge*, or *blarney*. When we recollect that many of our author’s plays were taken down in writing during the performance, and consider that the copyists may have been misled by the indistinct articulation of the actors, the error may be easily accounted for.

Pope.

The passage as it stands, is correct: and, to me, appears perfectly intelligible: *that’s all gammon*, is equivalent to *that’s all my eye*.

Mr. Pope, not readily understanding the passage, seems willing to plunge it still deeper into unintelligibility: like him, who, deprived of the organs of vision, excludes the light from his chamber, and immerses it in impenetrable tenebrosity, in order that his visitors may partake of, and be involved in, that obscurity under which he himself is doomed to suffer.

Johnson.

King. Therefore for England instantly prepare;
The packet’s ready and the wind is fair.

Ham. Good.

King. So you’d say if you our reasons knew

Ham. There's one above sees all—but come ; adieu !

[*Exit Hamlet and Rosencrantz.*]

King. Now, England, if thou car'st for us a button,

Thou'lt sweetly tickle this young jockey's mutton. (c) [*Exit King.*]

(c) The quarto reads, and, I think, properly, *pickle*.

Pope.

I have restored *tickle* from the folio. In rejecting *pickle*, I am supported by the context : for who ever heard of *pickled mutton* ! as a further proof, if, in support of a point established in reason, and beyond the reach of controversy, further proof be necessary, let me produce the adverbial epithet *sweetly* ; for that which is pickled is never *sweet*, as the distinguishing property of a pickle is its power of exciting on the palate a sensation of *acidity*.

To *tickle one's mutton*, is a popular expression ; and means, to punish by flagellation. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson *may be right* : for in no one of the numerous works upon cookery, either ancient or modern, which I have referred to, do I find the slightest mention of *pickled mutton*.

My inquiries into this important subject, though equally diligent in the prosecution, have been less successful in the result, than my investigation of that *more delicate topic*—STEWED PRUNES ; which, I flatter myself, I have, in another place, [see note upon "*stewed prunes*." Henry IV. Part I.] so fully, and so satisfactorily, discussed, as to set all further question upon the matter at rest. *Stevens.*

Literary Intelligence.

DR. PARK, late editor of the Repertory, and well known for his accomplishments in polite literature, has issued a proposal for publishing a new weekly paper, to be called the BOSTON SPECTATOR.

Obituary—Remarkable Deaths.

In Philadelphia, April 19, Dr. BENJAMIN RUSH, of the prevailing typhus fever. His death is a public and private calamity. In him science has lost one of her most distinguished sons ; philanthropy, a brother ; the United States, a patriot of the revolution ; the sick, the afflicted, and the poor, ah ! how incalculably great is their loss of this most beloved physician, who, like the good Samaritan, went about to the last, doing good, and administering relief to the *body*, as well as comfort to the *soul*.

In Newark, New Jersey, George Charles Herford, Esq. cashier of the bank, killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol.

In Poultney, Vermont, on Sunday, the 4th inst. Mr. Jacob How, in the 63d year of his age; leaving property to the amount of about 5000 dollars, which he distributed; leaving all his real estate for the support of the Congregational church in that town, of which he was a member. His gold watch he gave to the Rev. Mr. Leonard, pastor of that church—his other personal property he distributed among the poor of his acquaintance.

In New Haven, Connecticut, a daughter of Mr. Henry Linés, was instantly killed by the discharge of a gun, which unknown to the parents, was left loaded in the corner of a chamber; and, having been handled by an older child, probably fell and produced the distressing effect.

At Northfield, Massachusetts, on the 21st April, about 4 o'clock in the morning, a saw mill, improved by Mr. Lewis Page, took fire, and burnt to the ground, together with a grist mill adjoining—and, distressing to relate, *two sons* of Mr. P.—David, about 22, and Lewis, about 19 years of age, who were so shockingly burnt before they could get out of the mill, that they expired in about 8 hours, within 6 minutes of each other. The young men kept the saw mill going until 3 o'clock, when they retired to rest, in a large grain chest, and having shut down the lid to keep off the cold air, were first awakened by the flames communicating through the chest!

Drowned at the falls in Montague, on Connecticut river, Massachusetts, Dennis Lockery. He was driven by the current over the great dam in a skiff, while attempting to catch timber that was floating down the river—He was driven over the same dam about two years ago.

In Canterbury (Eng.) a person by the name of Baldock, aged 60. He exhibited a remarkable instance of the accumulation of wealth from very low beginning, in fact from nothing. He was originally a poor boy employed to look after cows, and remarkable for slovenliness. He afterwards carried the hod as a bricklayer's laborer; and at length, by dint of industry and parsimony, with some assistance, amassed money enough to build the barracks at Canterbury, which he let to government at the rate of 6d per week for each soldier. He continued to acquire wealth in various ways, till at the time of his death it amounted to the enormous sum of *one million and one hundred thousand pounds!*

Correspondence.

At the commencement of a new volume, it would be both indecorous and ungrateful not to make a public declaration of the gratitude we feel for continued and increasing patronage. Our subscription has lately been augmented by about forty names from the town of Providence.

THE POLYANTHOS.

FOR MAY, 1813.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth.

Dr. Johnson.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

LEARNED AGES.

It has frequently been a subject of speculation to the curious, that many or most of the greatest geniuses have lived cotemporary with each other. However singular the circumstance may appear, it certainly carries truth with it; and perhaps it is impossible to account for this phenomena. Some writers, who have speculated upon it have ascribed it to physical causes, such as the influence of climate, of air, or other less probable causes! others have thought it might be from mere chance; and others, with more probability, to the patronage literature may have received in the different ages. But as these reasons differ so much from one another, the true cause cannot be united in all of them. Many learned men have flourished in republics, particularly in Athens, and in Rome when the form of its government was republican. But no cause has ever yet been assigned that carries certainty with it: the problem still remains unsolved. If it be fact, that genius is born with man, it cannot be attributed to physical causes. Climate may be an impediment to education; and indeed the merit of many celebrated men has been their perseverance in surmounting the greatest obstacles in the acquirements of their knowledge; namely, bodily and mental infirmity. But climate does not prevent the birth of any one. There must be some other cause than mere chance. The

constitutions of men are not alike ; much less are their dispositions alike. The encouragement of literature and the advantages of cotemporary genius regulate the taste of every age. The desire for knowledge would soon subside if the influence of literature was not so obvious. "Learned men," says Dr. Blair, speaking of the learned ages, "have marked out four of these happy ages. The first is the Grecian age, which commenced near the time of the Peloponnesian war, and extended till the time of Alexander the Great : within which period we have Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Æschynes, Lysias, Isocrates, Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Anacreon, Theocritus, Lysippas, Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles. The second is the Roman age, included nearly within the days of Julius Cæsar and Augustus : affording us Catullus, Lucretius, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Phædrus, Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Varro, and Vitruvius. The third age is that of the restoration of learning under the Popes Julius 2d and Leo 10th ; when flourished Ariosto, Tasso, Saunagarius, Vida, Michiavel, Guiaciardini, Davila, Erasmus, Paul Jovius, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The fourth age comprehends that of Louis 14th, and Queen Anne ; when flourished in France, Corneille, Racine, De Retz, Moliere, Boileau, Fontaine, Baptiste, Rousseau, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Pascall, Malebranche, Masillon, Bruyere, Bayle, Fontenelle, Vestot ; and in England, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Prior, Swift, Parnell, Congreve, Otway, Young, Rowe, Atterbury, Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke, Tillotson, Temple, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke." And I think we may with propriety add a fifth age, beginning the latter part of the reign of George 2d and extending to the present time.—The improvement of every age has altered the turn of genius. The ancients excelled the moderns in their moral writings ; but the superiority over them in philosophy and the arts, must be acknowledged to belong to the moderns.

REMARKABLE EFFECTS OF
ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

THE following very curious instances are mentioned by Mr. Locke of the effects of merely arbitrary association. A friend of his knew one perfectly cured of madness, by a very harsh and offensive operation. The gentleman who was thus recovered, with great sense of gratitude and acknowledgement, owned the cure all his life after, as the greatest obligation he could have received; but, whatever gratitude and reason suggested to him, he could never bear the sight of the operator; that image brought back with it the idea of the agony which he suffered from his hands, which was too mighty and intolerable for him to endure. The other instance is of "a young gentleman, who, having learnt to dance, and that to great perfection, there happened to stand an old trunk in the room where he learnt. The idea of this remarkable piece of household stuff had so mixed itself with the turns and steps of all his dances, that, though in that chamber he could dance excellently well, yet it was only whilst that trunk was there; nor could he perform well in any other place, unless that, or some such other trunk, had its due position in the room." Nearly as whimsical as this, was the predilection which Des Cartes conceived in favour of squinting, from having fixed his affections when a youth upon a female of distorted vision.

In consequence of accidental association, a very interesting train of thought may be excited by the most trivial circumstance. The following passage of captain King's continuation of Cooke's last voyage, furnishes a remarkable example of this: "Whilst we were at dinner in this miserable hut, on the banks of the river Awatska, the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarce acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe; a solitary, half-worn, pewter spoon, whose shape was familiar to us, attracted our attention; and, on examination, we found it stamped on the back with the word *London*. I cannot pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the many pleasant

thoughts, the anxious hopes, and tender remembrances, it excited in us. Those who have experienced the effects that long absence, and extreme distance from their native country, produce in the mind, will readily conceive the pleasure such a trifling incident can give." This interesting description naturally recalls to our minds the wonderful effect which the tune called the *Rans des Vaches* formerly produced on the Swiss soldiers when at a distance from their native country ; so ardent a desire did it excite to revisit their paternal woods and vallies, that they were frequently known to desert, or, if that was prevented, to sicken and die. The best preventive of this singular disorder, called the *Maladie du Pays*, was found to be an interdiction of this heart-touching air, which, however, is by no means remarkable for its melody.

The following case, from Dr. Percival's *Dissertations*, affords an example of that kind of association to which the name habit is commonly given : "Several years ago," says our author, "the countess of — fell into an apoplexy about seven o'clock in the morning. Amongst other stimulating applications, I directed a feather dipped in hartshorn to be frequently introduced into her nostrils. Her ladyship, when in health, was much addicted to the taking of snuff ; and the present irritation of the olfactory nerves produced a junction of the fore finger and thumb of the right hand ; the elevation of them to the nose ; and the action of snuffing in the nostrils. When the snuffing ceased, the hand and the arm dropped down in a torpid state. A fresh application of the stimulus renewed those successive efforts ; and I was witness to their repetition, till the hartshorn lost its power of irritation, probably by destroying the sensibility of the olfactory nerves. The countess recovered from the fit, about six o'clock in the evening ; but though it was neither long nor severe, her memory never afterwards furnished the least trace of consciousness, during its continuance."

Another fact of the same kind, and furnished by the same author, is as follows : "Mr. W—— had been long confined to his chamber by a palsy, and other ailments. Every even-

ing about six o'clock he played at cards with some of the family. He was seized in June; 1780, at three o'clock in the afternoon, with a fit, which terminated in decipency. At the stated hour of card playing, he fancied himself to be engaged in his usual game; talked of cards, as if they were in his hand; and was very angry at his daughter, when she endeavored to rectify his mistaken imagination. His fatuity was of short continuance; but, when recovered from it, he expressed no recollection of what had passed."

The story related by Dr. Willis, in his essay *De Anim. Brut.* pars i. c. 16. is still more remarkable. It is of an ideot, who, residing within the sound of a clock, regularly amused himself with counting aloud the hours of the day, whenever the hammer of that instrument struck: but being afterwards removed to a situation where there was no clock, he still retained the former impressions so strongly, that he continued to distinguish the ordinary divisions of time, repeating at the end of every hour the precise number of strokes which the clock would have struck at that period. Mr. Addison has quoted this fact, in one of the *Spectators*, not from the original, but from Dr. Plott's *History of Staffordshire*, and has deduced from it many important moral reflections.

DIFFERENCE OF TALENTS

Necessary to shine in conversation and writing.

FAVONIO is conspicuous for his conversable talents; he is always the spirit and the oracle of every circle he frequents; he has an infinity of interesting tales; and, with admirable address, he can, as he pleases, either convulse his auditors with laughter, by comic descriptions, or melt them into tears, by pathetic incidents; he can maintain an argument with logical propriety and erudition; discuss politics, criticise literature, or trifle with the fashionable nonsense of the day.—In short, all topics are familiar to him, and he expatiates on all subjects with propriety, spirit, and elegance: Yet this same be-

ing, whose powers of conversation are so fascinating, and so wonderful, had he a pen placed in his hand, would be utterly incapable of delivering his thoughts on any of the subjects, he discussed so eloquently, without committing a thousand blunders—he would continually transgress the rules of grammar and orthography; and would be unable to compose one sentence with perspicuity or elegance.

On the contrary, Horatio is a man whose literary productions are the admiration and delight of the age, his works are as varied as they are elegant, as learned as they are fascinating—he has the magic power to enrapture, instruct, and enlighten his readers, as he displays his talents in poetry, morality, or the sciences:—yet let us introduce this transcendent genius into a circle, assembled for the purpose of rational and refined conversation, and his faculties are benumbed!—his powers forsake him! When drawn into conversation, by the eager curiosity of his auditors, he speaks only to disappoint their high-raised expectations! The author, who astonished and delighted us in our studies, in the morning, disgusts and tires us by his discourse, in the evening. He attempts to discuss the same subjects, which are so brilliantly and exquisitely treated in his writings; but “what a falling off is there?”—he stammers—hesitates—and, in his confusion, commits blunders, which many of his delighted readers would blush to be detected in.

How are we to account for a contrast so extraordinary?—where lies the difference in the talents necessary to shine in conversation and in writing?—both require taste, education, knowledge: yet how widely distinct are the attributes of each! It may be urged that diffidence may prevent a display of those talents in conversation, which are most successfully exerted in writing; but this argument I am convinced is groundless, since many celebrated literary characters, who are by no means destitute of courage, are observed to make a miserable figure in conversation; and, on the other hand, many timid persons, of no very striking abilities in writing, are often extremely eloquent in conversation, when their im-

aginations become warmed by the subject. Besides, should we grant this hypothesis, how shall we account for the frequent, and too glaring, fact, that many, who are brilliant and elegant in their discourse, are lamentably deficient in composition? What obstacle can prevent a well-educated and tasteful mind from pleasing us in its literary productions, which has so eminently charmed and instructed us in its conversation? Whatever may be the cause, this is certainly the fact.

Difficult as this problem may appear, I have one magic word that can solve it, and dispel the mists of doubt: *Genius!* In that alone consists the contrast between the vulgar and refined soul. Education, custom, or a thousand causes, may produce a being formed to shine in conversation; but genius alone—enchancing, lovely genius! can make the author!—a man of ordinary talents may figure successfully in conversation; but those illuminated few alone, who “derive from Heaven their light,” can blaze in refulgent splendor on the page of literature. “Poets are born, not made!”—the cares of man may form the elegant and energetic speaker; but Heaven alone creates the poet—the philosopher—the moralist!

The ideas of the man, who enlivens and delights us in conversation, are scattered liberally on the surface of his mind; they lie as open and as numerous as the sands on the seashore: but one grain, and myriads arise! but the thoughts of the author, who enraptures and astonishes us by his imagination, lie concealed and treasured in the deepest recesses of his mind, like valuable pearls at the bottom of the ocean; which we must dive deeply to possess; but when they are acquired, though not numerous, yet how exquisitely beautiful and choice are they in our estimation! So immeasurable is the contrast between the mere speaker and the author! An ordinary, or borrowed, image will frequently make a brilliant figure in conversation; while one of thrice its beauty, with all the charms of originality, will fail to strike us in composition. So much more do we expect from the author, than from the speaker!—we are satisfied, and even dazzled, by

the sparkling of the sands from one, but nothing less than the beauteous tints and elegant polish of the pearl, can please us in the other.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

A PERIODICAL publication has been often said to resemble a mail coach. It must set out at a particular day and hour, it must travel the road, whether full or empty, and whether it conveys bullion to the bank, or cheese to the grocer. In such a case, the prudent owner of the vehicle purveys such horses as are fittest for this regular, fatiguing, and, in some points of view, derogating duty. He buys no "fine framped steeds," that are fitted for a chariot or curricule, nor yet brutes that, by their clumsy make and bulk of bone, are qualified only to tug in a drayman's cart; but he labors to secure, of

"Spare-fed prancers many a raw-boned pair;"

such as have, perhaps, seen their best days, and acquired discretion to submit to their necessary task, while they retain vigor and animation sufficient to tug through it speedily and hardily. The bare-worn common of literature has always afforded but too numerous a supply of authors who hold a similar description; and who, by misfortune or improvidence, or merely from being unable to force themselves forward to public notice, are compelled to subject talents worthy of a better employment, to whatever task a bookseller shall be pleased to dictate.

A POLITIC ORATOR.

AN orator, at a meeting during the troubles of the League, began a speech with premising, that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of, into thirteen heads. The audience were heard to murmur, and to interrupt this formidable beginning. "But," continued the orator, "to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of them."

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XIV.

I HAVE spoken to you, lovely Emilia, of the philosophers of antiquity, and, as you will learn nothing by halves, you demand of me, "What is philosophy?"—A reply to this question is not so easy as you may imagine.

Philosophy was formerly the art of living worthily, and the title of philosopher was synonymous with that of wise and happy. This philosophy was general and constant. It varied often in its mode of advancing the same end; but that end was uniformly wisdom and happiness.

To-day all is changed; fashionable philosophy is founded upon particular principles, which each person adopts at will, with the liberty of changing them on the least variation of love or fortune, or the first fit of the spleen, (for no more philosophers without vapors.) In this manner, then, exists as great diversity of philosophical systems as there are philosophers; and frequently each individual of them adopts, reforms and re-establishes particular notions twice or thrice a-day; thus systems are increasing *ad infinitum*. Such is practical philosophy among the moderns.

Let us now seek a more pleasing subject. We left the Muses at the court of Bacchus; doubtless their fate causes you some anxiety. I hasten to remove it. Scarcely had Apollo quitted the court of Bacchus, when they saw arrive there, in the midst of a brilliant train, the nine daughters of Pierus, king of Macedonia; they had travelled all Thessaly and part of Greece, to dispute with the Muses, the prize of song—"If you are vanquished," said they to them, "you shall cede to us Mount Parnassus, and the flowery borders of Hypocrene; if the victory is yours, we will abandon to you the laughing valleys of Thessaly, and we will fly to the mountains of Thrace." The indignant Muses accepted this challenge, and their rivals began.

They sung the combat of the gods and Titans, and they at-

tributed the victory to the latter ; then they celebrated in wanton half meanings, the gallantries of the day, and finished by pastorals like *bravuras*. Women of fashion would have heard them with rapture.

When the daughters of Pierus had finished, Calliope took on herself the task of singly replying to them. She sung then the powerful fecundity of the Master of the universe, who animates all beings with a breath, and, with a look, plunges them into annihilation ; then she sung the adventures of Deucalion and Pyrrha :—

“ Indignant at the crimes of men, Jupiter had covered the earth with an immense sea, and the human species was no more. The highest mountains had concealed their summits ; one alone yet elevated its head above the waves ; it was Mount Parnassus, situated between Attica and Bœtia. Over this vast and liquid plain, amidst floating bodies of men, animals, and trees, voyaged a frail barque, at once the sport of the winds and the waves ; it bore a happy and respectable pair, and virtue herself was saved with Deucalion and Pyrrha.

“ The breath of the winds, or rather that of the Eternal, impelled them to the summit of Mount Parnassus. It was there that they landed with trepidation, and that, casting a trembling glance around, they considered with horror the boundless tomb of the human race. Meanwhile the waters decreased, and they gradually discovered the mountains, the elevated plains ; but nature was dead in all, and silence dwelt alone in the universe.

“ Extending his arms to his spouse, Deucalion exclaimed, ‘ Oh ! my best beloved, what will become of us ? we are alone in the world. Alas ! if the flame of love yet burned for us, this desert would one day behold new inhabitants, and our eyes would be closed by the hands of pious children ; but old age has frozen the life-giving tide, and I foresee no more but solitude and death ! ’ Thus discoursing, the sad pair slowly approached a temple, whence Themis delivered her oracles ; there mutually supported, they prostrated themselves together, and bowed their hoary heads to the foot of the sanctuary.

“ Suddenly the vaulted roof shakes, and the venerable pair, with trembling hear these words—‘ Quit this temple ; cover your faces ; and cast behind you the bones of your mother !’ At these sounds, Deucalion, the friend of the gods, interpreted their will, covered with a veil his head, and that of his spouse.

“ Together they traversed vast deserts, throwing behind them the stones which proceed from the bowels of the earth, our common parent. Suddenly these stones, like marbles which the artist has chiselled, assumed by degrees a human form ; soon their features were perfected, their eyes shone, their complexion glowed with animation, their limbs move, they walk !—Jupiter had said, ‘ Receive life !’—and they lived.”

Scarcely had Calliope finished, ere the victory was decreed to her by unanimous voices. The daughters of Pierus burst into loud murmurs, but all at once their bodies were covered with black and white feathers, and they were changed into magpies. This chastisement neither repressed their complaints nor their babble.

After this victory the Muses returned to Mount Parnassus, and lived long there in peaceable amity. Frequently they wandered through the sacred valley, where flow the waters of Hippocrene ; frequently they encountered their young pupils gathering Parnassian flowers, and still they taught them to aim at ascending the double hill.

One day having strayed far from home, they were surprised by a sudden fall of rain, which obliged them to seek for shelter. The tyrant Pyrenæus, then established in Phocidas, met, and offered them an asylum in his palace ; the Muses accepted it ; but hardly were they entered, when the tyrant ordered the doors to be fastened, and proceeded to offer them a species of violence, which I may not describe. The nine sisters spread their wings and flew away ; in the hope of reaching them, Pyrenæus mounted up to a high tower, whence springing after them, he fell, and was dashed to pieces. Fabulous history does not tell us what became afterwards of the fugitive Muses ; but it is presumed that since that period

they have sought the most lovely regions of the world ; I willingly adopt this opinion, believing that they are often my Emilia's companions on the banks of the Seine.

In spite of their vagrant lives, we are assured that the Muses not only preserved, but guarded their chastity. To be ingenuous, however, I must confess that there have been some detractors, who have asserted that several of these damsels have been mothers. They boldly advance that Rhæsus was the son of Terpsichore ; Linus of Clio ; and the divine Orpheus of Calliope. It is also conjectured that Arion and Pindar were children of the Muses.

But these pretended relationships were purely moral ; was a poet inspired by a Muse, they said she had adopted him ; then they said he was her son ; then some charitable ladies began to imagine how that could be ; then these discreet ladies published how it was ; they believed it positively ; they had substantial proofs of it ; they had seen it with their own eyes ; they would swear it !—they swore it, and upon their testimony it was transmitted to after ages.

As you will imagine, these malicious reports affected the reputation of the Muses so little, that they had always a crowd of adorers. Several persons passed their whole life in vain search after them, and died at length of love of these invisible ladies. Others, without knowing them, to please them, braved the extremest perils, and pushed heroism even to temerity. Even the merry race of *good fellows* sought the favors and the society of the nine sisters. In every place altars were erected, and statues elevated to them. They were depicted, seated under the shade of a laurel, holding each other by the hand ; their brows were adorned with palm branches, and each of them bore the attributes of the art over which she peculiarly presided.

The Romans had raised a temple to them, in which poetical works were publicly read by their authors. They had also consecrated another monument to their name ; it was the Fountain of the Muses. But the most surprising thing is, that this fountain was placed near the temple of Fortune.

Astonishing neighborhood ! The neighbors were a long time without having the least acquaintance with each other ; but at length, under the reign of Augustus, the priests of the temple opened their gates to the guardians of the fountain, and the latter allowed the former to come sometimes and draw living water from their spring.*

Ever since this period, the sisters of Apollo were received at court, and their favorites became the friends of kings. But while the Muses held a brilliant station near thrones, they often escaped into retirement to console the afflicted ; there they wept with Sappho, groaned with Ovid, sighed with Tibullus. They have preserved even to our times this soothing sensibility, and frequently has thy lover, Emilia, experienced its sweet effect. Far from thee, can aught console him but that Muse whose voice becomes the echo of his complaint ! Adieu.

LETTER XV.

Adored of men, cherished by the gods, favored by the goddesses, Apollo saw himself at the height of felicity ; but he was a father, and sorrow is never distant from the paternal heart.

In the midst of his brilliant palace, surrounded by the seasons and the hours, he saw approaching with a trembling step, a young mortal, who turned away his dazzled eyes ; and bent his respectful head in his presence. While the god of day admired with secret emotion those charming features which seemed not quite unknown to him, the youth prostrated himself before the throne, exclaiming with a broken and sobbing voice—" Oh ! my father !" —At that sound Phœbus was moved, but he was confused with uncertainty—to whom was he indebted for this son ? Was it Leucothea, Clytia, or Clymene ? or any other ? What an embarrassment ! He found that he was a father, but could not with decency ask who had made him so.

* Augustus and Mæcenas protected and enriched Horace and Virgil ; nevertheless the protectors were more indebted to the protected, than the protected were to their patrons.

"Wilt thou suffer," continued his unknown son, "an audacious boy to outrage with impunity thy beloved spouse? Epaphus, born of the nymph Io, calls himself the son of Jupiter: I contested not that illustrious origin, yet the rash youth insolently denies that I owe my life to thee, and that Apello was the husband of Clymene." "Of Clymene! Ah! my son, I recognize in thy features the sweetness of thy mother."

"If then her memory is dear to you, will you not listen to her prayer, and my desires?" "Speak, my son! whatever has led thee hither, I swear to thee, by Styx, to grant thy request." "Then, to confound envious mortals, and convince them that I have received being from the god of day, grant, Oh! my father, permission to drive thy chariot through the immense and brilliant path of heaven." "Alas! my child, who has advised thee to so rash a demand?" "My mother, Clymene." "And canst thou then think of following the suggestions of a mother's ambition? knowest thou not that maternal affection wears a more blinding bandeau than love itself? Unhappy boy! knowest thou the intricate paths of heaven? Mayest thou guide, with a fearless hand, my rapid steeds, when they ascend the steep of morning, and descend with a rapid course that immense valley, where, in the bosom of ocean, Amphitrite waits me at the boundary of the universe? Open thine eyes, renounce this fatal project. How wilt thou brave the roaring lion, the menacing crab, the hydra, whose hideous heads renew themselves like leaves on trees; the furious bull, the butting ram, the archer, armed with deadly arrows; the scorpion, breathing poison; the terrible genius, who inundates the horizon with his watery urn; the formidable capricron, whose horny forehead makes husbands turn pale?"

These reasons, joined to paternal persuasion, would certainly have turned Phaeton from his project, had not Clymene, in educating her son, transmitted to him a certain tenacity, which men call *madness*, and women *character*. The *character* of the son triumphed over the reason of the father. With heavy sighs, the god of day called the morning hours; they

flew, preceded by Aurora, and harnessed to the car of the sun the rapid Eous, the ardent Phlegon, the thundering Ethon, and the light Pirois. Phaeton leaped into the radiant car, wildly seized the sparkling reins, and scarcely waited to hear the last warning of his disconsolate father.

"In thy flight, be neither too timid nor too ambitious; avoid equally the earth and the heavens. Keep the middle course; that is always the safest. Thy very life depends upon my instructions. He falls who soars too high; he sinks who descends too low."

Apollo was yet speaking when already his son was seen flying afar beneath the azure dome. Suddenly the impetuous steeds, finding themselves alternately checked and urged by unskilful hands, broke their reins, and rushed into the fields of air. Now sweeping through the dwellings of the immortals, now descending towards the terrestrial globe, threatening with conflagration both earth and heaven. The kindling fires struck terror into the gods; Jupiter turned pale in Olympus, Neptune trembled beneath his world of waters, and Pluto started at the glare even amidst the flames of hell. Cybele, consumed with unknown heat, groaned, heaved, writhed in agony, then raising up her burning head and scorched eyes, addressed with a dying voice, this prayer to the sovereign of the gods:

"If I have merited thy wrath, and if mankind are innocent, spare the children, and thunder upon the culpable mother; in pity terminate the tortures I endure. Ah! wretched immortality, when thou dost but offer an eternity of torments! Restore to the scorched earth night and dew, or take back, Oh! Jupiter, her immortality!"

At these words, the King of Heaven, touched with Cybele's misfortune, because he was himself menaced from the same cause, arose, seized his thunderbolt, and with a resistless aim, struck the erring child of Clymene. While the steeds finished at hazard, the career of day, Phaeton, the sport of the winds and the thunder, fell into the Eridanus, whose burning waves bore his half-consumed body into the depths of the ocean.

Just then upon the shore, Cynus, the young king of Liguria; young, but faithful; a monarch, but tender; he stretches out his arms towards the inanimate corse of his dear Phaeton. Ah! if he might fly to him, and embrace him for the last time! The heavens second the wish of friendship. Suddenly Cynus, is covered with a plumage whose whiteness denotes the purity of his soul; he floats majestically forward to the body of his friend, bends over him, covers him with his expanded wings; his sadness, so long restrained, bursts forth in a tender and plaintive sound, the melodious accents of which are repeated and prolonged by surrounding echoes.

Less happy than Cynus, the sisters of Phaeton, while mourning their brother, feel their feet rooted in the shore; their arms extend into flexible branches, among which the pitying zephyr moans through the silver leaves of the poplar; and their tears distilling in yellow drops, form that precious amber which the Graces collect for the toilet of Venus.

Such tears, on the borders of the Seine, often embalm the charms of beauty, and diffusing perfume before her steps, announce to lovers their young queen; but they exhale not that sweetness, that intoxicating nectar, that free ambrosia, which the limpid sighs of melancholy, of tenderness, of sentiment, spread with the dew of morning over the lips of Emilia. Adieu.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

RICHARDSONIANA.

WITH but few exceptions, no author in the English language has displayed such accurate knowledge of human nature, the passions, propensities, and secret evolutions and manœuvres of the minds of men, as the celebrated printer, Samuel Richardson, the author of *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*. I the more cheerfully pay this tribute to his worth, because the present class of readers prefers the modern novels to those of this elegant writer; than

which a more conclusive proof of the degeneracy of public sentiment cannot be adduced. With the hope of leading some of our fair readers, of whom in this town there are very many, and some of our literary gentlemen, of whom we have not a few, to an acquaintance with this champion of female excellence and of manly virtue, I have transcribed some specimens of his sentiments, reflections and salutary advice, which, if they do not produce a general perusal of his works, may be productive of much good to those, who only casually read these apothegms of a sensible man and applauded author.

HUMAN NATURE.

What a world is this ! one half of the people in it tormenting the other half, yet being themselves tormented in tormenting !

It is but shaping the bribe to the taste, and every one has his price.

Those who err on the unfavorable side of a judgement are likely to be right five times in six ; so vile a thing is human nature.

FEMALITIES.

Women who have several lovers (like women in a mercer's shop, distracted with the variety of his rich wares) often *choose the worst, and reject the best.*

There are points in which all women agree, and make a common cause among them.

When women are desirous to conceal their age, it is a sign that they themselves think they shall be good for nothing, when in years.

Women's eyes often run away with their understandings.

Love-secrets are generally the cement of female friendship.

Matrimony and liberty is a girlish connexion.

The female eye expects to be gratified ; whence men of appearance often succeed, when men of merit fail.

Women, designed to be dependent, as well as meek creatures, when left to their own wills, often know not what to resolve upon.

"The sex," says Signor Jeronymo, "never know their minds, but when they meet obstacles to their wills."

"Women," says Mr. Selby, "are but the apes of one another."

All women, more or less, are romances.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

A woman is more the property of her husband, than he is hers.

Managing women are generally not the best to live with.

The most happily married woman must have a will to which she must resign her own.

The woman who depreciates her husband, still more depreciates herself.

If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example.

A good husband and a good wife are the world to each other.

INCLINATION.

Persons may be drawn in against inclination, till custom will *make an inclination*.

Some people need no greater punishment than to be permitted to pursue their own inclinations.

It is the art of the devil, and of libertines to suit temptations.

RELATIONS.

Nature gives us relations that choice would not have made such.

To borrow of relations is to subject ones self to an inquisition into one's life and actions.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

People go to places of public entertainment, dressed out and adorned, as if they thought themselves a part of it; and generally are too much pleased with themselves to be able to attend to what they say or hear.

The town diversions are pretty much the same one year as another; a few variations in the fashions only; and those contrived by ingenious persons who get their bread by diversifying them.

Public places are rocks to the reputations of women who are not vigilant over their conduct.

SECRETS.

Nothing flies faster than a whispered scandal.

Listeners are generally conscious of demerit.

There may be occasions, where a breach of confidence is more excuseable than to keep the secret.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A GENTLEMAN OF RANK AND TASTE, TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

LETTER V.

LIKE you, my fair countess, the Anglo-Saxons were great admirers of fine linen ; it was indiscriminately worn by every class of that people in the garment next their skin. Of course, its fabric was delicate or rough according to the rank of the wearer. The dress of the ladies in summer, was chiefly of linen ; the clergy also made their sacred vestments of it ; and, indeed, so highly was it prized by all orders, that the venerable Bede mentions, as an instance of self-denial and humility of Etheldrida, abbess of Ely, that *she never would wear linen garments, but contented herself with raiment made of wool.*

This mortifying of her fair flesh, must be understood of the interior garments being composed of so rough a material ; the most dainty of her sex, in that age, wore woollen as exterior habits. Silk was also used, but only on great occasions, such as for coronation robes, the vestments of dignified clergy, and the mantles of queens and princesses. How surprised would be our royal Elgivas and Ethelredas, if they could look from their marble tombs at this time, and behold not merely the decent tradesman's wife, but the lowest damsel of the kitchen, walking out on Sunday arrayed in silk stockings and satin or velvet pelisses ! There is, literally, no difference between the ordinary appearance of a countess and her maid, except what the dignified and polished air of the former may

effect. This remark, therefore, ought to induce our women of quality to attend to the mental adornment of themselves, since all outward ornaments are now rendered acceptable to the meanest of their attendants. Were every peeress in this land as simple in apparel, and as elegant in mein, as my Urania, this observation might have been spared.

Hair cloth (which answers to the sackcloth of the ancients) was manufactured by the Anglo-Saxons, and was used either as a garment of penance or of mourning. I cannot affirm that, as an insignia of the latter temper of mind, it was so becoming an apparel as the crapes and cypress gauzes of our modern fair; but certainly it better expressed the season of sorrow; and, what is more to the purpose, by its desolate and unbecoming appearance, was an indisputable assurance that the mourner did not intend, and in fact could not enter into scenes of gaiety until the proper time of decent grief were past. Then, the widow was not seen sporting her fashionably devised weeds in a friend's card-assembly a month after the interment of her lord. Our Anglo-Saxon matrons, instead of bewailing the deceased partner of their hearts, seated on a superb sofa, between two rival candidates for her hand and dowry, would be found prostrate on his tomb, clothed in hair cloth, and bestrewn with dust and ashes, devoting all the beauties of her youth to lamentation and his memory.

The Anglo-Saxon ladies of the first quality employed much of their time in carding wool, spinning, and working with the needle; and some of them also emulated the dames of Greece in the labors of the loom. These graceful feminine occupations do not appear to have been in so general a practice with the fair of the continent as with those of England; however, we find that due honour was paid to them by some of their foreign sisters; and Eginhart informs us that the daughters of Charlemagne were no strangers to the use of the distaff. Four princesses, daughters of Edward the Elder, of our own country, are highly celebrated for their skill in spinning, weaving and brocading or embroidery; and Edgitha, the queen of Edward the Confessor, was perfectly mistress of the needle.

The praises bestowed upon our fair country-women, on this subject, are not confined to our own authors, who, as lovers, and of the same nation, might be suspected of partiality; I can lay before your ladyship the corroborating testimony of foreign eulogists. "The French and Normans," says one, "admired the beautiful dresses of the English nobility; for," continues the ancient writer, "the English women excel all others in needle-work, and in embroidering with gold." Another author tells us that "the Anglo-Saxon ladies were so famous for their skill in embroidery or brocading, that the most elegant productions of the needle were called, by way of eminence, *The English work*."

In those days of female industry, the operations of the needle were not confined to one sort of pattern or stitch; they extended to the representation of flowers, foliages, birds, beasts, men, and buildings. Even historical designs were attempted, and the victories of heroes and the triumphs of saints, were seen embroidered upon cloth with threads of gold and silver, intermixed with silk, cotton, and worsted, dyed to the requisite colors. The destruction of Troy was worked upon the stole of Wiglaf, king of Mercia; and the celebrated martyr, Dunstan, when a young man, assisted a lady in designing the embellishments she was to embroider on a sacerdotal robe. The vestment which Canute, the Dane, presented to the Abbey of Croyland, was made of silk, brocaded with eagles of gold. The coronation mantle of Harold Harefoot, which he gave to the same Abbey, was composed of the like costly stuff, and overlaid with flowers wrought in gold. Besides these, we find from William of Malmesbury, that the royal robes of Edward the Confessor were sumptuously embroidered in curious and rich devices by the hand of his queen and her maidens.

Devotion produced many splendid works of this kind, which the fair manufacturers dedicated to the service of the church. These beautiful daughters of beauty and taste, not only plied their golden needles to embellish their own persons, and to decorate their husbands, but, with a holy consecration of their time and their talents to adorn the temples of their land, they

enriched the altars with palls of superb embroidery, and laid at the feet of the priesthood garments of the finest needle-work. Many of these I have seen extant in the sacristies of our old cathedrals ; and, I confess, I could not but feel a peculiar homage for the queens and princesses, and ladies of high rank, who thus devoted their blameless and happy hours.

And, that I may not longer at this time intrude on yours, I shall defer my account of the jewelry of these beauteous and meritorious dames to another epistle : meanwhile, forget not that a fairer hand than ever Anglo-Saxon Britain could produce, has woven the image of Urania into the heart of her devoted

PARIS.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR.....No. VIII.

THE TOUGH DRUMSTICK.

Non Omnia Possumus.

MR. CENSOR,

WHEN I was a lad, I got my learning at the grammar school in our town ; but being born of rather poor, though tolerably honest parents, as the world goes now a-days, I had not interest enough to get sent to college, though our master often said I was one of the 'cutest chaps in the school.

As my parents could not support me as a gentleman, I was obliged to support myself the best way I could, and I now found that " Learning was not always better than house and land," as I perceived many who were possessed of tenements and domains were able to do very well without it. I tried to live by my head, but I had always a hungry belly. To my hands I made the next application, and in the capacity of a carpenter's apprentice, by using them to axes, chissels and saws, they procured me meat, drink and health. These employments, however, were not without their alloy, nor unattend-

ed with some severe lessons of humility. My master was vastly rich, and my mistress vastly proud upon the thoughts of it. They wished to treat me as a menial servant ; but my indentures forced them to let me mess at their own table : to make amends for this indulgence, I drank small beer and they strong ; the worst of every thing fell to my share ; all *under-dones* and *over-dones* walked into my plate ; rining of bottles was good enough in troth for the apprentice ; tails of fish, and tough drumsticks. " I moan'd in griefs like these awhile," till I had served my time duly and truly, as in duty bound, and then of course I was dubb'd journeyman. I smarted myself up a little, and was thought quite the *thing* at our parish club. I ogled my master's daughter ; kissed his maid now and then ; and would go of an errand for either of them half a mile at any time, rain or blow. These things brought me much in favor with the whole family, and I once heard the old folks declare that their Tim was grown a monstrous clever fellow ; and master said he'd lay a wager that Timothy should turn as good a job of work out of his hands, as e'er a lad in the country. Still things at table did not much mend ; I did now get sometimes as Jerry Sneak says " a bit of the brown," and at others come in for my share of the rest of the good things ; but if strangers appeared, I was generally fobbed off with the worst ; and if a goose or a turkey made its appearance, I still amused my gums with the tough drumstick.

I drummed on in this manner for sometime longer. At last my master grew incapable of attending the business so well as he once used to do, and he made me something between a journeyman and under partner. This was doing better ; but mistress still had pride. I was their Tim, and could not avoid bringing in four or five dozen pails of water to wash the house down every Saturday night ; break the ice when the pond was frozen over ; and shovel the snow from the doors at all hours ; and when family pride wanted to be vindicated at table, master Tim was then sure to get the tough drumstick.

However, a rich relation of mine died without a will, I came in unexpectedly for the estate; and as he would not give me a farthing to keep me from starving when alive, you may be sure I did not grieve much at his death. The messenger of this good news inquired for me by the name of Mr. Timothy Tetotum, and *sir'd* and *honor'd* me, although I wore a leather apron and short jerkin. My parish was now too humble for me, I set out for the metropolis, and soon got transformed by address and observation from a carpenter into a gentleman. In a round of dissipation I passed many months, when one day tired of noise and nonsense, I took it into my head to go down and pay a visit to my old master.

I had no sooner made my approach to the door, than my master's daughter who was up to the window, screamed out, Papa, if there isn't Mr. Tetotum, I'll be whipp'd. You don't say so, my dear, says the old man, and out he hobbled, with "my dear Tetotum, how d'ye do? how glad am I to see you; why we were just talking about you: come, dinner's just upon table, sit down and be comfortable." I now received the congratulations of the family, and frequently afterwards went to visit the good folks, where I got the best of every thing; and when turkies or geese made their appearance, the wings or the breast were pressed upon me, but no more tough drumsticks.

Ye votaries of wealth, and you, ye high in mind, though low in pocket, remember that you must bear much in life to enjoy little.—In distress or in menial occupations, shew a manly fortitude, and bear with patience the inconveniences of your situation; but never, never until you can command a better part of the oviparous biped, quarrel with its Tough Drumstick.

TIMOTHY TETOTUM.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A COURSE OF
LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE FIFTH.

Hydrostatics.

THE laws of the fluid which Thales, an ancient philosopher, considered as the original element, or principle of the universe, and, which is found in all bodies, that have been subjected to experiment, will employ our attention, in the present discourse. Water, whose common uses are so well known to every animal in creation, affords an interesting subject for the research of the chemist, and the mechanical investigator of nature; and its plentiful diffusion *throughout* the atmosphere, and *over* the surface of our globe, should continually excite the gratitude of every reflecting being. Newton asserts, that all birds, fishes, beasts, insects, trees, and vegetables, with their several parts, do grow out of water, and watery tinctures, and salts; and by putrescence again they all return to watery substances. No length of time, or aridity of situation, seems able to deprive matter of this all pervading fluid. Hartshorn, dried so as to become sufficiently hard to produce fire by the stroke of a flint, being distilled, will afford an eighth of its quantity, of water; and bones, after being carefully preserved for 25 years, have, by subjection to the like process, yielded half their weight of the same liquid.

Water, in physiology, is a clear, insipid, and colorless fluid, coagulable into a transparent, solid body, called ice, when placed in a temperature of 32 degrees of Farenheit's thermometer; but volatile and fluid in every degree of heat beyond that. If water could be obtained pure, Boerhaave asserts, it would be a simple element; but it is always found replete with exhalations of all kinds, which it imbibes from the air; and impregnated with innumerable substances of which it is a powerful solvent. Hence, says the illustrious physician just quoted, he is convinced, that no one ever saw

a drop of pure water,—that the utmost of its purity known, only amounts to its being free from this or that sort of matter, and that, for instance, it can never be wholly deprived of salt, since air will always be contained in water, and air is never unaccompanied by salt. It is, after fire, the most penetrative of bodies, and the most difficult to confine. It was found, by the famous Florentine experiment, to pass through the fine pores of gold; and hence was, for a considerable time supposed to be incompressible and non-elastic. The ingenious and indefatigable Canton, however, has proved, that water is compressible even by the weight of the atmosphere.

This fluid, occupying more than two thirds of our globe, is subject to laws by which it is governed; and its phenomena are accounted for on principles analagous to those which are deemed natural and philosophical in other grand departments of the universal system.

The ancients were in some respects as well acquainted with the practical part of hydrostatics, as the moderns. Their aqueducts are still viewed with wonder and admiration by the philosophical and inquisitive traveller. The Romans erected aqueducts, that were not more distinguished by the utility of their design, than the sublimity of their construction. Some of these were carried over an extent of more than an hundred miles; and the metropolis of the world, in the reign of the emperor Nero, received through them in the course of twenty four hours, not less than five hundred thousand hogsheads of water. *Ctesebæus*, and *Hero* of Alexandria, invented several hydraulic engines; to the former we are indebted for the pump, and to the latter, for the syphon; yet these ingenious men were ignorant of the cause that operated on the fluids which they raised and directed with ease and success. The true law of atmospheric pressure was discovered long after the invention of the syphon and the pump. The knowledge of causes, traced from effects, is the glory of the school of Bacon; and his disciples, with every advance they make in science, exalt the honors of their illustrious master.

The science of hydrodynamics, or of fluids, their laws, and

phenomena, has been divided by philosophers into two branches; hydrostatics, by which the gravity and pressure of water is accounted for; and hydraulics, which treats of its motion through pipes, syphons, conduits, and of the application of it to the various mechanical purposes for which it is so powerfully and peculiarly adapted. By some of our best writers and experimentalists, the term hydrostatics is used with a greater latitude of signification, and assumed as a sufficiently expressive name for the science which describes the properties of all fluid bodies, but principally those of water, explains their motions, and renders them, like other productions of nature, subservient to the convenience, the prosperity, and the happiness of rational beings, in their present state of existence.

How many practical philosophers do we behold, whether we throw a contemplative glance over the fields of agriculture, or mingle with the busy bustling mortals that crowd the strands of commerce! To the judicious direction of atmospheric or aqueous streams are we indebted for the flour which chemistry, in her humble domestic occupation, by the use of fermentation and fire, converts into bread, the most common and indispensable article of our daily food. An attention to nature laid the foundation of the present improvement in the art of shipbuilding; and the propriety of forming vessels on the model of the most active kind of fishes, has been demonstrated by mathematicians, who have shewn the reasons, and explained the principles on which the naval architect constructs the swiftly sailing frigate, with the greatest breadth of her beam forward of her mainmast.

Hydrostatics is that part of natural philosophy, which treats of the weight and equilibrium of fluids, of their nature and properties, and the laws by which they act. Fluidity is defined, The state of bodies when their parts are very readily moveable in all directions with respect to each other. Many useful and curious properties arise out of this modification of matter. They are the basis of the science of hydrostatics, and are of considerable importance to chemistry; but the

attention of the chemist is chiefly directed to the state of fluidity as it may affect the component parts of bodies. The mechanical operation of fluidity is the object of our consideration. Fluidity is caused by a certain degree of heat, which, when employed for this purpose, disappears with respect to any other sensible or perceptible effect. Fluid bodies, unless their temperature be increased by a greater degree of heat than is necessary to preserve them in a fluid state, in general produce the sensation of cold. Heat, in this state, does not enlarge the volume, but resists the particular attachment of their parts. Fluids have vacuities in their substance; and the particles of them are spherical. The latter position derives its proof from the ease with which those particles move among each other; the former, from the power of dissolving bodies, without acquiring any sensible increase of bulk. Thus, water will dissolve a certain quantity of salt; after which, it will receive a little sugar, and after that, a little alum, without its first dimensions being at all augmented.

The laws of fluids are of great importance in philosophy. *They have the same weight in their own element, as in air.* A prepared bottle, exhausted of its air is suspended from the arm of a balance, and poised in water, by a sufficient weight on the opposite arm. On turning the cock under water, the fluid rushes in, and the bottle becoming filled, sinks with the accumulated weight, clearly proving that the parts of water retain their gravity in water, so as to press and bear down upon the parts beneath them; otherwise the phial would not be heavier after the admission of the liquid than it was before.

Fluids press equally in all directions. This pressure depends on the height, and not on the quantity of the fluid. On this principle is founded the famous experiment which solves and accounts for the hydrostatical paradox;—*That any quantity of water, or other fluid, however small, may be made to balance and support any quantity or weight however large.* The principle may be explained as follows. A small pipe is joined at the bottom to a larger one. Water, being poured into the smaller, will pass through the common apertures of the

pipes and rise in the larger exactly to the height of the fluid in the smaller one, and remain balanced by it. It is well known that water in a pipe or canal open at both ends, always rises to the same height at its extremities, whether the bores of these ends be equal or unequal in dimension. The hydrostatic bellows is a machine that shews the upward pressure of fluids, and explains the paradox. It is constructed like a common bellows without valves; only a pipe of three feet high is inserted near the bottom board, through which water being poured, or breath blown, the upper surface will gradually rise, being forced up by the pressure of the fluid. If the surface of the boards be an clipsis of 16 by 18 inches, a quarter of a pound of water, will be sufficient to sustain a weight of 300 pounds. The law of the pressure of fluids being in proportion to their perpendicular height, has induced mathematicians to assert, that the same quantity of water, however small, may produce a force equal to any assignable one, by increasing the height and base upon which it presses. Dr. Goldsmith mentions an extraordinary experiment in support of this assertion. A strong tube of tin, very small in circumference, but 20 feet high, was inserted into the bung-hole of a hogshead. Water was poured through the tube into the vessel, until it filled it, and rose within a foot of the top of the tube; then the hogshead burst, and the water was thrown with incredible force, in every direction. The fact of the pressure of fluids in all directions, has entirely removed a distinction which anciently obtained in the schools, That of the positive or absolute *levity* of bodies immersed in fluids. It is now considered absurd to speak of the absolute levity of bodies, levity or lightness being only a comparative term, implying no more than the difference of the weight of substances compared together, or their specific gravity. Mr. Boyle, in support of this doctrine, instituted an experiment which I now repeat. A balloon containing a small quantity of air, with a weight attached to it, is placed in water and sinks to the bottom. The containing vessel is placed under the receiver of an air-pump which is gradually exhausted.

The pressure of external air being thus removed, that included in the balloon expands, distending the sides of it by the force of its elasticity, until the vessel of air taking up so much more room in the water than it formerly did, is able to lift the weight, and to detain it in suspension, until, by the admission of a fresh supply of external air the balloon becomes again compressed and sinks to the bottom. This ascension cannot be owing to any absolute levity of the air included in the balloon, but to its power of ascension gained by its expansion, which renders it subject to the hydrostatic law of upward pressure, which resists and buoys up bodies the most powerfully, that, being specifically lighter than itself, possess the most place in it, and hinder the greatest quantity of water from acquiring its due situation.

There are a few fundamental laws of hydrostatics which I will introduce in the form of propositions in this place, and which we shall find of great use in our further consideration of fluids.

1. If any part of a fluid be raised higher than the rest, by any force, and then left to itself, the higher parts will descend to the lower places, and the fluid will not rest, until the surface be quite level.

2. When a fluid is at rest in a vessel, the base of which is parallel to the horizon, equal parts of the base are equally pressed by the fluid.

3. All parts of a fluid press equally at the same depth.

4. The pressure of the fluid at any depth, is as the depth of the fluid; for the pressure is as the weight, and the weight is as the height of the fluid.

5. When a fluid is pressed by its own weight or by any other force, at any point, it presses equally in all directions whatsoever. Hence, in a vessel containing a fluid, the pressure is the same against the bottom, as against its sides, or even upwards, at the same depth.

6. The pressure of a fluid against any upright surface, as the gate of a sluice or canal, is equal to half the weight of a column of the fluid whose base is the surface pressed, and its altitude the same as the altitude of that surface.

7. The pressure of a fluid, on the base of the vessel in which it is contained, is as the base and perpendicular altitude, whatsoever be the figure of the vessel that contains it.

8. If a body be immersed in a fluid of the same density or the same specific gravity, it will rest in any place where it is put. But a body of greater density will sink, and one of a less density will ascend to the top and float.

9. Any body immersed in a fluid, loses as much weight as an equal bulk of the fluid weighs. And the fluid gains the same weight.

10. The weight lost, by immerging the same body in different fluids, is as the specific gravities of the fluids; and bodies of equal weight, but different bulk, lose, in the same fluid, weights which are reciprocally as the specific gravities of the bodies, or directly as their bulks.

11. The whole weight of a body which will float in a fluid, is equal to as much of the fluid, as the immersed part of a body occupies when it floats: for the pressure under the floating body is just the same as so much of the fluid as is equal to the immersed part, and therefore the weights are the same: hence, the magnitude of the whole body, is to the magnitude of the part immersed, as the specific gravity of the fluid, is to that of the body; for in bodies of equal weight, the densities or specific gravities, are reciprocally as their magnitudes.

After having considered hydrostatics, by which the weight and pressure of fluids are determined, we arrive at the second division of the subject; the application of the hydrostatical laws to mechanical purposes.

The motion of fluids, belongs to the department of hydraulics. In hydrostatics, we have attended to what respects their equilibrium; that being disturbed, motion ensues and here the business of hydraulics commences. The first, and most obvious of the motions of fluids, is that which we observe in rivers. The definition of a river, in physics, is a stream of water running by its own gravity from the more elevated to the lower parts of the earth, in a natural bed or channel open

above. If the channel in which it flows be formed by art, it may be simply termed an artificial river. A canal is, technically speaking, an artificial river, whose water is kept up and let out, as occasion may require, by means of locks and sluices. The motion and flux of rivers are become important parts of modern philosophy, and the principles of geometry and mechanics have been successfully applied to the subject. Rivers, when moving in their natural beds, acquire, like other bodies moving on inclined planes, a velocity which is always as the square root of the quantity of descent of the bed. But in an horizontal bed, opened by sluices, or otherwise, at one or both ends, the water flows out by its gravity alone. Happily for those who inhabit the banks of rivers, and are obliged to navigate them, the force which their velocity would acquire, were they to flow through an unresisting medium, is checked by a wise provision of nature; for that velocity is gradually diminished by their continual friction against the bottoms and sides of their channels, as well as by the obstacles which they meet in their progress, and from their arriving at length in plains where their descent is less, and consequently their inclination to the horizon greater than at and in the vicinity of their sources. As they approach their mouths, from which they are emptied into the ocean, the water loses the velocity of its motion, in proportion as it rises and increases in depth. The greatest velocity of a river, is about the middle of its depth and breadth; or on the contrary, the least velocity of the water, is at the bottom and sides of the bed or channel, where the resistance from friction is greatest. I fear that an elaborate and technical account of the principles of hydraulics, and their application to mechanics, would prove equally tiresome and unprofitable to the greater part of the audience who honor me with their attention. The utility of such studies, to professional men, to artists, and to capitalists who employ them, cannot be doubted. It is hoped that propositions which are reasonable, and may be leisurely submitted to the sanction of experiment, will be deemed sufficient in this part of the subject of our consideration. I shall, with

your permission proceed to the fourth article of the lecture, and treat of specific gravity. Specific, in philosophy, is that which is peculiar and proper to any thing ; or that which characterises it, and distinguishes it from every other thing. Thus the power of the loadstone to attract iron, is a specific property of the loadstone. Specific gravity, is the relative, comparative, or apparent gravity of any body, in respect to that of an equal bulk or magnitude of another body ; denoting that gravity or weight, which is peculiar to each species or kind of body, by which it is distinguished from all other kinds. In this sense, a body is said to be specifically heavier than another, when under the same bulk it contains a greater weight than that other. Specifically lighter, is a term, conveying its own explanation.

The hydrometer is an instrument for ascertaining the specific gravities of fluids, and is constructed on a principle of hydrostatics, that a body specifically lighter than several fluids, will find out their specific gravities, because it will sink deepest in the fluid which has the least specific gravity. It is also used for determining the strength, quality, and proof of spirits. Its principle is so simple, and its utility so generally known, that I will not enter into a more particular description of it in this place. We had occasion for it in a former lecture, when the effects of heat and cold on fluids were considered as affecting them in some of their material properties. The hydrostatical balance is an instrument contrived for exactly and easily ascertaining the specific gravities of substances whether solid or fluid, and thereby, of estimating the degree of purity of bodies of all kinds, with the quality and richness of metals, ores, minerals, &c. and the proportions in any mixture, or adulteration. This is effected by weighing the body both in water and out of it ; and the use of this instrument is founded on the theorem of Archimedes, that any body weighed in water, loses as much of its weight, as is equal to the weight of the same bulk of water. The accident which led to this theorem, and established a principle, whose mechanical application is of great consequence in

commerce and the arts, is not only amusing as an historical anecdote, but shews how easily a mind trained by philosophy to habits of continual observation, converts circumstances apparently the most inconsiderable, to the most important and beneficial purposes. Hiero, king of Syracuse, having a mind to make an offering to the gods of a golden crown, agreed for one of great value, and weighed out the gold to the artificer. After some time, he brought the crown home of the full weight ; but it was afterwards suspected, that a part of the gold had been stolen, and the like weight of silver substituted in its stead. Hiero, being angry at this imposition, desired Archimedes to take into consideration, how such a fraud might be certainly discovered. While engaged in the solution of this difficulty, he happened to go into a bath ; where, observing that a quantity of water overflowed, equal to the bulk of his body, it presently occurred to him that Hiero's question might be answered by a like method : upon which he leaped out, and ran homeward, crying out, *I have found it ! I have found it !* He then made two masses, each of the same weight as the crown, one of gold and the other of silver : this done, he filled a vessel to the brim with water, and put the silver mass into it, upon which a quantity of water overflowed equal to the bulk of the mass ; then taking the mass of silver out he filled up the vessel again, measuring the water exactly, which he put in ; this shewed him what measure of water answered to a certain quantity of silver. Then he tried the gold in the same manner, and found that it caused a less quantity of water to overflow, the gold being less in bulk than the silver, though of the same weight. He then filled the vessel a third time, and putting in the crown itself, he found that it caused more water to overflow than the golden mass of the same weight, but less than the silver one ; so that, finding its bulk between the two masses of gold and silver, and that, in certain known proportions, he thence computed the real quantities of gold and silver in the crown, and so manifestly discovered the fraud.

[*Remainder next month.*]

SOME ACCOUNT

Of an attempt made by Mr. Balman, a Hanoverian, and Mr. Francis Huger, an American, to liberate M. de la Fayette from his confinement in the castle of Olmutz, 1794.

[We do not recollect to have seen, in any American publication, the following interesting narrative, from the Edinburgh Annual Register. It was drawn up by the writer from personal communications with Mr. Huger; and the editors of that respectable journal, pledge themselves for its authenticity.]

AMONGST the many extraordinary characters which the eventful times we live in have produced to the notice of the world, no man has undergone greater vicissitudes of fortune than La Fayette. At one time we behold him' tearing himself from the fascinations of the most licentious court in Europe, braving the elements in search of the bubble reputation, and combating for the cause of liberty under the banners of Washington; at another, sowing the seeds of confusion in his native country, idolized by an enthusiastic populace, and raised to the chief command of his emancipated countrymen; then proscribed and hunted by those associates who no longer stood in need of his assistance; a fugitive in a foreign land, obliged to seek an asylum amongst his enemies; and lastly, seized as a traitor, and delivered up to the emperor of Germany; who, regarding him as one of the chief instruments of the insulting degradation and subsequent death of the royal family of France, ordered him into close confinement in the castle at Olmutz. Compassion for his fate drew petitions from all quarters for his release. The emperor was inexorable, and Fayette had dragged on two miserable years in his solitary prison, when a stranger and a foreigner stepped forwards from pure motives of compassion, and an anxious wish to be of service to a man who had so signalized himself in the cause of liberty. Balman was a Hanoverian by birth, young, active, intrepid, and intelligent. He repaired alone and on foot to Olmutz to gain such information as might enable him to judge of the best means to execute the purpose he had in

view, to assist Fayette in making his escape from the power of Austria. He soon found that, without an able coadjutor, the difficulties which presented themselves were insurmountable. He was forced, therefore, for the present to abandon his design until he should be so fortunate as to find a man equally zealous with himself, and with ability sufficient to execute the hazardous plan he had formed. Accident threw in his way the person in the world best suited to the enterprize by nature and education. At Vienna, he entered into the society of young Americans, whom he thought most likely, from their veneration for the character of Fayette, to dare such an undertaking. He soon singled out one, to whom, after proper precautions, he imparted his secret. Huger entered into and adopted his schemes with all the keenness of youth, and that enthusiastic enterprize peculiar to the inhabitants of the new world.

Francis Huger was the son of colonel Huger of Charleston, South-Carolina, who lost his life in the service of his country against the British troops on the walls of the town, when besieged by General Prevost. The year before his death, he had retired to a small island off the Charleston bar, with his family, for the benefit of sea-bathing.—There happened one evening a violent storm, the report of cannon was heard at a distance ; concluding the firing came from British ships, then cruising in those seas, it was necessary to avoid giving suspicion that the island was inhabited. About midnight a knocking at the door of the cottage obliged colonel Huger to open it. Two persons appeared, who, in a foreign accent, informed him that their ship had been driven on shore by the violence of the wind, and the crew had dispersed themselves over the island in search of assistance. They were hospitably received, and provided with such necessaries as they most stood in need of. When the strangers were made acquainted with the quality of their host, and his political principles, they made themselves and the object of their voyage known to him. The one was the Marquis de la Fayette, then about eighteen, and the other an elderly gentleman, a Cheva-

lier de St. Louis, who like another Mentor, had followed the fortunes of the young Telemachus. "They beheld," they said, "with indignation, the tyranny the inhabitants of North-America labored under from the mother country; and, animated with the true spirit of liberty, they were resolved to espouse the cause of the Congress, and either partake with them the happiness of emancipation, or perish with them in the glorious effort." Colonel Huger quitted the island with his guests, and, repairing to head quarters, introduced them to general Washington, who gave each of them a command in the continental army. Francis Huger was only four years old when this happened, but the adventure remained deeply impressed on his memory; and though he had never seen Fayette since, yet he felt the greatest attachment to his person, and the highest admiration of his actions; with ardor, therefore, he participated in Balman's scheme for the release of his favorite hero.

Thus agreed, they began their operations. It was necessary to conduct themselves with caution, for the Austrian policé was vigilant, and particularly jealous of strangers. Huger pretended ill health, and Balman gave himself out for a physician, who on that account travelled with him. They bought three of the best horses they could find, and with one servant set forwards on a tour. After travelling many weeks, staying some time at different places, the better to conceal their purpose, and to confirm the idea that curiosity was the motive of their journey, they at length reached Olmutz. After viewing every thing in the town, they walked into the castle to see the fortifications, made themselves acquainted with the jailor, and having desired permission to walk within the castle the next day, they returned to their lodging. They repeated their visits frequently, each time conversing familiarly with the jailor, and sometimes making him little presents. By degrees they gained his confidence, and one day, as if by accident, asked him what prisoners he had under his care. He mentioned the name of Fayette; without discovering any surprise, they expressed a curiosity to know how

he passed his time and what indulgencies he enjoyed : they were informed that he was strictly confined, but was permitted to take exercise without the walls with proper attendants, and, besides, was allowed the use of books, and pen, ink, and paper. They said, that, as they had some new publications with them, it might add to his amusement if they were to lend them to him, and desired to know if they might make the offer. The jailor said he thought there could be no objection, provided the books were delivered open to him (the jailor,) so that he might see there was nothing improper in their contents. With this caution they complied, and the same evening sent a book and a note to the jailor, addressed to Fayette, written in French ; who, though he did not understand that language (as it afterwards appeared,) yet did not suspect any treachery where every thing was conducted so openly. The note contained apologies for the liberty they had taken ; but, as they wished in any way to contribute to his happiness, they hoped he would attentively read the book they had sent, and if any passages in it particularly engaged his notice, they begged he would let them know his opinion. He received the note, and finding it was not expressed in the usual mode of complimentary letters, conceived that more was meant than met the eye. He therefore carefully perused the book, and found in certain places words written with a pencil, which, being put together, acquainted him with the names, qualities, and designs of the writers, and requiring his sentiments before they should proceed any further. He returned the book, and with it an open note, thanking them, and adding, that he highly approved of, and was much charmed with, its contents.

Having thus begun a correspondence, seldom a day passed but open notes passed between them, some of which the jailor shewed to persons who could read them ; but, as nothing appeared that could create any suspicion, the correspondence was permitted.

Their plan being at length arranged, the particulars were written with lemon juice, and on the other side of the paper a letter of inquiries after Fayette's health, concluding with

these words : *Quand vous aurez lu ce billet, mettez le au feu* (instead of *dans le feu*.) By holding the paper to the fire, the letters appeared, and he was made acquainted with every arrangement they had made. The day following was fixed upon to put the plan in execution. The city of Olmutz is situated about 30 miles from the frontiers of Silesia, in the midst of a plain, which taking the town as its centre, extends three miles each way. The plain is bounded by rising ground, covered with bushes and broken rocks ; so that a man standing on the walls might distinctly see every thing that passed on the plain. Sentinels were placed for the purpose of giving alarm when any prisoner was attempting to escape, and all people were ordered to assist in retaking him : great rewards were likewise due to the person who arrested a prisoner. It seemed therefore scarcely possible to succeed in such an attempt. Aware of these difficulties, Balman and Huger were not intimidated, but took their measures with the greater caution.

Under pretence that his health required air and exercise, Fayette had obtained permission to ride out upon the plain every day in an open cabriolet, accompanied by an officer, and attended by an armed soldier, who mounted behind by way of guard. During these excursions he had gained the confidence of the officer so far, that when the carriage was at a distance from the walls they used to quit it, and walk together.

The plan determined upon was this ; Balman and Huger were to ride out of town on horseback, the latter leading a third horse ; as neither of them knew Fayette, a signal was agreed upon at their meeting. Fayette was to endeavor to gain as great a distance as possible from the town, and, as usual, to quit the carriage with the officer, and draw him imperceptibly as far from it as he could without exciting his suspicions. The two friends were then to approach, and if necessary, to overpower the officer, mount Fayette upon the horse Huger led, and ride away full speed to Bautropp, 15 miles distant, where a chaise and horses awaited to convey

them to Trappaw, the nearest town within the Prussian dominions, about 30 miles from Olmutz, where they would be safe from pursuit. In the morning Huger sent his trusty servant to endeavor to learn the precise time that Fayette left the castle. After a tedious delay, he returned, and told them that the carriage had just past the gates. With agitated hearts they set out; having gained the plain, they could perceive no carriage; they rode slowly on till they had nearly reached the woody country, but still no carriage appeared. Alarmed lest some unforeseen accident should have led to a discovery, they hesitated; but, recollecting that their motions might be distinctly seen from the walls, they retraced their steps, and had arrived at a short distance from the town when they beheld the long-wished for cabriolet pass through the gates, with two persons in it, one in the Austrian uniform, and a musqueteer mounted behind. On passing, they gave the preconcerted signal, which was returned, and the carriage moved on. They continued their ride towards the town, then turned, and slowly followed the carriage. They loitered, in order to give Fayette time to execute his part of the agreement. They observed the two gentlemen descend from the carriage, and walk from it arm in arm. They approached gradually, and perceiving that Fayette and the officer appeared to be engaged in earnest conversation about the officer's sword, which Fayette had at the time in his hand, they thought this the favorable moment, and put spurs to their horses. The noise of their approach alarmed the officer, who, turning round, and seeing two horsemen coming up full gallop, he hastened to join the cabriolet, pulling Fayette with him; finding resistance, he endeavored to get possession of his sword, and a struggle ensued. Huger arrived at this moment; "You are free," said he; "seize this horse, and fortune be our guide." He had scarce spoken when the gleam of the sun upon the blade of the sword startled the horse, he broke his bridle, and fled precipitately over the plain. Balman rode after to endeavor to take him. Meantime Huger, with a gallantry and generosity seldom equalled, but never

excelled, insisted on Fayette's mounting his horse, and making all speed to the place of rendezvous : " Lose no time, the alarm is given, the peasants are assembling, save yourself." Fayette mounted his horse, left Huger on foot, and was soon out of sight. Balman had in vain pursued the frightened horse, and perceiving he had taken the road to the town, gave up the chase and returned to Huger, who got up behind him, and they galloped away together. They had not gone far when the horse, unequal to such a burthen, stumbled and fell, and Balman was so bruised with the fall, that with difficulty he could rise from the ground. The gallant Huger assisted his friend upon the horse, and again forgetting all selfish considerations, desired him to follow and assist Fayette, and leave him to make his escape on foot, which he said he could easily do, as he was a good runner, and the woody country was close at hand. Balman with reluctance consented. Upon the approach of the horsemen, the soldier who had remained with the cabriolet, instead of coming to the assistance of the officer, ran back to the town ; but long before he arrived the alarm was given ; for the whole of the transaction had been observed from the walls,—the cannon fired, and the country was raised. Balman easily evaded his pursuers, by telling them he was himself in pursuit. Huger was not so fortunate ; he had been marked by a party, who never lost sight of him ; yet his hunters being on foot like himself, he might have reached his covert, had they not been joined by others who were fresh in the chase : they gained ground upon him, and at the moment he had reached a place where he hoped he might rest awhile, quite exhausted with fatigue and breathless he sunk to the earth, and a peasant came up—he offered him his purse to assist his escape ; the Austrian snatched the money with one hand, and seized him with the other, calling his companions to come to his help. Resistance was vain, and the intrepid Huger was conveyed back to Olmutz in triumph, inwardly consoling himself with the glorious idea, that he had been the cause of rescuing from tyranny and misery a man he esteemed one of the first characters upon earth.

—He was shut up in a dungeon of the castle as a state prisoner.

Meanwhile Fayette took the road he was directed, and arrived without any obstacle at a small town about 10 miles from Olmutz : here the road divided ; that leading to Trappaw lay to the right, unfortunately he took the left. He had scarce left the town, when perceiving the road turning too much to the left, he suspected he had mistaken his way, and inquired of a person he met the way to Bautropp. The man, eyeing him with a look of curiosity, at length told him he had missed his way, but directed him to take another, which he said would soon lead him right. This man, from Fayette's appearance, his horse in a foam, his foreign accent, and the inquiries he made, suspected him to be a prisoner making his escape ; he therefore directed him a road, which by a circuit, led him back to the town, ran himself to the magistrate, and told him his suspicions ; so that when Fayette thought himself upon the point of regaining the road which would soon secure his retreat, he found himself surrounded by a guard of armed men, who, regardless of his protestations, conveyed him to the magistrate. He was, however, so collected, that he gave the most plausible answers to the interrogations that were put to him : he said he was an officer of excise at Trappaw, and that having friends at Olmutz, he had been there upon a visit ; had been detained there by indisposition longer than he intended, and as his time of leave of absence was expired, he was hastening back, and begged he might not be detained, for if he did not reach Trappaw that day, he was afraid his absence might be noticed, and he should lose his office. The magistrate was so much prepossessed in his favor by this account, and by the readiness of his answers to every question, that he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and was going to dismiss him, when the door of an inner room opened, and a young man entered with papers for the magistrate to sign. While this was doing the young man fixed his eyes upon Fayette, and immediately whispered the magistrate : " Who do you say he is ? " " The general la Fayette."

"How do you know him?" "I was present when the general was delivered up by the Prussians to the Austrians at —; this is the man, I cannot be mistaken."

Fayette entreated to be heard. The magistrate told him it was useless for him to speak; he must consent immediately to be conveyed to Olmutz, and his identity would then be ascertained. Dismayed and confounded, he submitted to his hard fate, was carried back to Olmutz, and the same day which rose to him with the fairest prospects of happiness and liberty, beheld him at the close of it plunged in still deeper misery and imprisonment. Balman, having eluded the search of his pursuers, arrived at the place where the chaise had been ordered to wait their coming. Finding it still there, and yet no appearance of Fayette, he foreboded mischief. With as much patience as he could command, he remained till evening, not yet giving up all hopes of a fortunate issue to their adventure. He dismissed the chaise, however, and made a circuitous journey, in hopes his friends might have escaped by a different route; but could gain no information whatever, till, on the third day, a rumor of Fayette having been retaken in attempting his escape, dissipated his hopes; and, anxious to learn the truth, he took the road to Olmutz. He soon was told the melancholy tale, with the addition, that his friend Huger had shared a similar fate. In despair at having been the primary cause of his misfortune, and determining to share it with him, he voluntarily surrendered himself and was committed a prisoner to the castle.

Thus, by a train of most untoward accidents, which no prudence could foresee or guard against, failed a plan so long meditated, and so skilfully projected. The reader's attention must now be confined chiefly to Huger, the detail of whose sufferings the writer is better acquainted with than those of Balman, having been informed of them by himself. The day after his entrance into the castle, Huger received notice from the jailor to prepare for an examination before the chief magistrate of the city. As he was not conscious of having committed any very heinous crime, he was under no appre-

hensions for his life ; but expected that, after he had told his story, and declared the motive of his actions, his judge might subject him to some slight punishment, perhaps a short imprisonment ; what then was his amazement, when he heard himself accused of having entered into a conspiracy against the Austrian government !

The examination was carried on by means of an interpreter, a young man of a benign aspect, who seemed to compassionate his situation, and who, when he gave such answers as he thought might tend to hurt his cause, made him repeat his answers, softening their import, assuring him that he knew he did not exactly express himself in proper terms, and desiring him to recollect whether he did not mean to answer in such and such a manner. Huger saw his good intentions, and determined to rely on his judgement, especially after he had heard him say, in a low voice, " I am your friend." After this, and many subsequent examinations, the magistrates informed him he must not expect pardon, but advised him to prepare for the worst. This exhortation, so often repeated, began to have some effect upon him, and, considering he was in the power of an absolute monarch, whose will was superior to law, he could not shake off some melancholy presages. His place of confinement was a loathsome dungeon, without light ; he was fed with the coarsest food, chained to the floor during the night ; his own clothes taken from him, and others sent him that had already been worn by many an unfortunate prisoner. Thus he dragged on the first three months of his confinement. After that time he was removed to a better room, into which glimmered a borrowed light ; better clothes and more wholesome food were given him, and his circumstances in every respect improved. But still he was uncertain as to his fate, and the jailor was the only human being who visited him. One day he was surprised with the appearance of his young friend the interpreter, Mr. W——. Nothing could exceed his joy at once more beholding a kindly human face. He informed Huger that the court of Austria had believed that all the garrison of Olmutz

had been engaged in the conspiracy ; that many people had been arrested upon suspicion ; for it could not be believed that two such young men as he and Balman could have formed and executed so daring a plan without the aid of others ; but as no proofs had hitherto appeared, it was determined to bring them shortly to trial, and for that purpose lawyers were to be sent from Vienna to assist the magistrates of the city. Huger now for the first time learned the complete failure of their scheme, and that Balman was under the same roof with him. However sad the reflection was, that his friend's sufferings equalled his own, yet he could not express the joy he felt at being so near him. Soon after he discovered that he inhabited the room above him. Thenceforward his treatment was much less rigorous ; even the jailor, who till lately had observed a profound silence, relaxed his caution, and came frequently to visit him ; and though a man of few words, yet as his presence broke the dreary solitude, he felt happy whenever he made his appearance. Many were the experiments he tried to hold a communication with Balman, and at length he succeeded.

He discovered that the window which threw a borrowed light into his cell served likewise to throw light into that of Balman. He picked a piece of lime from the wall, and with it scratched a few words upon a black silk handkerchief he wore about his neck ; * then fixing it upon a stick, he climbed up the side of the room, and raised the stick as near the common window as he could, till it had attracted the attention of Balman, who, after many efforts, made himself master of it, and returned an answer by the same method. Delighted with having overcome this difficulty, they never suffered a day to pass without some communication. To W—— they were indebted for the means of rendering their situation still more comfortable, by engaging the jailor's wife in their interest ; a few presents, and now and then a small piece of money, in-

* There is a difficulty attending the mode of communication here described, for which we do not pretend to account. The writer of the article seems in this instance to have taken down Mr. Huger's relation inaccurately.—EDITOR.

duced her secretly to bring them books, food, wine, and warmer clothes ; and at length to procure a meeting between the two friends, at first short, but by degrees become more hardy, they were permitted to pass some part of every day together. At length, at the end of seven months, they were informed that the crown lawyers were arrived. The government by this time was satisfied that the attempt to liberate Fayette was planned independently by two adventurers, and that it was not a plot laid by the secret agents of France, in which the garrison of Olmutz at least was concerned, if it were not more widely extended ; and upon their trial, the sole fact of having attempted to rescue a state prisoner was alleged against them.

This fact being proved, they were remanded to their prison, to await the sentence which was to be pronounced against them by the supreme magistrate. They were now, however, permitted every indulgence but liberty. It was some days before they heard from W——, and when he came, they were astonished and confounded to hear from him that their punishment was intended to be imprisonment for life. He however consoled them by hinting, that if they could by any means procure money, this sentence might be changed to one much less severe, as it remained with the magistrate to pass what sentence he thought proper, or even to release them entirely. Balman had no fortune, and as Huger had no credit in Austria, it would be a long time before he could receive a remittance from London. W——, their guardian angel, promised to do all he could for them.

In the vicinity of Olmutz resided a Russian nobleman, of most polished manners, joined to the greatest benevolence of heart. With him W—— enjoyed a perfect intimacy and friendship ; they were congenial souls. W—— had made him acquainted with the whole of their story ; through him he had been able to administer so frequently to their comfort ; and he now nobly offered to advance them whatever money they might want to accomplish their release, and to defray their expences to Hamburgh. Having thus removed the

greatest difficulty, his next care was to sound the sentiments of the magistrate. This he could easily effect, as, in the capacity of interpreter, he had constant communication with him. He soon discerned that the magistrate was not averse to his speaking in their favor; and when he artfully insinuated that a large reward would certainly attend his declaring himself inclined to pardon, he found he was listened to with more attention. Having gained this point, he very soon came to an *eclaircissement*. The magistrate made an exorbitant demand; W—— said it was useless for him to go to the prisoners with such terms, and as he knew exactly the state of their finances, he could at once mention what they had to give, and therefore the utmost he could expect. This sum was fifty pieces. He refused to comply for less than a hundred. In answer to this, W—— desired him to consider, that if he delayed his determination he might lose his prize altogether, for that great interest was making at Vienna for the release of the prisoners, which he had no doubt would succeed, as amongst others, the English and American ambassadors had exerted themselves in their favor. This *upright* magistrate at last yielded to the impulse of avarice, and agreed that, if the prisoners would send him the money before they left the prison, they should be released the next day. To this he answered, that they were so distrustful of all about them, that he was certain they would rather await the result of the petition at Vienna, than part with their little stock of money at an uncertainty, but added, that he himself would become their security, and be answerable to him for the money in case they did not pay it. To this he agreed, and W—— was authorised to negotiate with the prisoners. All matters being soon settled, the term of their imprisonment was first fixed at fourteen years, then shortened to seven, soon after to one, then to a month, and lastly to a week; at the expiration of which they were released from prison. They immediately repaired to the house of the magistrate to return him thanks for the many indulgences he had allowed them, and upon shaking hands with him at parting, the stip-

ulated sum was put into his hands. It is not to be supposed they made a long stay at Olmutz ; no longer than was necessary to pour out their grateful acknowledgements to the Russian nobleman, and above all, to the noble-minded, generous W——, to whose kindness they owed all the comforts they had experienced in prison, and to whose friendly and humane exertions they were ultimately indebted for their liberation. M. de la Fayette, the unfortunate cause of their distresses, remained in confinement till the close of the year 1797, when, upon a peace taking place between Austria and France, he was released at the request of the French general Buonaparte.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

—
THE FREEBOOTER.
 —

The Advantage of Years to an Author.

THE best human compositions have been written, or at least finished, when the author was above forty. Virgil published his Georgics at forty-two, if I mistake not ; and Milton his Paradise Lost, when he was more than sixty. In youthful compositions there may be more of that romantic cast of imagination, which young people admire ; but very rarely is there so much of those qualities that are universally pleasing, as in the productions of persons further advanced in life ; I mean, knowledge of human nature, good sense, mature reflection, and accuracy of plan and language.

—
Beza.

The great Theodore Beza was etymologically a triumvir ; that is, he was married three times. He died at Geneva, 1605. The following lines were written on his three marriages, by one Stephen Pasquier :

Uxores ego tres vario sum tempore nactus,
 Cum juvenis, tum vir factus, et inde senex,
 Propter opus, prima est validis mihi juncta sub annis,
 Altera propter opes, altera propter opem.

In age, youth, and manhood, three wives have I tried,
 Whose qualities rare all my wants have supplied.
 The first, goaded on by the ardor of youth,
 I woo'd for the sake of her person, forsooth :
 The second I took for the sake of her purse ;
 And the third—for what reason ? I wanted a nurse.

—
Drake.

Francis Drake has left behind him in England the character of an excellent seaman. He first, after Sebastian Cano, a native of Spain, travelled round the world ; which voyage he performed in two years and eight months, setting off December 13, 1577 ; he returned November 3, 1580. The following verses were made on his return, and are preserved in Camden's Life of Queen Elizabeth :—

Drace, perrerati quem novit terminus orbis,
 Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque polus.
 Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum,
 Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui.

Where'er old Ocean's boundless waters roll,
 Have borne, great Drake, thy bark from pole to pole.
 Should envious mortals o'er thy labors sleep,
 The stars, which led thee through the vent'rous deep,
 Shall tell thy praises ; and thy well-earn'd fame,
 The sun, thy fellow-traveller, proclaim.

—
Consecration of Bells.

Bells in the time of popery were baptized, anointed, and exorcised : they were blest by the bishop. " These and other ceremonies performed, it was verily believed," says an author who lived in the reign of king Charles, " that they had power to drive the devill out of the aire, to make him quake and tremble, to make him at the sound thereof flie, *Tanquam, ante crucis vexillum* : that they had power to calme stormes and tempests, to make faire weather, to extinguish sudden fires, to recreate even the dead ; and the like ; and as you may reade in some of the Romane pontificals, they had the name of some saint or other giuen unto them in their baptisme."

Father Adam.

Father Adam was a Jesuit of Limosin, who was silenced afterwards for preaching against St. Austin. The queen-mother, coming out from one of his sermons, asked a courtier who was near her, what he thought of the discourse. "Madam," replied the gentleman, "the sermon convinces me of the truth of the doctrine of Preadamites." "How so?" says the queen.—"Because, madam, I am now certain that Father Adam is not the *first* of men."

Theoderic, Archbishop of Cologne.

This prelate was illustrious in his time for his talents, erudition, and morals. One day the emperor Sigismond asked him instructions to obtain happiness. "We cannot, sire, expect it in this world."—"Which, then, is the way to happiness hereafter?"—"You must act virtuously."—"What do you mean by that expression?"—"I mean," says Theoderic, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct, which you promise to do, whilst laboring under a fit of the gravel or gout."

Virtues of Wine.

Wine has many virtues, and full as many enlogists, who by no means imitate those who preach what they do not practise, and like a finger-post, point the way they never travel. Its *doubling* power has frequently been sung, but it has also an *exnihilo* creative faculty, which Athenæus thus describes. At Symposium, some one seeing the wife of Anacharsis, said, "O Anacharsis, thou hast married an ugly woman." "So it seems to me," he replied; "therefore, boy, mix me a cup of stronger wine, that I may make her handsome." Is not this a potent virtue? and can it be credible, that wives are sometimes heard to complain of their husbands' drinking? Rather let them join chorus with Ion, the Chian, and sing, *Wine is the king of good things!*

—
EPITAPH. 1610.

Here lyeth wrapt in clay
The body of William Wray.
I have no more to say.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE THORNLESS ROSE.

— ἐν ῥοδοιστῇ

Κοιμώμενῃ μελίσσῃ

Οὐκ ἔσεν, ἀλλ' ἔτροβη.—ANACREON.

ONE morn, while yet the zephyr blew,
 While flowers and fields were wet with dew,
 Ere the ascending sun of June
 Had dried their damps and quenched the moon,
 I rose and left the bed of sloth,
 (Whose chains to break I oft am loath)
 And went to range o'er hill or vale,
 To drink the fragrance of the gale.
 There stood beside my devious way
 A flower—the progeny of May ;
 A smooth, a soft, a pliant stem
 Supported the peculiar gem ;
 Its scent was sweet, its leaves were new,
 Alone the little orphan grew ;
 Around its root the soil was clear,
 No noxious bush, or brier was near ;
 Far from the associates of its race,
 The sole possessor of the place,
 It shed its sweet effluvia round,
 Without a prickly thorn to wound.

I paused and cried “ Thrice happy morn !
 I've found a rose without a thorn ;
 Away the prodigy I'll bear,
 So greatly prized because so rare ;
 Though yet a bud and scarcely blown,
 I'll make the tender thing my own.”
 I stooped to grasp—but did not see,
 Beneath its closing leaves, a bee,
 Who, true and early to his trust,

Had wooed the blooming beauty first ;
Of the first-offered sweets secure,
And roused, a rival to endure,
The insect brushed me with his wing,
Flew to his cell—but left his sting.

“ Alas ! ” I cried, half mad with pain,
“ Has all my caution then been vain ?
The wise, to moral reasoning born,
Oft tell us of the rose’s thorn ;
But who, from abject slave to king,
E’er told us of the *rose’s sting* ?

But let me not the event impeach ;
The pang, that cannot please, may teach.
Life we commence in youthful pride,
And think by rules our course to guide ;
For these we search from book to book,
And all exceptions overlook ;
We take th’ instruction of some guide ;
In general precepts we confide.
But these can never make us wise,
For who can chaos analyze ?
Unwonted circumstances join,
New things and new events combine ;
No long-taught rules can here protect ;
Judgement must guide and thought direct.
Know then, fond youth, about to go
Through tangled mazes here below,
Where paths on paths thy feet invite,
Ten thousand wrong, but one that’s right,
Know then, the rose of moral things,
That has no *thorns*, may have its *stings* ;
In plucking, you, perhaps, may gain
A sharper, though less common, pain.

Another inference from my bee
I draw——Sophia, ’tis for thee.

Thy smiles, superior to the morn,
Are sure the rose without the thorn.
The firmest heart how formed to take !
What raptures do they not awake !
Than pleasure's self can these be less ?
Will not their influence safely bless ?
Yet should they turn from me their power,
Should rivals seize, or death devour,
Might I not, from experience new,
Find my sad moral too too true ?

ALPHESIBŒUS.

New-Haven, May 15, 1813.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE TO MAY.

From the Latin of Buchanan.

HAIL, sacred morn ! whose genial ray
Ushers the new-born May along,
With mirth, and sport, and holiday,
And the gay rites of dance and song.—
Hail, vernal joy and vernal cheer,
Renew'd with each renewing year,
The bloom of nature's boyhood gay,
That hastes to manhood and decay.

In pious nature's golden prime,
When truth was law and justice sway,
Spring only knew the happy clime,
And breathed one universal May.
She ceaseles o'er the teeming ground
Diffused her quick'ning gales around ;
And fields perpetual harvest bare,
That knew no seed nor tiller's care.

And thus, throughout the happy isles,
Where joy and youth for ever stray,

Serene the fabled region smiles,
 Temper'd with one immortal May.
 And thus by Lethe's sullen strand,
 That laves Oblivion's silent land,
 Soft airs with feeble murmur move,
 And thrill the drear funereal grove.

And thus, perchance, when final fire
 Has purged this ball at heaven's command,
 Such gales shall new-born life inspire,
 And fan the blest regenerate land.
 Hail, month of pleasure and of prime,
 That gladst short while our mortal clime ;
 Relique of nature, sinless bloom,
 Foretaste of fairer springs to come !

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
 OF LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, REMARKABLE INCIDENTS,
 OBITUARY NOTICES, &c. &c.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The Theatre closed on the 7th of May, after an unusually successful season. There have been but four performances since the publication of our last ; the only novelty, was the production called *Eight to One*, said to be a translation from the French by Mr. Spiller, who was himself the principal performer in the piece.

CHARITABLE FIRE SOCIETY.—The anniversary of this institution was celebrated at the Chapel Church in Boston, according to custom, on the last Friday of May ; the services, as usual, consisting of select pieces of music, prayers, and an oration on the principles of the institution. Among the various literary and benevolent societies of our country, perhaps none has equalled this, in calling forth the energies of the poet and the scholar. Some of the annual addresses are specimens of the most refined eloquence ; and the odes of the late R. T. PAINE, jr. written expressly for these celebrations, are highly esteemed.

Literary Intelligence.

The reverend Dr. Parish, formerly the coadjutor of the reverend Dr. Morse in compiling the American Gazetteer, and other geographical works, has published a volume entitled "Sacred Geography,"—being a description of places alluded to in sacred history.

J. A. Cummings, Boston, has just published "An Introduction to Ancient and Modern Geography, on the plan of Goldsmith and Guy," intended as a class book for common schools. From the established reputation of the author, as an instructor of youth, preceptors of schools and academies may anticipate a useful publication.

J. Belcher, Boston, intends publishing by subscription, Dr. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY, in four volumes royal octavo. A prospectus, detailing the manner of publication and style of printing, will be published in a few days.

Obituary==Remarkable Deaths.

At his head quarters at Bahia, in Mexico, in February last, Augustus William Magee, of Boston, a colonel in the Mexican revolutionary service, and commander of the northern patriot army. Mr Magee, about five years since, entered the Military Academy, at West-Point, where he remained nearly 18 months, in close application to the preparatory studies of the soldier. He then received a lieutenancy in the army of the United States, and an order to repair to the post at Natchitoches, in Louisiana, where he remained about two years. But the ardor of his mind would not permit him to remain inactive. He observed with attention the progress of the revolution, which probably, ere long, will give to that vast and important country, New Spain, entire freedom from the oppressive government that has too long enslaved its inhabitants, and enchained its true interests. He resigned his commission in the service of the United States, and was one of those noble Americans who first passed the confines of Louisiana, to enter as volunteers in the glorious cause of independence, for which the best patriots of that distant land are now contending.—The letter that brought the melancholy tidings of his death, pays a tribute to his merits in the following terms:—"In the conduct of a difficult enterprize, he constantly supported the character of an intelligent soldier, and a man of pure honor and humanity. He had, by his talents and address, introduced a system of subordination and discipline into his army, which was composed of the most heterogeneous materials, that secured to his compatriots, in ten days after his decease, a complete victory over the royalists, and the conquest of the province of Texas."

In Wethersfield, Vermont, Mrs. Submit Groul, in the 85th year of her age. On the 27th of June, 1755, she, with 3 small children, was taken

prisoner by the Indians, at Hinsdale, and was obliged to travel on foot, through the wilderness to Canada; where she was sold to a Frenchman, for 220 livres. She was released in November, 1758, and has resided for the last 30 years in Wethersfield.

In Sanbornton, N. H. Dr. Thomas Webster, very much lamented.

In Granby, Con. Dr. Horace Hillyer, 45.

In Lisbon, Con Dr. Luther Manning.

In Bellingham, Rev. Valentine W. Rathbun, aged 52, pastor of the Baptist church in that place; highly respected for his piety and talents as a preacher of the gospel. He preached the Lord's Day before his death, and in the evening of said day while in his barn, stepped suddenly against the edge of a board, which wounded him internally, and left him to languish in excruciating pain until he expired.

In Clarksburg, Mr. D. Hewes. In a playful humor, he sprinkled some water on the hat of I. P. Davidson, who drew a pistol from his pocket, and shot Hewes through the heart.

In Zanefville, Ohio, Col. J. Ferree, of the Pennsylvania militia.

In Baltimore, John Crawford, Esq. M. D. and Rt. W. Grand Master of Masons in Maryland.

In Concord, N. Hampshire, from March 10, to the 6th May, 24 persons of spotted fever, 16 of whom were soldiers stationed there; there had been in that time 247 cases of fever.

In Walpole, N. H. Rev. Thomas Fessenden, 74.

In Becket, 6th inst. Mr. David Brown, aged 71: a man of firmness, integrity and beneficence. As he was destitute of natural heirs, the people of that town receive the benefit of a valuable portion of his estate.—After subscribing liberally to a fund for the support of the gospel, in the first congregational society in that place, he made them in October last a donation of an excellent church bell, for which he paid upwards of 300 dollars: it is understood, also, that his will contains another valuable donation to the same society.

Correspondence.

A Biographical Sketch of the honorable JUDGE SEDGWICK, intended for this month, could not be prepared in season. It shall appear as soon as practicable.

The unusual space occupied by the Letters on Mythology, and the length of the interesting narrative relating to Fayette, have excluded from the present number our accustomed variety of miscellaneous articles.

"Maria" in town, has not fulfilled her promise made last month to "Nancy in the country." We fear she is too much a lady of fashion to think of keeping her word.

We most earnestly and devoutly beseech our *distant friends*, when they write to us on business of their own, to pay the postage of their letters. It is not long since one of these *kind patrons*, wrote for a single number of the Polyanthos, for which request we were taxed *twenty-five cents*.

Erratum.—In our last number, page 1, line 3, for *March* read *April*.

THE
POLYANTHOS.

FOR JUNE, 1813.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth.

Dr. Johnson.

BOSTON COMMON.

THE plate, with which our present number is decorated, will be recognised as a view on the Common in Boston, taken from the Mall, near the head of West-Street. It exhibits to the public, a specimen of the talents of Master J. KIDDER, a youth of Boston, by whom it was both drawn and engraved, and is his first essay in the art of engraving in *aqua-tinta*.

BIOGRAPHY OF
COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR.

[The following interesting article of Biography, is selected from the *ANALYTIC MAGAZINE*, published in Philadelphia, by M. Thomas. It was our intention to have gratified our subscribers with the portrait of the gallant hero who is the subject of it; and we are sorry to add, that an arrangement to this end, with the proprietor of that work, has failed of its object.]

COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR is of French descent by the male line. His grandfather was a native of La Rochelle, in France, and married a lady of Rhode-Island. His father, Stephen Decatur, was born in Newport, (Rhode-Island,) and when a very young man removed to Philadelphia, where he married the daughter of an Irish gentleman by the name of

Pine. He was bred to the sea, and commanded a merchant vessel out of the port of Philadelphia until the establishment of the navy, when he was appointed to command the Delaware sloop of war. He continued in her until the frigate Philadelphia was built, when the command of that ship was given to him, at the particular request of the merchants, who had built her by subscription. In this situation he remained until peace was made with France, when he resigned his commission, and retired to his residence a few miles from Philadelphia, where he resided until his death, which happened in November, 1808.

His son, STEPHEN DECATUR, the present commodore, was born on the 5th January, 1779, on the eastern shore of Maryland, whither his parents had retired, whilst the British were in possession of Philadelphia. They returned to that city when he was a few months old, and he was there educated and brought up.

He entered the navy in March, 1798, as midshipman, and joined the frigate United States, under commodore Barry, who had obtained the warrant for him. He continued for some time with that officer, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. The United States at that time required some repairs, and, not wishing to remain in port, he requested an order to join the brig Norfolk, then bound to the Spanish Main. He performed one cruise in her, as first lieutenant and on his return to port, resumed his station on board of the United States, where he remained until peace was concluded with France.

He was then ordered to the Essex, as first lieutenant, and sailed with Commodore Dale's squadron to the Mediterranean. On the return of that squadron he was ordered to the New-York, one of the second Mediterranean squadron, under the command of Commodore Morris.

When he returned to the United States he was ordered to take command of the Argus, and proceed in her to join Commodore Preble's squadron, then in the Mediterranean, and on his arrival there to resign the command of the Argus to Lieu-

tenant Hull, and take the schooner *Enterprise*, then commanded by that officer. After making that exchange he proceeded to Syracuse, where the squadron was to rendezvous. On his arrival at that port he was informed of the fate of the frigate *Philadelphia*, which had ran aground on the Barbary coast and fallen into the hands of the Tripolitans. The idea immediately presented itself to his mind of attempting her recapture or destruction. On Commodore Preble's arrival, a few days afterwards, he proposed to him a plan for the purpose and volunteered his services to execute it. The wary mind of that veteran officer at first disapproved of an enterprise so full of peril; but the risks and difficulties that surrounded it only stimulated the ardor of Decatur, and imparted to it an air of adventure, fascinating to his youthful imagination.

The consent of the commodore having been obtained Lieutenant Decatur selected for the expedition a ketch (the *Intrepid*) which he had captured a few weeks before from the enemy, and manned her with seventy volunteers, chiefly his own crew. He sailed from Syracuse on the 3d February, 1804, accompanied by the United States brig *Syren*, Lieutenant, Stewart, who was to aid with his boats, and to receive the crew of the ketch, in case it should be found expedient to use her as a fireship.

After fifteen days of very tempestuous weather, they arrived at the harbour of Tripoli a little before sunset. It had been arranged between Lieutenants Decatur and Stewart, that the ketch should enter the harbor about ten o'clock that night, attended by the boats of the *Syren*. On arriving off the harbor, the *Syren*, in consequence of a change of wind, had been thrown six or eight miles without the *Intrepid*. The wind at this time was fair, but fast declining, and Lieutenant Decatur apprehended that should he wait for the *Syren's* boats to come up, it might be too late to make the attack that night. Such delay might be fatal to the enterprise, as they could not remain longer on the coast, their provisions being nearly exhausted. For these reasons he determined to adventure into the harbor alone, which he did about eight o'clock.

An idea may be formed of the extreme hazard of this enterprise from the situation of the frigate. She was moored within half gun shot of the Bashaw's Castle, and of the principal battery. Two of the enemy's cruisers lay within two cable's length, on the starboard bow. All the guns of the frigate were mounted and loaded. Such were the immediate perils that our hero ventured to encounter with a single ketch beside the other dangers that abound in a strongly fortified harbor.

Although from the entrance to the place where the frigate lay was only three miles, yet, in consequence of the lightness of the wind they did not get within hail of her until eleven o'clock. When they had approached within two hundred yards, they were hailed and ordered to anchor, or they would be fired into. Lieut. Decatur ordered a Maltese pilot, who was on board the ketch, to answer that they had lost their anchors in a gale of wind on the coast, and therefore could not comply with their request. By this time it had become perfectly calm, and they were about fifty yards from the frigate.

Lieutenant Decatur ordered a small boat that was alongside of the ketch, to take a rope and make it fast to the frigate's fore chains. This being done, they began to warp the ketch alongside. It was not until this moment that the enemy suspected the character of their visitor, and great confusion immediately ensued. This enabled our adventurers to get alongside of the frigate, when Decatur immediately sprang aboard followed by Mr. Charles Morris,* midshipman. These two were nearly a minute on the deck, before their companions could succeed in mounting the side. Fortunately, the Turks had not sufficiently recovered from their surprise to take advantage of this delay. They were crowded together on the quarter deck, perfectly astonished and aghast, without making any attempt to oppose the assailing party. As soon as a sufficient number of our men had gained the deck, to form a front equal to that of the enemy, they rushed in upon

* Now Captain Morris of the Adams.

them. The Turks stood the assault but a short time, and were completely overpowered. About twenty were killed on the spot, many jumped over board, and the rest fled to the main deck, whither they were pursued and driven to the hold.

After entire possession had been gained of the ship, and every thing prepared to set fire to her, a number of launches were seen rowing about the harbor. This determined Lieutenant Decatur to remain in the frigate, from whence a better defence could be made than from on board the ketch. The enemy had already commenced firing upon them from their batteries and castle, and from two corsairs that were lying near. Perceiving that the launches did not attempt to approach, he ordered that the ship should be set on fire, which was done, at the same time, in different parts. As soon as this was completely effected they left her, and such was the rapidity of the flames, that it was with the utmost difficulty they preserved the ketch. At this critical moment a most propitious breeze sprang up, blowing directly out of the harbor, which, in a few minutes, carried them beyond the reach of the enemy's guns, and they made good their retreat without the loss of a single man, and with but four wounded.

For this gallant and romantic achievement, Lieutenant Decatur was promoted to the rank of post captain, there being at that time no intermediate grade. This promotion was particularly gratifying to him, inasmuch as it was done with the consent of the officers over whose heads he was raised.

In the ensuing spring, it being determined to make an attack upon Tripoli, Commodore Preble obtained from the King of Naples the loan of six gun boats and two bombards, which he formed into two divisions, and gave the command of one of them to Captain Decatur, the other to Lieutenant Somers. The squadron sailed from Syracuse, consisting of the frigate Constitution, the brig Syren, the schooners Nautilus and Vixen, and the gun boats.

Having arrived on the coast of Barbary, they were for some days prevented from making the attack, by adverse wind and weather ; at length, on the morning of the 3d of August, the

weather being favorable, the signal was made from the commodore's ship to prepare for action, the light vessels towing the gun boats to windward. At 9 o'clock the signal was made for bombarding the town and the enemy's vessels. The gun boats were cast off, and advanced in a line ahead, led on by Captain Decatur, and covered by the frigate Constitution, and the brigs and schooners. The enemy's gun boats were moored along the mouth of the harbor under the batteries, and within musket shot. Their sails had been taken from them, and they were ordered to sink, rather than abandon their position. They were aided and covered likewise by a brig of 16 and a schooner of 10 guns.

Before entering into close action Capt. Decatur went alongside each of his boats, and ordered them to unship their bowsprits and follow him, as it was his intention to board the enemy's boats. Lieut. James Decatur commanded one of the boats belonging to Lieut. Somers's division, but being further to windward than the rest of his division, he joined and took orders from his brother.

When Capt. Decatur, who was in the leading boat, came within range of the fire from the batteries, a heavy fire was opened upon him from them and from the gun boats. He returned their fire, and continued advancing until he came in contact with the boats. At this time Commodore Preble, seeing Decatur approaching nearer than he thought prudent, ordered the signal to be made for a retreat; but it was found that in making out the signals for the boats, the one for a retreat had been omitted. The enemy's boats had about forty men each; ours an equal number, twenty-seven of whom were Americans and thirteen Neapolitans. Decatur, on boarding the enemy, was instantly followed by his countrymen, but the Neapolitans remained behind. The Turks did not sustain the combat, hand to hand, with that firmness they had obtained a reputation for: in ten minutes the deck was cleared; eight of them sought refuge in the hold; and of the rest, some fell on the deck, and others jumped into the sea. Only three of the Americans were wounded.

As Decatur was about to proceed out with his prize, the boat which had been commanded by his brother came under his stern, and informed him that they had engaged and captured one of the enemy; but that her commander, after surrendering, had treacherously shot Lieutenant James Decatur, and pushed off with the boat, and was then making for the harbor.

The feelings of the gallant Decatur, on receiving this intelligence, may more easily be imagined than described. Every consideration of prudence and safety was lost in his eagerness to punish so dastardly an act, and to revenge the death of a brother so basely murdered. He pushed within the enemy's line with his single boat, and having succeeded in getting alongside of the retreating foe, boarded her at the head of eleven men, who were all the Americans he had left.

The fate of this contest was extremely doubtful for twenty minutes. All the Americans except four were now severely wounded. Decatur singled out the commander as the peculiar object of his vengeance. The Turk was armed with an esponton, Decatur with a cutlass; in attempting to cut off the head of the weapon, his sword struck on the iron and broke close to the hilt. The Turk at this moment made a push, which slightly wounded him in the right arm and breast. He immediately seized the spear and closed with him. A fierce struggle ensued, and both fell, Decatur uppermost. By this time the Turk had drawn a dagger from his belt, and was about to plunge it in the body of his foe, when Decatur caught his arm, and shot him with a pistol, which he had taken from his pocket. During the time they were struggling on the deck, the crews rushed to the aid of their commanders, and a most sanguinary conflict took place, inasmuch, that when Decatur had despatched his adversary, it was with the greatest difficulty he could extricate himself from the killed and wounded that had fallen around him.

It is with no common feeling of admiration that we record an instance of heroic courage, and loyal self devotion, on the part of a common sailor. During the early part of Decatur's

struggle with the Turk, he was assailed in rear by one of the enemy, who had just aimed a blow at his head with his sabre that must have been fatal ; at this fearful juncture, a noble hearted tar, who had been so badly wounded as to lose the use of his hands, seeing no other means of saving his commander, rushed between him and the uplifted sabre, and received the blow on his own head, which fractured his skull. We love to pause and honor great actions in humble life, because they speak well for human nature. Men of rank and station in society often do gallant deeds, in a manner from necessity. Their conspicuous situation obliges them to do so, or their eagerness for glory urges them on ; but an act like this we have mentioned, so desperate, yet so disinterested ; done by an obscure, unambitious individual, a poor sailor, can spring from nothing but innate nobleness of soul. We are happy to add that this generous fellow survived, and now receives a pension from government.

Decatur succeeded in getting with both of his prizes to the squadron, and the next day received the highest commendation, in a general order, from Commodore Preble. When that able officer was superseded in the command of the squadron, he gave the Constitution to Capt. Decatur, who had, some time before, received his commission.* From that ship he was removed to the Congress, and returned home in her when peace was concluded with Tripoli. On his return to the United States, he was employed in superintending gun boats, until the affair of the Chesapeake, when he was ordered to supersede Commodore Barron in the command of that ship, since which period he has had the command of the southern squadron. When the United States was again put in commission, he was removed from the Chesapeake to that frigate.

* It was dated the 16th February, 1804, the day on which he destroyed the Philadelphia. He also received a vote of thanks and a sword, for that achievement.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A COURSE OF
LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,
BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE FIFTH.

Hydrostatics—Part second.

In using the hydrometer great care and nicety of examination are necessary. I shall only point out the most simple directions for finding the specific gravities of solids and fluids, as laid down by the ingenious Mr. Adams.

Weigh the substances first accurately in air, setting down with a pen the weights and their decimal parts; then hang the small water scale on one end of the beam;—place under it the glass vessel, pouring in water until it be filled within three quarters of an inch from the brim. Place the body to be weighed in the glass bucket, and immersing it in the water, suspend it by the horse hair to the bottom of the scale. Take care that the same weight that balanced the body in air, remain in the opposite scale, and likewise the same water weights. The opposite scale to that which contains the substance will now preponderate; weights should therefore be put into the water scale until the equilibrium be restored. The pen will now finish the operation. Divide the weight in air by the loss in water; that is divide the number of grains in the large scale by those in the small one, and the quotient will shew the specific gravity, or how many times the substance weighed is heavier than water. For finding the specific gravities of fluids it is more convenient and accurate to immerse a solid of some determinate weight in the fluid, whose specific gravity is desired to be known, than to weigh it against an equal quantity of water. This is effected by the use of a conical piece of glass, whose weight in air and water being known, shews immediately the weight of the fluid in which it is suspended: The solid being borne up by the fluid in a proportion equal to its relative gravity. Whenever a fluid is to be weighed, let it be put into the glass recipient;

suspend the solid by a horse hair to the hook of the water scale, and let it hang freely in the liquor, putting the balance weight into the opposite scale. If the fluid be heavier than water, the solid will rise in it; if lighter, it will sink to the bottom of the recipient; in either case small weights are to be put into the lighter scale, until an equilibrium is procured. The rules to be observed in calculating the specific gravities of fluids weighed in this manner are two.—We will in the first place suppose the glass solid to weigh in air 1464 grains: and that it loses in water 445 grains; this then would be the weight of a bulk of water equal to the solid. The balance weight for the solid must be made just equal to its weight in water; i. e. 1019 grains. The first rule to be observed in weighing fluids is,—When the fluid is lighter than water, the weight gained by the glass solid is to be subtracted from the weight of a bulk of water equal to the solid 445 grains; and the remainder is the weight of an equal bulk of the fluid or its specific gravity to water. For example, such a glass solid as the above, being immersed in brandy, it balanced 38.2 grains more than in water; this taken from 445.0, leaves 406.8, therefore the specific weight of the brandy, was to water, as 406.8 to 445.0. When fluids are specifically heavier than water, the glass solid will rise, and appear lighter. Small weights are therefore to be put into the water scale, until the equilibrium is restored; and the loss which the solid sustains by being weighed in a heavy fluid is to be added to a bulk of water equal to the solid; the sum shews the specific gravity of the fluid to water.

In the use of water for experiments with the hydrostatic balance, we do not always find an exact equilibrium between the bucket and glass, and their balance weights. Much depends on the kind of water in which they are immersed; and on the temperature of the air, it being observed that the water resists the immersed substances more in cold, than in warm weather, and of consequence, such substances as the bucket and glass bubble, preponderate over their proper balance weights: This preponderancy is easily reduced, and the

equilibrium restored by putting sufficient weights into the deficient scale.

OF THE COMMON OR HOUSE PUMP.

This is said to have been invented by Ctesebes, a mathematician, about 120 years before Christ. The operation of this pump depends on the pressure of the atmosphere ; which being equivalent to thirty inches of mercury, or thirty-four feet of water on a given surface, it is plain that water cannot be raised by this species of pump to an altitude greater than that of about thirty-four feet ; this height varies, being a little greater or less, on account of the difference in the weight of the atmosphere. It is seldom, however, applied to raising water above twenty-eight feet, lest the pump should fail in its performance. That the pressure of the atmosphere causes the rise of the water after the piston is drawn up in the bore of the pump, is now determined beyond dispute ; and that water will not even sink in the air, without the pressure of air on its upper surface. The last position is also proved by the common and simple experiment of water supported by a piece of paper in an inverted wine glass.

In the part which is called the body of the pump, there is a moveable piston. The piston fits so exactly to that part of the pipe wherein it works, that it does not let any air pass between it and the pipe. The lowest point to which the piston can be depressed, and the highest point to which it can be raised, is called the scope of the piston.

There are also two valves both opening upwards ; the one in the lower part of the pump, the other at the upper part of the piston ; put the bottom of the pipe in water, and thrust the piston to the bottom of the barrel or body of the pump, pouring some water on it to keep the piston tight, raise up the piston, which leaves a vacuum in the barrel, into which the air in the lower part of the pipe will expand ; the air in the pipe being thus rarefied, and its spring weakened by the expansion, it presses less upon the surface of the water in the pipe, than the atmosphere does on the surrounding water ; consequently the water will rise in the tube till the air within is as

dense as that without, and thus rest between two equal pressures, then depress the piston ; but the valve, which opened to let the air come out of the pipe will permit none to go back again ; the detained air, therefore, forces its way through the valve in the piston and mixes with the atmosphere. In a short time, the whole of the air is extracted, and then the water rises through the lower valve, and is discharged by the piston : the water will now continue to run out of the spout, as long as you continue to work the pump. Every time the piston is lifted up, the lower valve opens, and the upper one closes ; but, on depressing the piston, the lower valve closes, and the upper one opens : it is by this simple mechanism, that we so easily raise water and avail ourselves of the pressure of the atmosphere ; the piston, in rising lifting up all the water above it and discharging it, and while it rises, more water passes through the lower valve to be lifted up at the next movement of the piston.

Pumps being pneumatic, as well as hydraulic, engines, the principle on which water is made to ascend in them will be considered at large in our next lecture. At present it may suffice to observe, that in the common or sucking pump, it is the weight of the atmosphere that causes the water to rise and follow the piston ; and as a column of water thirty-three feet high, is of equal weight with as thick a column of air from the earth to the top of the atmosphere ; therefore, the perpendicular height of the piston, must always be less than thirty-three feet, otherwise the water will never rise above the piston. But when the height is less, the pressure of the atmosphere will be greater than the weight of the water in the pump, and will therefore raise it above the piston ; and when the water is once got above the piston, it may be raised to any height, if the piston rod be sufficiently long, and the powers applied properly adjusted, and adequate to the purpose for which they are applied. The opinion that water can be raised no higher than the point where its weight will balance an equal weight of the atmosphere is just and philosophical ; but by proper machinery, water raised to that height, may be carried or forced higher to any desired altitude. This we see

in the forcing pump, which not only raises the water into the barrel, like the common pump, but afterwards compels it to ascend into a reservoir in a lofty situation. Its effect is not limited to elevating the fluid to any particular eminence, since the air's condensation may be raised to any degree. If the air's condensation is double that of the atmosphere, its elastic force will raise the water to the height of thirty-four feet; if the condensation be increased three-fold, the altitude to which it may be raised by it will be sixty-eight feet; the altitude of the raised water being increased thirty-four feet, for each addition of unity to the number which expresses the air's condensation.

The engines used for extinguishing fire, are made on the construction of the forcing pump. They consist of two barrels, by which water is alternately driven into a close air vessel. The act of forcing the water therein condenses the air, which compresses the water so strongly, that it rushes out with great impetuosity through a pipe, and a continued uniform stream is made by the condensation of air upon its surface.

OF THE SYPHON.*

This, though a simple and common instrument, must not be neglected. It consists of a bent tube, one end of which is longer than the other. Immerse the shorter leg into a vessel of water; then draw the air out of the tube by the mouth, and as soon as the air is drawn out, the water in the vessel will be forced up the shorter leg, over the bend, and down the other, and on taking the mouth away from the longer leg it will begin to run out, and continue running till it is below the aperture of the shorter leg. The water is raised in the lower leg by the pressure of the atmosphere.

Improvements are continually observed in the application of hydraulics to the purposes of life, the perfection of the arts, and the acquisition of powers for the performance of various mechanical operations.—Perhaps the direction of water in our own country, has been applied to the use of the manufac-

*The nature and use of the syphon will be more fully considered in the lecture on Pneumatics.

turers with as much success, and managed with as much ingenuity, as in any other region of the globe. We can boast of our engines and machinery, which move with energies and velocities, that would confute the most stubborn of the materialists, who have asserted that matter only requires sufficient briskness of motion to become intellect.

But we will not overrate our pretensions to the honors due to inventors. From what we have been able to achieve, let us take courage, and press forward with laudable emulation to rival elder nations in the utility and elegance of our manufactures. United America is rich in means ; and talents are not wanting, where they are cherished and rewarded.

To foster the arts, which embellish life, and facilitate the supply of its daily wants, is a noble species of patriotism ; and he, who liberally encourages the inventor of useful improvements not only bestows comfort and happiness on the object of his munificence, but confers a blessing, and an honor on his country.

One cannot consider the present state of philosophy, without indulging a wish to exhibit to the wise men and heroes of ancient times some of those wonderful productions of human ingenuity, which were totally unknown to them, but, with which we are so perfectly familiar. I would, says an English sage, give to Aristotle the electrical shock—I would carry Alexander to see the experiments upon Woolwich warren, and exhibit to him the evolutions and firings of a modern battalion—I would shew to Julius Cæsar, the invader of Britain, a British man of war, and to Archimedes, a steam engine, and a reflecting telescope.

It is a trite, though true remark, that the manners and the virtues, and the scientific improvements of mankind are in a regular course of progression towards the highest degree of perfection attainable in our present state of existence. The mists of doubt and conjecture seem gradually dissipating as we approach the regions of brighter day ; and each succeeding generation of our species, looks back on the past, with

wonder at the application of energies, and use of principles which it could neither calculate nor understand. Necessity is the mother of invention ; and the providential care of our heavenly Father has in every period of the world enabled his creatures to procure all needful supplies for their comfort and support. Our wants, under his divine permission become the ministers of our convenience, and the parents of our abundance. With the increase of our knowledge, may we find an increase of virtue and happiness ; and may our wisdom, the friend and companion of religion, not only promote our temporal advantages and enjoyments, but conduct us to a world, where the reward of our intellectual toils, and moral exertions, shall be the perfection of knowledge and of eternal felicity !

Of wisdom's scope what mortal can discern,
Or who her depth, extent, or being learn ?
Who dare attempt to estimate her end,
Or tell where all her views and wishes tend ?
Views, scanning nature, wishes unconfin'd,
Warm with the noblest interests of mankind !
On ages past we look with wonder too,
How much was done, how little mortals knew !
But reason checks our boast, reproves our pride ;
Another age, *our* ignorance may deride ;
Wonders unknown to us adorn the sky,
And world's revolve unseen by Herschel's eye.
Our wiser sons will centuries hence retrace,
Their march in science from their parent race,
And give to Newton, in *their* brighter days,
The meed *we* grant Pythagoras of praise.
Oh glorious prospect ! hail ye golden years !
Rich with the radiance of uncounted spheres,
With orbs, whose beams illumine the utmost bound,
Where the cold comet wheels its tardy round ;
Another age shall view with fond amaze,
Your new born light, and bless your genial rays.
Evolving still the starry page shall shew,

Thy scripture, nature ! ever fair and new,
 With blazing characters display the scheme,
 The might, and goodness of the Power supreme,
 And tell, in brilliant language, as they shine,
 The hand that made the universe, divine !

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR.....No IX.

" This grief is crowned consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow."

Anthony and Cleopatra.

THE motto of this paper is an admirable satire on those, who pretend to lay trivial misfortunes to heart, in order to move the sympathy of their friends ;—on those, who, to gain credit for a more than ordinary portion of sensibility, affect griefs to which their bosoms are strangers, and force tears from the eyes, which have not their sources in the heart. There can be no kind of affectation more ridiculous, than that of appearing "tremblingly alive" to "delicate sensations." The art of fainting gracefully, has ceased to be considered as an accomplishment by the American fair. Their frank and generous spirits disdain the petty contrivances of that vanity, which, rather than not distinguish itself at all, will condescend to imitate the weakness, and to copy the very imperfections of human nature.

If to affect the weakness and imperfection of nature be odious and disgraceful, how shall we form a standard by which to estimate the character of him, who glories in practising the most abominable vices ; who builds his fame on the ruin of his neighbor's fortune and reputation, and rises in his own self-consequence, in proportion to the number of injuries he has done to those, who are so unlucky as to have been thrown into the sphere of his malignity. In every region, infected with the poison of human depravity, each one's eye is open to the faults of others, and blind to his own. Silvertongue,

while exulting in his triumph over the virtue and peace of an innocent artless girl, whom he had seduced under promise of marriage; expends the whole language of invective, in delineating the horrible character of Dick Wildgoose, who has recently run off a few hundred pounds in his debt. Tim Bridoon lately sold a foundered broken-winded horse to poor parson Trustall. Tim laughs over a bowl of punch, with high glee, when he relates how he took old Exodus in. This is, says he, but a fair piece of jockey-ship: he was not obliged to find eyes for his chap,—not he. But when Tim's tailor brought him home a new frock, the cloth of which proved to be a little damaged, there were not words to be found in the vocabulary of Billingsgate, expressive enough to convey a just idea of the rascality of Snipcabbage. Lawyer Doublefee cannot, in conscience, sit under the preaching of parson Barnacle,—the one loves his bottle, and the other thinks there is no harm in filling his coffers as fast as he can. Nicodemus, the quaker, groans in the spirit at the very name of Israel, the Jew. During a time of scarcity, Israel distributed many bags of rice among the poor,—and Nicodemus “slunk away into his mew;” for, lo! the sufferers were not of his fold, nor numbered among the “elect of the Lord.” However, we have heard, that this same descendant of Abraham, has done such a thing as to take from 25 to 50 per cent. for advances to supply a young spendthrift's necessities, when an old gruffy parent had stopped remittances. Usury is frequently, and, I believe generally, considered as a crime; but the honest Jew does not add to it, that of hypocrisy. His motto is—“all trades must live,” and, accordingly he thinks he has a right to sell his *moniesh*, for as much as he can get for it.

The tears live in onions; that should water many sorrows. Multitudes, as well as Cleopatra, have an “alacrity in dying,” and this sorrow has a consolation with it, that the deceased hath died so “twenty times before,” and will come to life, to die so, twenty times again. Enobarbus says sagely, “when it pleaseth the deities to take the wife of a man from him, they shew to man the tailors of the earth, comforting him,

that when old robes are worn out, there are numbers to make new." Women, like cowards, "die many times before their death." They die with fear or joy,—with pain or pleasure—with anger or love—with jealousy—with grief. There is not in the whole catalogue of intellectual good or evil, a mental bliss or disease, but has been fatal to some of them in the course of their existence on earth, scores of times. 'Tis under such *figurative* deprivations of life, alone, that this sorrow has its consolation with it. But when Anthony heard of the real death of Fulvia, a sense of her merits rushed at once upon his recollection, and in five words he pronounced one of the most emphatic eulogies, that ever was uttered on any character—"There's a great spirit gone!"

When a wife has made it the chief business of her days and nights, to plague and torment her husband,—to thwart him—to starve him—to steal his money and hoard it up—to take snuff, and let all the stockings run to holes, and the linen to fringe—then, if she should happen to "rest where the wicked cease from troubling" before her "weary" spouse, this consolation will crown his grief, and, with onions in his handkerchief, he will shed the tears of decency over her grave; not forgetting to add a prayer for her quiet and lasting repose.

But when do a widow's tears live in an onion?—The Spectator gives us a humorous description of a club of widows. He relates, that the members being subject to cramps and agues, and such like *apologies*, had in their assembly room, a plentiful stock of strong waters and cordials. When they grew a little maudlin, they began to moan and cry—but he observes, that no individual of that worthy association seemed to lament the loss of a husband, so much as the want of one.—They were crying for something.

The sentimental Sterne felt remorse after sporting a jest at the expense of the most stupid of animals. The venerable presence of distress commanded his respect, though the sufferer was the drudge of a biped, scarcely removed an intellectual degree, above the wretched beast over whom he ty-

rannised. Real misery demands the sympathy and services of the wisest and best of beings ;—the affectation of sensibility most deservedly receives the scourge of satire. But I will not end a lucubration too seriously, which was commenced in playful good humour. The ill-natured cynic must weep with vexation, that he can find but few subjects for castigation ; and the philanthropist will easily be consoled when he acknowledges the truth, that affected grief is a tribute to decorum, and, that the unregretted are, in general, unworthy of a tear.

BON MÔTS AND ANECDOTES

OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS. FROM THE FRENCH.

A SPARTAN BON MOT.

THERE are many persons of weak intellects, who place great value on very frivolous accomplishments, and become very vain of possessing them. A stranger came to Lacedæmon to see the city, who had acquired the habit of standing a long time on one leg. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan, he told him vauntingly, "You could not preserve that posture so long." I know that, replied the Lacedæmonian, but a goose can.

BON MOT OF THE EMPEROR TIBERIUS.

Seneca, in his 122d letter, on Idleness and Luxury, relates a reproof of Tiberius to a spendthrift, that contains great severity and terseness of expression. Attilus Buta had consumed a large patrimony in all kinds of debauchery and dissoluteness. His indulgence in sleep was uncommon and notorious. In his reduced state of extreme want, he applied to the Emperor for relief, at the same time confessing the particulars of his former conduct. Tiberius coolly observed, "Buta, sero experrectus es :—" Buta, you have awaked too late.

BON MOT OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

An impudent beggar, on the authority of the words in the twelfth chapter of Malachi, "Have we not all one God, our common father?" asked alms from Maximilian, addressing him by the title of brother. Not satisfied with the sum given him by the emperor, he further importuned him. "Retire," replied Maximilian in a gentle manner, "for if all your brothers gave you as much as I have now, you would soon be richer than I am."

BON MOT OF CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

Christina, queen of Sweden, was daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, whom she succeeded in the government of the kingdom in 1626, and resigned it to her cousin Charles Gustavus, in 1654. Her reign was marked by great prudence and justice. After her resignation she adopted the profession of the church of Rome, and died there, aged 54. Her learning and talents were considerable; and if we may believe the histories of her life, her gallantry was at least as notorious as her love of letters.

Christina, at Inspruch, abjured publicly the Lutheran persuasion. After dinner, on that day, a comedy was acted for the entertainment of the queen. "Gentlemen," says the queen (to those who attended her *conversion*, and who were persons of rank, and commissioned to divert her Highness,) "it is very fair in you to amuse me this afternoon with a comedy, as I diverted you with a farce in the morning."

ANOTHER.

Christina being at Rome, the Pope appointed some cardinals to attend the queen to see the statues and pictures, &c. The queen was very much and very justly delighted with a fine marble statue of Truth, executed by Bernini. A factious cardinal, observing her admiration of the statue, exclaimed, "I thank God that your Highness, so unlike most crowned heads, is so fond of truth."—"You'll recollect, my lord cardinal," rejoined the Queen, "that all truths are not made of marble."

INJURIES.

To a man of an exalted mind, the forgiveness of injuries is productive of more pleasure and satisfaction than vengeance obtained. Lewis the Twelfth of France, in answer to those who advised him to revenge himself on those who had been his enemies before his accession to the throne, replied nobly, "The King of France does not remember the injuries of the Duke of Orleans." A sentence of equal magnanimity is recorded to have been uttered by the Emperor Adrian, on seeing a person who had injured him in his former station: "You are safe; I am Emperor."

MISCELLANEA.

FORTUNE.

EPICETUS compared Fortune to a woman who granted favors to the meanest of her servants. The following madrigal pursues this idea :

Dans l'amour comme dans le jeu,
 Rien n'est certain, rien n'est solide :
 Et le mérite sert bien peu
 Où sans ordre, et sans choix la Fortune préside,
 Du plus adroit et du plus généreux,
 Du plus aimable et due plus amoureux,
 Souvent le malheur est extrême :
 Et souvent, sans y penser même,
 Le plus sot est le plus heureux !

IMITATED.

The gamester and the gallant find
 Fortune and Love are of one mind ;
 Both are by mere caprice directed,
 In vain the gen'rous lover sighs ;
 In vain his art the gamester plies ;
 Virtue and skill are both neglected.
 Fortune and Cupid, all agree,
 Are so stark blind they cannot see

The worth of any kind of merit.
 Blockheads grow rich ere well aware ;
 To women fools and fops are dear,
 Dearer than men of wit and spirit !

—
 BEAUTY DESCRIBED.

Aristotle being asked whence the admiration of beauty arose, observed, in answer, that such a question could only be proposed by a blind man. The various opinions maintained concerning what are the constituent parts of beauty, declare, that the impression is produced by a something very difficult to be defined.

Qui ne manque point de surprendre,
 Un air qui d'abord sçait charmer ;
 Qui peut tous les cœurs enflammer
 Quoiqu'ils fassent pour se défendre ;
 Un air qu'on ne peut faire entendre ;
 Qu'on n'a pû jusqu'ici nommer ;
 Qui seul pourroit se faire aimer :
 Qu'on voit bien : que l'on peut comprendre,
 Et qu'on ne peut bien exprimer.

IMITATED.

A mien that strikes the lover's eyes,
 E'en at first glance, with fond surprise.
 A fire that can like lightning dart
 Its flames, and melt the coldest heart.
 A mien, whose image to reflect
 In vain presumptuous words affect.
 What though the bright ideas spread
 Their rays on ev'ry heart and head,
 Bewilder'd lovers yet confess
 They feel—ah ! what they can't express.

—
 ENVY.

This passion is termed in Latin *livor*, or paleness ; and philosophy bears testimony to the justness of the word. This odious sensation is known to produce a livid and pale

complexion in the person infected with it. Though the yellow and black bile may arise in the veins from other causes, yet, when this detested passion is of sufficient force and duration to affect the current of the blood, the envious man's complexion will assume a livid tint.

THE POWER OF FORTUNE.

The freshest flowers, the most verdant meadows, the most beautiful gardens, and the most cultivated fields, lose their various charms at the approach of night. The first dawn of the sun restores them to their former splendor. The most honorable birth, the most eminent merit, and the most useful virtues, strike not the eye, nor attract the attention of the world, till fortune brings these qualities to light by her fostering rays, and every spectator is dazzled on a sudden with their effulgence.

GARRULITY.

Men of great loquacity and moderate intellects are sarcastically represented by an Arabian proverb as mills, whose clatter only we hear, without ever carrying away any flour.

VERSES ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

The following verses were much approved in the times in which they first appeared, and are perhaps little known now, and scarce :

Miroir, peintre, et portrait, qui donnes, qui reçois ;

Qui portes en tous lieux avec toi mon image :

Qui sçais tout exprimer, excepté le langage,

Et pour être animé, n'as besoin que de voix.

Tu me fais toujours voir, lors qu'en toi je me vois,

Toutes mes passions peintes sur mon visage :

Tu suis d'un pas égal mon humeur, et mon âge,

Et dans leur changement, jamais ne te deçois.

Les mains des artisans, au travail obstinées,

Avec beaucoup d'effort, font en plusieurs années,

Un travail qui ne peut ressembler qu'un instant.

Mais toi, peintre brillant, d'un art inimitable,
 Tu fais, sans nul effort, un ouvrage inconstant,
 Qui ressemble toujours, et n'est jamais semblable.

IMITATED.

Strange mystery, to my astonish'd view
 Thou seem'st a painter and a picture too !
 Reflecting the same image you receive,
 Unable or to err or to deceive.
 In thee each varying feature's change is shewn;
 Content's calm dimple, and vexation's frown:
 Save voice and language, imitative elf,
 Thou art a faithful copy of myself.
 Laborious artists boast the transient pow'r
 To catch my semblance in one short-liv'd hour ;
 But thine, most brilliant painter, is the skill,
 Howe'er I change, to keep my likeness still.

CONVERSATION.

In this kind of commerce with our equals and inferiors, we should use an easiness of address, obliging manners, a ready and respectful attention to what they utter; and avoid a display of superiority in conversation, either from our talents or acquisitions: which caution will defend us from the hate and envy of those with whom we associate. Those among whom we use expressions of inattention and contempt, or pronounce sentiments with too much warmth and predilection, will either avoid us, or seek occasion to injure us by secret acts of malevolence, excited by painful feelings of inferiority. Such is the nature of man. On the contrary, when we assume no airs of importance, those who know our capacities, and those who are made acquainted with them afterwards, esteem our acquaintance more, and view our talents at a higher rate, than if we had endeavored to blazon them ourselves. To gain the good-will of those with whom we converse, the infallible method is, to be the cause of their displaying the acquisitions which they possess, and to keep our own back. Self love here is gratified in every speaker; and

he values us as the means of making himself more conspicuous and important.

THE EGOTIST.

The several letters which grammarians spread,
 Alike before the grave or thoughtless head,
 In conversation you may freely choose,
 —As suit the range of philologic views—
 Save one—which well-bred modesty puts by
 On most occasions, call'd the MIGHTY I.
 Let not this braggart vaunt what I have done,
 The long illustrious line from whence I sprung;
 The jokes I told—the fortune I possess,
 The skill I boast in science and address,
 The plans I schem'd at college, or at school,
 With all *my* wond'rous pow'rs, to play the fool.
 Nor shift your course, and cant in humbler tone,
 O'er all the faults peculiarly *your* own;
 “As how too blunt *your* manners will prevail,
 Or how deceiv'd by some concerted tale,
 Madly good-natur'd, though *your* friends betray,
 But 'tis *your* failing, and *you* must obey.”
 Ah! would the EGOTIST but fairly state
 How he participates another's fate,
 How much he heeds another's joys and cares,
 —When not commingling with his own affairs—
 From kindred feelings he'd confess with shame,
 The unavailing boasts of selfish fame.
 In reas'ning, likewise, SHUN THE VAUNTING LINE,
 AND SOMETIMES WAVE THE PRIVILEGE TO SHINE,
 Why press a yielding foe, or let him see
 How you excel him, and in what degree?
 Praise where you can with genuine warmth of heart.
 And, ev'n when forc'd to censure, spare the smart.
 Nay, should some rustic of the forest birth,
 Who proves his near affinity to earth,
 Should he come forward with his clumsy skill,

His talent, force—his reas'ning, head-strong will,
 By silence ward the blow—or help to find
 A quagmire bottom for his flound'ring mind ;
 Fast in his native mud—his brawl's soon o'er,
 And wisdom gains a respite from his roar.

CONVERSATION.

There are two descriptions of persons, male and female, who exhibit opposite faults in conversation. There are some who assent too much, and others who oppose too often. The first, directed by prudence or mildness of manners, acquit themselves agreeably enough in company, if they carry not their softness too far ; and then I am inclined to cry out in the language of an enraged orator to his quiet antagonist, "Do contradict me, to prove that we are two persons." The latter characters approve nothing that is said or written, and act from vanity, pride, and caprice ; and so prove with regard to themselves the truth of the definition of man, given by one of the ancients, that he was a mass of disputes and contradictions.

These observations are elegantly set forth and confirmed by Cowper, in his poem on the same subject of the *overbearers* and the *underbearers* in conversation.

"The mark, at which my juster aim I take,
 Is contradiction for its own dear sake ;
 Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
 Knots and impediments make something hitch ;
 Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
 Your thread of argument is snapt again :
 The wrangler rather than accord with you,
 Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too.
 Vociferated logic kills me quite,
 A noisy man is always in the right :
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair—

.
Dubius is such a scrupulous good man,
 Yes, you may catch him tripping if you can ;

He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own :
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes it may be so.”

TEMPERANCE.

Dionysius, the sophist,* addressing his audience on the virtues of moderation in the pursuit of pleasure, used to say, that “A person should taste honey only on the tip of his finger.”

* It may be proper to advertise the English reader that the word *sophist*, among the ancients, was not used as a term of reproof, as it now is, but that it signified a man of learning and a teacher in philosophy. The Latin words are *sophista* or *sophistes*.

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XVI.

IT was in the first days of spring, when all nature smiled, and Zephyr crowned the woods with verdant wreaths, that suddenly the earth trembled with pleasure, the air kindled into a livelier warmth, the sea heaved with white foam, and Venus received birth from its waves. A tender and modest virgin ; how beautiful was she then ! How softly did the ductile ocean fold his soft arms around her softer form ! Zephyr wafted her in a car of shells, and conducted her to the island of Cyprus. It was there that the Hours became her instructors.

The Hours were the daughters of Themis ; but in spite of this relationship, there was as little resemblance in their character as in their figures. To be sure they all had wings, and successively ran over the same space, but their paces were very different. The painful Hour of expectation seemed to require a whole age for circuit ; while the Hour of pleasure fled like a flash of lightning. The Hour of repentance, with her brows covered with cypress, uttered bitter cries, and vain-

ly ran over imaginary spaces ; to calm her sorrow, the Hour of memory retraced to her the charms of their amiable evanescent sister, and while she spoke, the mourner's tears flowed very gently.

Thus, when I am far from you, Emilia, a tender transport yet moves my soul, when I recall the hour in which I have seen you ; and that remembrance consoles me for the hour in which I see you no more.

The Hours presided then, as they do now, over pleasures, pains, hope, obligations, studies, elegant arts, and the four seasons of the year. You see nothing could be undertaken without them. But as soon as Venus was born, they let the world go on as it could, flew to the island of Cyprus, received Beauty, and stationed themselves in that charming isle as her friends and preceptors. It appears, therefore, that those light deities were capable of constancy ; now, how changed is their character ! Those times are past, in which the Hours adhered to the retreat of Beauty ! Near you Love seems to multiply their wings.

You will doubtless imagine, my sweet friend, that the education of Venus did not in the least resemble that of our Parisian women. To be beautiful without insolence, engaging without coquetry, enlightened without pretension, a discreet friend, a faithful mistress, a virtuous wife, and fond mother, was all they exacted of her. Upon such principles, worth a thousand of ours, her preceptresses founded their plan of instruction, and executed it in the following manner :

The first Hour called her as Phœbus began his daily career, and the eye of Beauty opened with that of the god of light.

The second Hour intermixed a few flowers with her hair, repeating—"Despise the art of dress ; it is made but for ugliness. Be modest ; blushes are better than cosmetics at your age. Let the treasure of your charms be always covered with a becoming and thick veil ; the sanctuary of the loves is never respected but when inaccessible."

The third hour presented to her milk and fresh fruit.

The fourth taught her the art of speaking without affectation :—"Never pretend to wit," she said ; "and above all things guard yourself from displaying it ; speak little, but well ; whatever you say should always please ; it can never fail to do so when reason, gaiety, sentiment, or benevolence season simplicity."

The fifth Hour formed her heart, and disposed it to tenderness ; banishing stratagem and address, caused candor alone to dwell there.—"Love," said she to her fair pupil, "love ! but beware of abusing your power. Choose discreetly, and know when to fix ; animated and tender as you are, never prefer the dangerous pleasure of multiplying your conquests to the delight of making one person happy."

The sixth Hour added—"Prefer the attachment of a true friend to the worship of a thousand lovers. Love is made for youth, friendship for eternity."

The three following Hours taught her the duties of humanity, of conjugal faith, and of maternity ; thus these sage instructors formed the heart and mind of their young pupil, even to the moment in which the Hour of sacrifice conducted her to the temple.

Then, with downcast eyes, and her forehead bound by a garland of cypress, carried to the feet of the gods her innocent offering ; and while incense fumed upon their altars, presented her young heart to the King of the Immortals.

The Hour after brought her back to a bower of myrtles. There, prepared by the hand of nature, under that rural shade, a repast presented itself on the border of a pure stream. The meadow offered seats of turf, and the flowers formed brilliant canopies over her head. At these happy feasts, Innocence presided, with sportive Gaiety, strict Temperance, amiable Frankness, and Integrity, sister of Reason and mother of Health.

Next came the Hour of walking, and the Hour of elegant industry ; to those, in amusing the young goddess, the succeeding Hours gave the signal for balls and concerts. It is probable that the art of singing was yet in its infancy, for

Venus contented herself with expressing love, pleasure, or sadness, with soul and simplicity ; she never joined to this expression any rolling of the eyes, contortions, shrugs, nor tricks of art ; and what may appear incredible, she pronounced every word carefully, and deigned to sing for people to hear her.

The concert being followed by a frugal repast, the last Hour of Day conducted Venus into a grotto, hung with creeping plants, and Morpheus then closed her eye-lids.

Near the couch of Beauty, the Hours of Night collected light and lovely dreams. Cypris in the midst of her court, young, tender, beautiful, and innocent, dreamed that she had but one lover, and dreamed that she was faithful.

After some years of this education, the pupil of the Hours found herself so thoroughly accomplished, that the gods desired to see her, to assure themselves of the truth of all that fame had published. Envious souls soon asserted that there were several Venuses, whose different graces were unfairly attributed but to one ; and this error obtained such credit, that it has been transmitted to us by Cicero six thousand years afterwards. We must pardon it, however ; a perfect woman would make as many unbelievers in our day as she did then. Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

Venus had scarcely attained her fourteenth year, when she was demanded at the celestial court. Her presentation did not in the least resemble that of our duchesses, and the preparations for it were very different. Nature alone presided there ; but art with us. That impostor Art had no existence in the first ages of the world.

A young virgin presented herself at the divine assembly with her own features and her own complexion. They could not change in one day, as they do now, the color, the hair, and the shape ; the art of pleasing was the only art of growing young again ; it was the only cosmetic then in fashion ; it disguised no age ; but it embellished all. In those

times of truth, when a goddess appeared at the court of Cybele, an admirer felt assured of the reality of what he admired.

Aurora having begun the day on which Venus was to be presented, the Goddess gently awaked on the bank of a clear rivulet ; before that tranquil mirror she confined with a wreath of myrtle the floating ringlets of her hair.

Many writers assert that she was fair ; others pretend that she was a brunette ; but for my part I am tempted to believe that these two complexions mingled in her beauty, and formed a shade of tint which united all that brunettes have of the brilliant, and fair women have of the voluptuous ; and that she inspired alternately, like you, my Emilia, the becoming transports of love, and the soft tenderness of melancholy.

It was at this period that nature presented the goddess with that mysterious cestus, which soon turned all the gods' heads, and has often since then, turned so many wits into fools.

No sooner was Venus invested with this celestial ornament, than the Graces refused to add any further decoration, persuaded that at the age of the goddess, the most seducing attire is always the most simple.

If there be any age in which simplicity gives its full value to beauty, it is that which glides from childhood into adolescence ; that artless air of candor, that modesty so rare and so touching, that smiling mouth which knows not yet to disguise truth, that color like the opening rose, that whiteness and velvet softness ; all seduces, all ravishes, all enchants us. You, my Emilia, who are scarcely beyond that delightful period, do you not behold your own image in this delightful picture ? Novice that I am, sometimes in tracing your charms, I feared to alter a feature ; sometimes in retouching my works, to be accused of flattering my portraits.—Of flattering ! Pardon my muse this moment of pure vanity.—If in beholding her ravishing work, it appears to her impossible to be otherwise than exaggerated, the original alone may serve to excuse her.

The celestial court were assembled to receive the daugh-

ter of the Ocean. The goddesses with a smile half disturbed, murmured among themselves—"She is quite a child, is she not?—Is she pretty?—Very well for her age—Her eyes?—Blue; country color. Her heart as simple as her head; a rustic air, a childish smile; but we shall form her by degrees."

They were speaking thus, when Venus appeared—The celestial court were assembled to receive the daughter of the Ocean. Her divine shape, her noble and modest carriage; her large blue eyes, darkened by lashes of ebony; her auburn hair, floating over her alabaster shoulders; her round and lovely limbs, the perfection of nature; those lilies, covered with the roses of modesty; that tender embarrassment, those untaught graces; that voluptuous tranquillity, enchanted the gods and disconcerted the goddesses.

Smiling with affection, Jupiter embraced her, and said:—"Come, my dear daughter, come and take the crown which is destined for you; Juno partakes with me the throne of heaven; Pallas occupies that of wisdom; that of beauty awaits you."

At these words you might have seen the blood rush to the faces of all the goddesses. They regarded her with a bitter smile, shrugging up their shoulders and twisting their fingers: if these heavenly ladies had carried fans, they would all have been snapped. Meanwhile Jupiter placed upon the head of Venus a crown of myrtle, and then, whether with good will or ill will, every one was forced to applaud; it was necessary even to play off an air of extreme satisfaction.

The goddesses acquitted themselves to a marvel. Cypria confused, saw herself surrounded by women who smiled upon her, exclaiming, as they held her in their arms—"How beautiful she is! what an air! what freshness! what bloom!—Does truth distress you, lovely creature?—Ah! how exquisitely delicate! what new attractions! what nobleness!—This sweet thief of hearts seems to have a brow formed expressly to wear a crown." Then they whispered to each other—"In spite of her bashful look, I see she is vain; the poor little simpleton smiles and believes every thing; let us save her from being ridiculous."

Alarmed at these suspected confidences, Venus followed them with a disturbed glance ; but soon the goddesses banished her suspicions by renewing their caresses, and adding —“ Oh ? you listen to us ? Do not fly into a passion ; embrace us, dear beauty, we were saying many fine things of you.”

After this marked malice of the immortal ladies, you will not be surprised, my Emilia, to hear that Cypris soon made a conquest of all the gods. In truth, she became the only object of their love and rivalry. Mars and Vulcan placed themselves in the same lists ; the last was not the most charming, but he was the most fortunate. Fortunate ! I injure the term ; for what is the possession of the loved without the heart of her we love ! Adieu.

SELECT PASSAGES,

From Chateaubriand's " Beauties of Christianity."

THE WIFE OF A CHRISTIAN.

THE wife of a christian is not a mere mortal ; she is an extraordinary, a mysterious, an angelic being ; she is flesh of her husband's flesh, and bone of his bone.. By his union with her, the man only takes back a portion of his substance. His soul as well as his body is imperfect without his wife : he possesses strength, she has beauty. He opposes the enemy in arms, he cultivates the soil of his country ; but he enters not into the domestic details ; he has need of a wife to prepare his repast and his bed. He encounters afflictions, and the partner of his nights is there to soothe them ; his days are clouded by adversity, but on his couch he meets with a chaste embrace and forgets all his sorrows. Without woman he would be rude, unpolished, solitary ; he would be a stranger to grace, which is no other than the smile of love. Woman suspends around him the flowers of life, like the honeysuckles of the forests, which adorn the trunks of the oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the christian husband and his wife live

and die together ; together they rear the issue of their union ; together they return to dust, and together they meet beyond the confines of the tomb, to part no more.

THE RATTLE-SNAKE.

The present age rejects with disdain whatever has any tincture of the marvellous : arts, sciences, morals, religion, are all stripped of their enchantments. The serpent has frequently been the subject of our observations, and if we may venture to speak out, we have often imagined that we could discover in him that pernicious sagacity, and that subtlety, which are ascribed to him by scripture. Every thing is mysterious, secret, astonishing, in this incomprehensible reptile. His movements differ from those of all other animals ; it is impossible to say where his locomotive principle lies, for he has neither fins, nor feet, nor wings ; and yet he flits like a shadow, he vanishes as by magic, he reappears and is gone, like a light azure vapor, or the gleams of a sabre in the dark. Now he curls himself into a circle, and projects a tongue of fire ; now standing erect upon the extremity of his tail, he moves along in a perpendicular attitude as by enchantment. He rolls himself into a ball ; rises and falls in a spiral line ; gives to his rings the undulations of waves ; twines round the branches of trees, glides under the grass of the meadows, or skims along the surface of water. His colors are not more determinate than his activity ; they change with each new point of view, and like his motion they possess false splendor and deceitful variety.

Still more astonishing in the rest of his manners, he knows, like a man polluted with murder, how to throw aside his garment, distained with blood, lest it should lead to his detection. By a singular faculty, the female can receive back into her body the little monsters to which she has given birth. The serpent passes whole months in sleep ; he frequents tombs, inhabits secret retreats, produces poisons, which chill, burn, or checker the body of his victim with the colors with which he is himself marked. In one place he raises his *two*

menacing heads ; in another he sounds a rattle ; he hisses like an eagle of the mountain, he bellows like a bull. He naturally associates with all moral or religious ideas, as if in consequence of the influence which he exercises over our destiny. An object of horror or adoration, men either feel an implacable hatred against him, or bow before his genius ; Falsehood calls him to her aid, and Prudence claims him as her own ; in hell he arms the scourges of the furies, in heaven eternity is typified by his image. He moreover possesses the art of seducing innocence ; his eyes fascinate the birds of the air, and beneath the fern of the crib, the ewe to him gives up her milk. But he may himself be charmed with the harmony of sweet sounds ; and to subdue him, the shepherd needs no other weapon than his pipe.

In the month of July, 1791, we were travelling in Upper Canada, with several families of savages belonging to the nation of the Onontagues. One day, when we had halted in a spacious plain on the bank of the river Genessee, a rattle snake entered our encampment. Among us was a Canadian, who could play on the flute, and who, to divert us, advanced against the serpent with his new species of weapon. On the approach of his enemy, the haughty reptile curls himself into a spiral line, flattens his head, inflates his cheeks, contracts his lips, displays his envenomed fangs, and his bloody throat ; his double tongue glows like two flames of fire ; his eyes are burning coals ; his body, swollen with rage, rises and falls like the bellows of a forge ; his dilated skin assumes a dull and scaly appearance ; and his tail, whence proceeds the death-denouncing sound, vibrates with such rapidity, as to resemble a light vapor.

The Canadian now begins to play upon his flute ; the serpent starts with surprize and draws back his head. In proportion as he is struck with the magic effect, his eyes lose their fierceness, the oscillations of his tail become slower, and the sound which it emits grows weaker, and gradually dies away. Less perpendicular upon their spiral line, the rings of the charmed serpent are by degrees expanded, and sink,

one after another, upon the ground in concentric circles. The shades of azure, green, white, and gold, recover their brilliancy on his quivering skin, and slightly turning his head, he remains motionless in the attitude of attention and pleasure.

At this moment the Canadian advanced a few steps, producing with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile, inclining his variegated neck, opens a passage with his head through the high grass, and begins to creep after the musician, stopping when he stops, and beginning to follow him as soon as he moves forward. In this manner he was led out of our camp, attended by a great number of spectators, both savages and Europeans, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they witnessed this wonderful effect of harmony. The assembly unanimously decreed that the serpent which had so highly entertained them should be permitted to escape.

*MATERNAL AFFECTION IN THE LOWER ORDERS OF
CREATION.*

Whatever may be the deformity of the beings, which we call monsters, if we consider them individually, we may discover in their horrible features some marks of divine goodness. Has a crocodile, or a serpent, less affection for her young than a nightingale or a dove? The instinct, or the understanding of animals, varies, but the feeling is alike in every species. Is it not a contrast equally wonderful and pleasing, to behold this crocodile building a nest and laying an egg like a hen, and a little monster issuing from that egg like a chicken?

And what solicitude for her family does not the female crocodile display? She walks her rounds among the nests of her sisters, forming cones of eggs and of clay, and ranged like the tents of a camp on the bank of a river. The Amazon keeps a vigilant guard, and leaves the fires of day to operate; for if the delicate tenderness of the mother is, as it were, represented in the egg of the crocodile, the strength and the manners of that powerful animal are denoted by the

sun, which hatches that egg, and by the mud which serves them for ferment. As soon as one of the broods is hatched, the female takes the young monsters under her protection ; they are not always her own children, but she thus serves an apprenticeship to maternal cares, and makes her dexterity equal to her future tenderness. When her family, at length, burst from their confinement, she conducts them to the river, she washes them in pure water, she teaches them to swim, she catches small fishes for them, and protects them from the males, by whom otherwise they would frequently be devoured. A Spaniard of Florida related to us, that, having taken the brood of a crocodile, which he ordered some negroes to carry away in a basket, the female followed him, making pitiful lamentations. Two of the young were placed upon the ground ; the mother immediately began to push them with her paws and with her snout ; sometimes posting herself behind to defend them, sometimes walking before to shew them the way. The young animals crawled, groaning, in the footsteps of their mother ; and this enormous reptile, which used to shake the shores with her bellowing, then made a kind of bleating noise, as gentle as that of a goat suckling her kids.

The rattle-snake vies with the crocodile in maternal affection ; this superb reptile, which, as it is never the first to attack, gives a lesson of generosity to man, likewise presents to him a pattern of tenderness. When her offspring are pursued, she receives them into her mouth : dissatisfied with every other place of concealment, she hides them within herself, concluding that no asylum can be safer for her progeny than the bosom of a mother. A perfect example of sublime love, she refuses to survive the loss of her young ; for it is impossible to deprive her of them without tearing out her entrails.

MORALITY THE RESULT OF GOOD TASTE.

In an enlightened age you will scarcely believe to what a degree good morals depend on good taste, and good taste on

morals. The works of Racine, gradually becoming more pure, in proportion as the author became more religious, at last concluded with his *Athaliah*. Take notice on the contrary, how the impiety and the genius of Voltaire discover themselves at one and the same time in his productions, by a mixture of delightful and disagreeable subjects. Bad taste, when incorrigible, is a perversion of judgement, a natural bias in the ideas; now, as the mind acts upon the heart, the ways of the latter can scarcely be upright when those of the former are not so. He who is fond of deformity at a time when a thousand master-pieces might apprize him of his error and rectify his taste, is not far from loving vice; and it is no wonder if he who is insensible to beauty should also be blind to virtue.

Every writer, who refuses to believe in a God, the author of the universe, and the judge of man, whose soul he has made immortal, in the first place excludes infinity from his works. He confines his intellect within a circle of clay, from which it has then no means of escaping. He sees nothing that is noble in nature; all her operations are, in his infatuated opinion, effected by impure means of corruption and regeneration. The vast-abyss is but a little *bituminous* water; the mountains are small *protuberances of calcareous or nitri-fiable* rock, and the heavens are but a petty vault, thrown over us for a moment by the capricious hand of chance.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MARIA TO NANCY.

I PROMISED, my dear Nancy, some account of the *miseries* of my journey, as they are popularly called, though, religiously speaking, nothing is truly miserable but sin and its practitioners. But there are a thousand vexatious incidents and trifles, which occasionally beset us, and sometimes ruffle the serenest temper. I was not the only lady in the carriage, and my sufferings were alleviated by the participations of the oth-

er female travellers. Sympathy, like religion, diminishes our afflictions, while it increases our pleasures. A wife and daughter of a merchant, and the *cara sposa* of a young physician, were my feminine companions ; and of the male passengers one was a gentleman, one was a merchant and no gentleman, one was a lawyer, two were subordinate navy officers, and the other was a lieutenant of infantry, on his return from Canada, where he had been a prisoner of war. You will easily imagine that during nearly a day's intercourse with these companions many of those provoking occurrences would happen, which every woman of delicacy would wish to avoid. Several of the characters unfolded themselves at once ; others were cold and reserved, and did not display their dispositions and opinions, until the warm food they took at breakfast produced the slight fever in the blood, which follows a hearty meal, and removes the breast-works and safeguards behind which selfishness, pride, and timidity intrench themselves. The sailors and soldier were open and frank ; all awkwardness of address had been rubbed off in their intercourse with the world ; and personal pride had been forced out of its guarded recesses into the open field of experiment and trial. There was no dissimulation or concealment of their character ; but much swaggering affectation of their professional merits, defects, phrases, and deportment. The lawyer roguishly supplied the merchant's wife and daughter with arguments upon every subject wherein they differed from the merchant himself. The doctor's wife was one of those modest domestic young wives, who know nothing before they are married, and afterwards learn only how to *keep-house*, to physic their children, increase their families, and regulate the servants. Of the *gentleman* it does not become me to speak, as you must know who probably would be *my squire* on this adventure, and knowing *him*, you will excuse *my* descanting on his merits.

One of the first occurrences that disturbed me, was a violent dispute between the officers of the navy and the army lieutenant, upon the old subject, the comparative merit of the

army and navy. These naval heroes were attached to the frigate Constitution during her famous escape from the British squadron on her first cruise, and afterwards in the glorious battles with the Guerriere and Java, and were now returning from a visit to their country friends in order to receive their share of the prize money voted and bestowed on them by a grateful nation. The lieutenant of infantry was among the first who invaded Canada, and among the first made prisoners. Fortune, if not merit also, was on the side of the tars; and "land-lubbers and fair weather gentry, who think of surrendering before they smell gunpowder," met no quarters in the argument. The dispute became so warm and exasperated, that one of the ladies was frightened into tears and sobbing, and all of us were offended by the boisterous indecency of their conduct. The coachman's stop to change horses put a stop to the quarrel, and we congratulated ourselves it was not renewed.

I was, however, soon afterwards annoyed by the miserable conversation of the merchant, who complained about the *badness of the times*, the falling of the stocks, his losses by navigation and insurance, the insolvency of his debtors, the want of market for his merchandize, the sinking of his rents, and the probable bankruptcy of the nation as well as of individuals, and many such topics. I was further displeased with his conduct towards an unfortunate man and his family, whose house and personal property had been destroyed by fire a few days before. This disaster happened in one of the towns through which we passed, and the inhabitants had contributed their mites to his relief, and now solicited further contributions from us in his behalf. We all gave according to our ability, except the merchant, who seemed displeased with his wife and daughter even for the small pittance they bestowed. The sailors, with a profusion characteristic of their professional liberality, cheerfully gave several bank bills; and the merchant availed himself of this circumstance in excuse of his own parsimony. He observed that their generosity rendered it unnecessary for him to put his hand to his pocket;

that if from every coach that passed as much money was collected, the man would become more wealthy than he ever was before, which it was not the object of charity to make him. Besides, he said, that during the war every one was excused from voluntary almsgiving ; that the pauper laws extracted enough from the industrious citizen for the support of idle beggars ; and that those only could be expected to bestow charity, who grew rich during an unjust war, which impoverished the rest of the community. He then ran over a string of mean calculations, which gave me the more uneasiness, from seeing that his conduct deeply mortified his wife and daughter, who felt for his disgrace, while he himself was so insensible to it ; he said the sum given by the gentlemen of the navy equalled the interest of several hundred dollars per annum, exceeded all his profit on many an invoice of merchandize, would buy several barrels of flour, pay his tax-bills, amounted to as much as three cents on a pound on all the coffee and sugar expended in his family for a year, would clothe one of his children for several months, discharge his shoemaker's semi-annual bill, pay all his postages for the year, and, if put out at compound interest, or *judiciously managed in shaving notes*, would soon grow into a pretty little sum : he added many more disgusting statements of a similar nature. Just at this time one of the springs of the carriage broke, and I should have felt joy at an event which interrupted the merchant's conversation, if the occurrence had not so much frightened the doctor's wife, that she instantaneously leaped out of the coach window, and alarmed us more for her safety than for our own. She was not injured, however, and she doubtless thought she gave us a wonderfully fine specimen of delicate sensibility, of feminine timidity, and of her own superior agility.

After some delay, we again resumed our seats in the coach, and I was in some degree discomfited by a new address, but of a different and more pleasing nature. The lawyer in a respectful manner drew me into conversation, and asked my opinion of Rokeby, Walter Scott's new poem, and of several

of the new novels, which had lately been published. There was such intelligence and sound understanding exhibited in his manner and expressions, that a diffidence which I could not overpower invaded me, and although I had read some of the books which he mentioned, I acquitted myself but awkwardly in giving my opinions concerning them. Our sex labor under serious disadvantages in conversing with sensible men. We are so little accustomed to what is properly termed *rational conversation*, that we feel an irresistible embarrassment when we engage in one, and often do not do justice to ourselves. I was, however, repaid for my mortification, by his agreeable manner, and amusing disquisitions, upon various authors and publications, and by the recital of many literary anecdotes. But as I undertook to relate only the *miseries* of my journey, I shall not descant on my pleasures. This accounts for my not mentioning more frequently the faithful squire, who was my *particular* companion.

I was vexed at dinner by several occurrences, and by many more in the afternoon before my arrival in town. I fear I have tired you already and shall therefore dismiss the account of my journey without narrating these particulars. In my next letter, be prepared to see some of the beaux and belles of Boston pass in review before the eyes of your imagination. I shall paint them from the life in the colors, shapes, and attitudes, which they exhibited at Mrs. ———'s splendid party.

For the present, adieu,

MARIA.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

REVERIES OF HAPPINESS.

Dulce periculum est.—HORACE.

THAT it is common for the young and inexperienced to indulge in extravagant hopes, to promise themselves enjoyments, which were never experienced, and to please themselves with prospects of life, romantic, unattainable, decep-

tive and vain, is a truth so frequently taught in the schools of morality and so consonant to universal experience, that it may now be numbered among those self-evident maxims, which are every day repeated and every where believed.

This deception, so frequently exposed, and so common, so generally acknowledged, yet so universally persisted in, has been thought to arise from want of conviction of the emptiness of earthly happiness, or from ignorance of the many sorrows and sufferings of life, which can only be developed by time and learnt by experience. But this is not always the case. It is not that we cannot see, but because we do not wish to contemplate, trials as they progress on through the shade of futurity, that we are so extravagant in our estimate of sublunary bliss. We suffer ourselves to be deceived because deception is pleasant; we in part see through the fallacy yet are pleased with the delusion; we anticipate because there is pleasure in anticipation; and all of us, in one degree or another, are pleased to adopt the maxim of the poet "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

But the pleasure, that arises from hopes, which we know to be unfounded, from dreams of bliss, which we know to be imaginary, can never justify us in the indulgence of them, nor recompence the superior severity which such indulgences give to succeeding disappointments. Life is barren at best; but it is doubly so to him, who has pampered his mind with the luxuries of vision, and lessened his real enjoyments by beforehand expecting too much. Whether we regard our interest, or our happiness, it becomes us to look upon our present state of being as it is, to reduce our hopes to the level of truth, to sum up the catalogue of evils, which we must inevitably encounter, and not to amuse ourselves with suppositions of victory over trials, which we ought to be buckling on our armor to combat.

The disadvantages which arise from this manner of dreaming, *merely for amusement* are numerous and important; only a few of them can be mentioned in the compass of a short essay.

First, this habit is a strong temptation to indolence and inactivity ; and it has this superior force over other temptations, that its attacks are generally made in those hours of retirement, which are peculiarly assigned for the acquirement of wisdom ; other temptations generally assail us when mingled with the world, and intrude upon hours less precious and less busy ; but this follows us into the closet, and even while bending over the volumes of instruction, leads us off from our pursuits, to bewilder us amidst vanity and delusion ; and not only robs us of the present hour, but unfits us for future exertion.

It also produces an imbecility of mind, a listless languor of intellect, which unfits for all manly exertions and to sloth adds puerility and weakness. It has been said, that the solution of mathematical problems strengthens the mental faculty, by the stretch which it gives to the mind in the process of proof. But it requires no mental exertion to imagine scenes of constant hilarity, soft retreats unmolested with care, or bowers of perpetual felicity ; and by a parity of reasoning, these reflections must weaken the mind in proportion as mathematical exertions strengthen it. The decline of vigor in one case must be equal to its increase in the other.

Another evil which arises from these unrestrained reveries (an evil to which I have already alluded) is, the severity which it gives to disappointment and the general insipidity, which it diffuses through the real enjoyments of life. Although it may be said, that we know these dreams to be false and therefore they can do us no harm, yet the repetition of them insensibly gains upon our credulity and leads at last to trust in what we at first began to feign. The knight of La Mancha began to read the books of chivalry, like other people, without credit, and, as he thought, without danger ; but he, who was at first a madman for pleasure, at length became so in earnest. He, who deceives himself for the sake of being pleased, may at last be entangled in deception beyond any power to extricate him.

But this kind of deception is still more inexcusable because it is voluntary. Allowances are to be made to him, who is de-

ceived where he could not be informed, and is ignorant through necessity; but none to him, who deludes himself. The poor maniac, whom disease or misfortune has deprived of reason, claims and shares our pity; but compassion herself must be sparing of her tenderness towards him, who discomposes his own intellect, and voluntarily becomes a madman, for the sake of enjoying the pleasures of insanity.

But are we to repress all the delightful suggestions of hope, and to content ourselves with the barren supply which the present moment brings? By no means. Hope, well founded and properly restrained, is not only delightful, but innocent, not only a privilege, but a duty. Hope increases prosperity with the promise of increase, consoles us in the decline of fortune, softens the severity of disappointment, is not repressed by threatened dangers, but casts out her anchors as the storm of adversity increases, and never beams upon us with more effulgence than when the horizon of our prospects is most dreary. But hope, when not dictated by reason and founded on virtue, when it wanders beyond the bounds of probability into the regions of romance, loses its nature and ought to change its name. That alone is true hope, which, in the issue, *maketh not ashamed*; the other deserves no better name than extravagance or folly. PAUCILOQUENS.

A SINGULAR PETITION

TO A MINISTER OF STATE.

A GENTLEMAN, who had been long attached to Cardinal Mazarin, and much esteemed by that minister, but little assisted in his finances by court favor, one day told Mazarin of his many promises, and his dilatory performance. The Cardinal, who had a great regard for the man, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and leading him into his library, explained to him the many demands made upon a person in his situation as minister, and which it would be politic to satisfy previously to other requests, as they were founded on scr-

vices done to the state. Mazarin's companion, not very confident in the minister's veracity, replied, "My Lord, all the favour I expect at your hand is this : that whenever we meet in public, you will do me the honor to tap me on the shoulder in the most unreserved manner." In two or three years the friend of the Cardinal became a wealthy man, on the credit of the minister's attentions to him ; and Mazarin used to laugh, together with his confidant, at the folly of the world, in granting their protection to persons on such slight security.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THOSE, who speak fine things concerning virtue, but reduce none of their doctrines to practice, resemble musical instruments, which produce an agreeable sound, while devoid of sentiment.

It was a saying of Crates the philosopher, that the riches of great men resemble trees growing on mountains and inaccessible rocks, the fruit of which can only be reached by kites and ravens : in the same manner, flatterers only, and women of infamous character, profit by the riches of the great ; and a rich man surrounded by flatterers, is like a calf among wolves.

Dr. Goldsmith remarked, that, if a man could walk with his head where his feet should be, and turn the laugh against nature, by exalting his feet to the place appointed to be occupied by his head, he was sure to make a fortune in England ; whilst, if he were to exert his head ever so much in its proper place, he might be left to starve.—The remark may be generalized : If one act the madman upon a system, he will be admired as a superior being ; but, if reason discovers itself at intervals of his phrenzy, he may expect a straight jacket.

Antisthenes was once told that war carried off many wretched persons. "True," replied he, "but it makes many more than it carries off."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO SOLITUDE.

Hæ latebræ dulces, etiam (si credis) amœnæ.—HORACE.

COMPANION of the sober hour,
Virtue's best friend and wisdom's aid,
O take me to thy favorite bower !
And hide me in thy deepest shade !
Where scarce the intrusive breezes creep,
Where murmurs die, and echoes sleep,
Where night rolls on her silent car,
Deck'd with the meteor's gleam and the gay evening star.

Seek, ye dull souls, the couch of rest,
And there anticipate the grave ;
Fly, sensual mortal, to be blest
In passion's storm and pleasure's wave :
But let no foot, impure, profane
Thy still retreats, thy calm domain,
Sacred to those from folly riven,
To those that hate her strife and those that hope for heaven;

Nor will the sordid fool desire
To meet thy shades at evening hour,
Who, dead to all the Muses' fire,
Can neither feel, nor prize their power.
Thy fairy mansions were not built
To harbor ignorance, or guilt ;
Polluted is thy virgin breast
Both by the stupid swain and the too vicious guest

He only, whose seraphic mind,
Wisdom and virtue both pervade,
Will leave the restless crowd to find
Enjoyment in the tranquil shade ;
There to give vent, with heart sincere,
To sorrow's, or to pleasure's tear ;

There, where the good have ever found
Solace to cheer the soul and balm for misery's wound.

Happy the favorite bard, that sings;
A votary at thy heavenly shrine;
Sweet is the rapturous thought, that springs
From inspirations such as thine;
Riches in countless stores are there,
Riches, that wake no torturing care;
Impervious shades their worth conceal:
No moth corrupts them and no thief breaks thro' to steal.

There, from obstreperous life retired,
Our anxious feelings we dismiss;
By Hope's or Memory's voice inspired,
We snatch a transient dream of bliss;
There the long-parted friend we see;
The grave restores the dead to thee;
Heaven from above her concourse brings,
And missive angels hover round on golden wings.

O let me live, howe'er unknown,
A friend to solitude and peace;
Nor ever dread to be alone,
In life's declension, or decease;
Still towards thy seat my steps I'll bend;
Still in myself I'll find a friend;
Still smile to meet thy lonely gloom;
Nor fear at least the long, long silence of the tomb.

ALPHESIBŒUS.

New-Haven, June 15, 1813.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONG.

Translated from the French of St. Evremond.

On a sandy bank reclining.
Of a gently murm'ring stream,

Oft I said to Chloe, pining,
Do you love, or do I dream?

Gentle shepherd, cease your sighing,
Fraud my bosom disallows;
And, to shew my heart complying,
On this stream I'll write my vows.

Fill'd with rapture beyond measure,
Every amorous doubt was cur'd;
My fond heart with future pleasure
Teem'd, by promises secur'd.

Frail my hopes, and vain my doting;
Wanton Chloe did but jest:
Printless is the stream she wrote in,
Trackless are the sands she press'd.

THE GENIUS AND THE BAYADERE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND,

*Translated from the German of Goethe, author of Charlotte
and Werter.*

* MAHADOC, the lord of earth,
Once more quits his blissful state,
Rises in a mortal birth,
Bound to mortals' changeful fate;
Resolved of human joy and woe
Every sympathy to share,
From human sympathy to know,
When to pity, when to spare.
His ken had all the various city eyed,
From modest worth obscure to glittering pride:
He sets at evening forth, an unknown course to steer.

Streets and suburbs left behind,
A damsel meets him on the way;
How from innocence declined,
The leer and crimson'd cheek display—

* The measure is the same with the original German:

“Damsel, good evening”—accents mild
 “Good night,” reply :—“Pray enter here !”—
 “And who art thou, my beauteous child ?”
 “I am your humble Bayadere.”

Beneath her hand the cymbal gaily sounds,
 With nimble feet she winds the mazy rounds,
 Then graceful bends, and to present fresh flowers draws near.

With gentle force she leads him in ;
 “Come, fair stranger, come and see
 These mysterious bowers within,
 The house of Love adorn’d for thee.
 Art thou weary ? here repose ;
 My cares shall soften every pain ;
 Rest or revelry propose,
 Here thou shalt not wish in vain.”

All his feign’d sufferings kindly she relieves.
 The Genius smiles ; with pleasure he perceives
 A heart, though sunk in vice, that sweet compassion knows.

Menial services required,
 Well she play’d the practised part ;
 But cares, that first cold art inspired,
 Touch the springs that move the heart ;
 When the fragile flower is shed,
 The lasting fruit succeeds instead ;
 Affection’s unbought feelings raise
 The breast that willingly obeys.

The pitying Genius, all her heart to sound,
 Leads her to rapturous joys and woes profound ;
 The last recesses of her soul his view surveys.

On her warm lips the kiss imprest,
 Her veins with subtle poison glow ;
 And soon, upon her sighing breast,
 Sharp tears involuntary flow ;
 Torments unknown her bosom tear,
 Pleasure and gain have lost their sway ;
 Her limbs refuse their load to bear,

Down at his feet she sinks away.
Night round the couch her secret mantle threw,
Of heaven-wrought texture and celestial hue,
To veil those blissful hours from every mortal view,

In sportive pleasure closed, her eyes
Open from short late-taken rest ;
Lifeless the lovely stranger lies,
Pale and cold upon her breast.
With piercing cries she rends the air ;
Alas, her love no more can hear !
Soon his corse away they bear ;
She sees him on the funeral bier.

Hark ! 'tis the requiem chaunted for the dead !
Swift as an arrow to the place she fled.

" Who art thou, maid ?" they said " what dost thou here ?"

Wild with ungovernable pain,
On the rude ground her body thrown,
" Restore," she cries, " my spouse again !
I to the vault with him go down.
O place not on the burning hearth
Those limbs divine ! Did heaven but give
Him mine, and only mine on earth,
One blessed night alone to live ?"

Meanwhile the dirge proceeds—" Death's arrows strike
The tottering old and vigorous young alike ;
Exempted from his power nothing of mortal birth !

" The priest's behest, sad damsel, hear
He was not thy wedded spouse ;
Thou hast lived a Bayadere,
That estate no claim allows ;
The shadow on the body waits,
The wife her husband follows still,
Fame the duty celebrates
That our holy rites fulfil.—

Strike, strike amain the timbrel's sacred round,

That earth and skies may hear the awful sound,
While purified by flame the soul to heaven ascends !”

Deaf to her cries, they light the pile,
The fires are blown with heaven's breath,
Darting around a radiant smile,
She springs upon the bed of death—
His godlike form the Genius rears ;
Unhurt, the flames about him play ;
Aloft the damsel lightly bears,
To realms of pure ethereal day.
Repentant sinners are the joy of Heaven ;
To the lost child a fonder portion given,
And all offences past for ever wip'd away.

THE WATERMAN'S COURTSHIP.

DEAR Betsey, must I ever wait ?
Or shall I quit th' uncertain state ?
See, Hymen's boat's at hand ;
As down the stream of Time we glide,
I hope, before the turn of tide,
To reach a happy land.

Love must our faithful steersman be,
And firm Affection dwell with thee,
To chase each needless fear ;
With temper'd skill I'll strive to row,
That Jealousy shall never know
So fond a couple near.

And if upon the margin grows
A brighter pink, a lovelier rose,
I'll pluck them for my fair ;
Tho' Envy glance upon the spoil,
The prize shall be repaid by Toil,
And Want shall have a share.

The track that Perseverance guides
 Will teach us all the shoals and tides,
 Secure from Fortune's frown ;
 And Competence will point the way
 To some snug harbor, where we'll lay,
 And none shall run us down.

SELECTIONS

FROM LATE LONDON JOURNALS.

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF KING CHARLES I.

At the interment of the duchess dowager of Brunswick, an important discovery was made. It had long been suspected that the remains of king Charles I. were deposited in the vault at Windsor. On Wednesday a search was made—a coffin was opened, which was found to a certainty to contain the long sought body. It was not at all decayed. The severed head had been carefully adjusted by a cement to the shoulders ; and the most perfect resemblance to the portraits was remarked in the shape of the head, the pointed beard, &c. fragments of which were carefully taken off as relics, as well as to identify the body.

LECTURING.

Dr. Lettsom gave, on Friday, a Lecture at the Surrey Institution on *Tea*, and in the ensuing week is to give another at the same place on *Spirit*. Indeed the spirit of Lecturing and attending lectures has become so fashionable, that a dentist at the West End of the town has circulated a syllabus of a course on *Teeth* ; and we hear that an *artiste decorateur* from Paris, purposes to give a course on *polishing shoes*.

Copy of a note sent to the parish Clerk in Gloucester.

"Mister my wief is ded and wonts to be berrid, dig a griefe for her, and she shall come and be berrid to morrer at wonner clock. You knows were to dig it, close by my uther wief ; but let it be dip."

EPITAPH ON AN UXORIOUS HOSIER.

Adieu, my *Hose*, my *Anna* and my love !
 I sing *Hosanna* in the realms above.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Pious Mother, or Evidences for Heaven. Written in the year 1650, by Mrs. Thomasen Head, for the benefit of her children, and published from the original manuscript, by James Franks, curate of Halifax. Newburyport, Thomas & Whipple.

The Complaint of Peace; to which is added, Antipolemus, or the Plea of Reason, Religion and Humanity, against War. Translated from the Latin of Erasmus. First American edition. Boston, Charles Williams.

A Series of Lectures, delivered in Park-street church, Boston, on Sabbath Evening. By Edward D. Griffin, D. D. pastor of Park-street church. On the following subjects, Total depravity—Men with natural affections, but without holiness—Men love God supremely, or are his enemies—Regeneration not progressive—Regeneration supernatural—The means of grace—Election—The plea of inability considered—The perseverance of saints—The system confirmed and applied. Boston, N. Willis.

Horace in London; consisting of Imitations of the two first books of the Odes of Horace. By the authors of 'Rejected Addresses.' Boston, Cummings & Hilliard.

OBITUARY.

IN France, P. H. ROBERSAY, of Haillot, department of the Sambre and Meuse, expired last March, at the very advanced age of 105. His death was occasioned by carrying too *heavy a load*, which inflamed a rupture he had for the last 83 years. His ordinary and favorite food was potatoe and bread and milk. The Paris papers acknowledge that a centenarian is very rare in France.

DIED,

On board the U. S. frigate **Chesapeak**, on the 5th of June, Captain **JAMES LAWRENCE**, aged 30. On the 8th, his remains were interred at Halifax. The corpse was landed from the **Chesapeak** under a discharge of minute guns, and at two o'clock reached the King's wharf. The American Ensign was spread as a pall over the coffin, on which was placed the sword of the deceased. Six captains of the navy officiated as pall bearers, six companies of the 64th regiment preceded the corpse; the officers of the **Chesapeak** followed it as mourners; the officers of the navy generally attended; Sir Thomas Saumarez, the staff, the officers of the garrison, and the procession was closed by a number of respectable in-

habitants. The funeral service was performed by the reverend rector of St. Paul's, and three volleys discharged by the troops over the grave.

He has left an amiable widow and three infant children to the protection of heaven and the gratitude of his country. Every page of our naval history bears testimony to his gallantry, science, genius, and humanity.

TOLL for the brave!

The brave that are no more !
Who fought a peerless fight,
Columbia, near thy shore !
There generous LAWRENCE fell,
His country's boast and pride!
Yet Grief exults to tell—
In Glory's arms he died.

Toll for the brave !

For gallant LAWRENCE gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of conquest done.
The deadly-fated ball
His dauntless body tore,
Yet glorious did he fall
Amid the battle's roar !

Toll for the brave !

Once dreaded by the foe ;
And dew our hero's grave
With tears Columbian's owe.
That tear will grace his urn
Beyond what splendor gives ;
For long as freemen mourn,
His sainted memory lives.

At Halifax, on the 13th instant, Lieutenant AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW, second in command on board the Chesapeake frigate, aged 21, of the wounds he received in the action with the Shannon. His remains were entombed with every mark of military distinction, which a generous enemy could bestow on a gallant youth, who fell in defending his country's flag.

Great spirit of the mighty dead,
Descend a while, and linger here,
And tears, which love and pity shed,
Shall fall, to grace a hero's bier.

To thee, thy foes could not refuse
The meed to valor justly due,
Nor shall an humble, lowly muse,
Forget to praise a patriot true.

What, though no friends, nor kindred dear,
To grace his obsequies, attend !
The foemen, are his brothers here :—
And every hero is his friend.

On board the frigate Chesapeake, during the action with the Shannon, on the 1st instant, **WILLIAM AUGUSTUS WHITE**, aged 26, Sailing Master, a native of Rutland, Massachusetts. Noble and generous, his heart was open and sincere; every qualification seems to have been united in him, that would endear him to his friends, or sharpen the poignancy of their grief at his loss; determined and resolute, he was eminently calculated for the station he held. Possessing an ardent attachment to his country, he early embarked in her cause, and has finally sacrificed a valuable life. He had the glory of sharing in the fate of the unfortunate **LAWRENCE**, in the first broadside received from the Shannon, in which that brave commander was wounded—**HE FELL**, and his country lost a promising officer; his acquaintance, a sincere and affectionate friend.

Why weep for him, who nobly dared to brave
His country's foe, upon the "mountain wave;"
Who bled where heroes died, and freemen slain,
Ting'd with their blood, the broad extended main?
An honor'd death is valor's rich reward,
The praise of man, and the applause of God.
Columbia's page in gen'rous strain shall tell,
Those deeds of courage where her **LAWRENCE** fell:
Honor shall gild the Hero's spotless shrine,
And thine, O **WHITE**! with kindred lustre shine.
No more let friendship mourn, nor swelling sigh
Bedew with tears a brother patriot's eye;
Nor fond remembrance tear the anguish'd breast,
With private virtues which his mind possess:
His **SPIRIT'S FLED**—but still his deathless name
Has set in glory, and shall live in fame.

In the late sanguinary conflict between the Chesapeake and Shannon, we have beside the deaths above mentioned, to lament the loss of Lieut. **BALLARD**, 4th officer of the Chesapeake, and Lieut. **BROOME**, of the Marine corps. By the deaths of these gentlemen, our country has lost the services of brave and skilful officers, and society been deprived of respectable, amiable and intelligent young men. We will not, however, indulge in unavailing regrets.—"The first duty a soldier owes his country is to die," and a grateful country will cherish and respect his memory.

THE
POLYANTHOS.

FOR JULY, 1813.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth.

Dr. Johnson.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. III.

THE OLD BRICK MEETING HOUSE IN BOSTON,

Of which the annexed plate is an accurate representation, was built by the First Church for a place of worship, 1712; and was appropriated to religious use, the third of May, 1713. It stood on the plat of ground now occupied by the block of buildings denominated Cornhill-Square, and was taken down in the summer of 1808; the proprietors having erected a new and elegant meeting house in Summer-street. "An historical Sketch of the First Church," written by the reverend WILLIAM EMERSON, their late deceased pastor, and published since his death, contains much curious and valuable information of the early settlers of this town and the vicinity.

The only durable relic of the Old Brick is deposited in the First Church vestry. It is a thick piece of slate stone, about two feet long, which was taken from under a window, in the second story, on the south side of the church. It contains in two lines the following record.

BURND TO ASHES OCTOBr 3. 1711.

REBUILDING June 25th 1712.

July 20, 1713.

VOL. II.

22

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR.....No. X.

To the Censor.

SIR,

Looking over the last volume of the Asiatic Annual Register, printed in London, I observed an English version of a part of the celebrated poem Sukoontula. The Editor of that valuable work, should he ever have an opportunity to peruse this communication, will pardon my suggesting to him the propriety of mentioning the names of the publications from which his selections are made, that they may be distinguished from his original correspondence. The piece now alluded to, was translated by an ingenious young gentleman of the Madras civil service, and afterwards *versified* by the person who now has the honour to address you. It made its first public appearance about the year 1802, and was fortunate enough to meet the approbation of the learned Orientalist, Dr. I. B. Gilchrist.

I enclose a free blank-verse translation of another part of the same poem, by the same hands. If it be deemed worthy of a place in your Miscellany, I shall be gratified by its insertion. Your's obediently,

SADI.

SUKOONTULA.

By sacred zeal inspired, the reverend Kan,
 Intent to sojourn to a holy place,
 To Sukoontula spoke in soothing words,
 And cheered her heart with blandishments of love,
 And sweet assurance of a glad return,
 To the divine enchantress of the wood.
 Meanwhile, he said, "Be happy and at ease,
 And unrepining, trust to Gotmee's care,
 For she with guardian vigilance will heed
 To every want—anticipate each wish,
 And e'er thy lips reveal thy heart's desire,
 Surprize thee with the unexpected boon.
 If during my short absence, hither led

By want, or search for solitude and rest,
Or other cause that pious souls inspires,
A holy man of God should bend his way,
With kind attention serve him. For, to age
And purity of heart 'tis meet that youth
Should render homage ; and in such disguise
Are angels entertained by favored men,
Unconscious of the guest's sublime degree."

Thus, in parental language, did the sage
The blest consoler of the world console,
And soothed the heart of her, whose charms inflamed
All other hearts ; and left this flower of flowers
To blush amidst the wood's umbrageous gloom,
And breathe its fragrance on the enamored breeze,
That kissed the dew-drops from its blooming breast.

When Sukoontula's puberty of age,
Her ripened beauties to the world announced,
Rich and luxuriant on the ravished eye,
Beamed in full radiance every perfect charm
Of womanhood : and graceful levity
Of sprightly youth, by modesty restrained
To captivating gaiety of thought and deed,
Gave powers unknown before to mighty Love ;
In Beauty's magazine the god ne'er found
Such arms for conquest :—Birds and beasts
That once upon the matchless virgin gaz'd,
Were, as by magic, spell-bound to the wood,
Nor e'er could range again beyond its verge,
And in delightful slavery blest her sway.

She, to divert her mind from tender cares,
And cheer the lingering hours of dull delay
While Kan continued absent, from her hand
Allured the antelopes to take their food,
And mingling grain with water, found a bliss
Till then unfelt, when the familiar deer
Forgot his native wildness, and received

With joy the feast she kindly had prepared.
The springing trees her daily bounty knew,
And on their roots and infant boughs she poured
Refreshing moisture from her cups, and bade
The cherished nurselings wave in verdant pride
Luxuriant branches on their vigorous trunks,
And add their leafy honors to the grove.

For her, good Gotmee exercised all care,
And gloried, while a mother's love she felt
For Sukqontula, she could claim the right
To be her slave—by her unbiassed will
And gratified desire, the humble slave
Of the bright sovereign o'er all human hearts,
Who held a throne in every mortal's breast.

This matchless maid, advancing to her prime,
Grew gaily wanton, and new sports beguiled
The hours of life with varied joys away.
Her bright companions, fair beyond the rest
Of all creation, in her friendship found
Delight ineffable. Yet, superior, she
Shone like the Moon which seems to lend the beams
That give their lustre to the grateful Stars.
But oft with cunning wiles, or dubious words,
Or signs mysterious, penetrating looks
Of ill portentous, she would chill their souls
With horror—or, in jest, perplex their minds,
With gloomy presages and restless cares ;—
And oft, in moments when Caprice usurped
A transient reign, while sober Reason smiled
Assent indulgent, like a kind old man,
Who laughs at vagaries of saucy boys,
That play the master o'er his hoary head,—
She, with affected anger knit her brows,
And feigning rage would vent her wrath, in words
Of evil import, and abusive names.
Again, with smiles she cheered the tender pair,

And filled their bosoms with delicious joy.—
 Then, as her humor changed, the fairy scene
 Of pleasure vanished.—A new and different way
 Each moment she employed to gain the heart,
 As Fancy unconfined the means supplied ;
 And still successful, she could never fail.—
 Although her form was like the final day,
 Sublimely terrible—for when her rising breasts,
 The passions, laboring in her mind, revealed,
 Then dire forebodings of approaching doom,
 Of sad calamities and instant death,
 Appaled the souls of men ! yet, round that form,
 Such native grace, like rosy garlands hung,—
 Such nice proportion in each limb, expressed
 The workmanship divine, that rapture seized
 On every sense, and fired each heart with love !

She gave alternate joy and pain to all,—
 Divine Inconstant ! Yet her charms ne'er changed,
 Like a fixed sun her genial rays bestowed,
 On Beauty's garden a perennial spring !

A COURSE OF
 LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,
 BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE SIXTH.

Pneumatics.

IN our lecture on hydrostatics, we treated of the laws of fluids in general, but particularly of the grosser kinds, which are the peculiar objects of that science. The nature and properties of air, its motions and effects, shall now employ our consideration.

Elastic vapors or fluids, are such as may be compressed mechanically into a less space than they naturally occupy, and resume their former state, when the force by which they

are compressed is removed. Fluids of this description, are atmospherical air, and all gaseous aerial vapors, raised by means of heat, from any bodies whatever. Of these, some remain elastic, only while they are under the influence of a considerable degree of heat applied to them, or, the substances from which they are produced; while others continue so in every degree of cold to which they can be exposed. The atmosphere, or gaseous fluid in which we exist, is a heterogeneous mass, which every where encompasses the globe, revolves with it in its diurnal revolution, and attends it on its annual journey round the sun. That it is a material substance, appears from its excluding other bodies from the place which it occupies. Its fluidity needs no proof; the ease with which the lightest substance moves in it, is obvious to our senses. We are unconscious of its weight, while we glide through its invisible depths; for, even when we are elevated on the highest part of the world, we are 45 miles at least, below the surface of an aerial ocean. We see birds floating in liquid regions far over our heads.—We behold dense and turbid vapors rising in majestic columns, or spreading their wide wings across the apparent void above us, veiling from our eyes the cheering rays of the sun, and involving the earth in gloomy shades. Why these sprightly inhabitants of air; why these slowly sailing clouds, and why the sublime production of human ingenuity, the balloon, are supported in the vast expanse, and are able to move, in all directions, suspended in the viewless atmosphere, are problems that are easily resolved by philosophy. The air is as much a material fluid as water; although their densities are very different. The atmosphere, is no longer considered as a simple element; it is known to be composed of gases, and that those gases are produced by a heterogeneous collection raised from all material substances on the surface of the earth, and even from its deep caverns and dark recesses, by effluvia, exhalations, and the many operations and modifications of heat and other powerful agents of nature; so that it may be considered as a chaos of volatile particles, confusedly mix-

ed together, and spontaneously undergoing a variety of chemical changes and decompositions. The nature of a fluid so important, claims the serious attention of every rational being. On its salubrity depends our health and comfort; its universal influence on the general course of nature is exceeded by no other substances; life itself is dependent on it; and without it, every other part of our system would be useless. In this fluid we are immersed as soon as we are born; and although its weight and pressure on our bodies, can only be made apparent by its partial abstraction, we move in it, as fishes do in the sea; we flourish in it as in our proper element; and when we can no longer inhale its vital principle, we die. Experiments might here be made to show how animals, deprived of air, soon fall into convulsions and expire. But I shall spare your feelings and my own, the torture of witnessing the excruciating agonies of a creature sacrificed to satisfy an idle curiosity. We shall show what will be sufficient for our purpose, that flame cannot be supported without air; and we all know, that there is no power of respiration, when a candle will not burn. A constant supply of fresh air, is also necessary for the support of flame, and animal existence. Air, once passed through the lungs, loses much of its vital property, and becomes totally deprived of it by being breathed over a few times in a confined place. Flame, also absorbs its oxygen and leaves a residuum of noxious gas, in which no animal can exist for a moment. It is found in a diving bell, that a gallon of air is fit for a man to breathe in during the short space of a minute only. Our frames through life are continually affected by the varieties of the atmosphere, in temperature and weight; for we are always under the cheering influence of hope, or chilled by fearful apprehensions, as we enjoy or suffer the vicissitudes of which it is susceptible. It insinuates itself into all the vacuities of our bodies, and is the spring of almost every mutation of things that take place below. Without it, none of the operations in the physical world could be performed. Its chemical properties, are indispensable in the support of the ani-

mal economy ; its mechanical ones are made to answer many pleasing and important purposes of life. We employ the atmosphere in giving motion and direction to ships. It is made to impel the sail of the useful mill, that supplies us with the wholesome material of our daily bread, and of the stately vessel that carries the power and wealth of nations from one extremity of the world to another. It bears friend from friend, in pursuit of the objects of industry or ambition ; and afterwards kindly relieves the pangs of separation, by becoming the beneficent medium of epistolary correspondence ;

“ Speeds the soft intercourse from soul to soul,

“ And wafts a sigh from Indus to the pole.”

It is almost impossible to think with indifference of the wonderful effects produced by this invisible agent ; nor can we be less insensible to the pleasures, that are to be derived from a knowledge of their causes. Soon after the discovery that was made by the means of the Torrecellian tube, that air is a gravitating substance, philosophers commenced their attempts to ascertain the height of the atmosphere. It became known that a column of air, whose base is a square inch, weighs fifteen pounds ; and the proportion which air bears to mercury was found to be 1 to 800 ;—from these premises, it follows, that if the atmosphere were of an uniform density, and the weight of such a column of atmosphere were sufficient to raise a column of mercury to the height of 30 inches, the height of the aerial column would consequently be a little more than five miles. But it was never supposed that this calculation could be just—for as the air is an elastic fluid, the upper parts must expand to an immense bulk, and therefore render the calculation exceedingly erroneous. The lower parts of the atmosphere, being compressed by the whole weight of its superincumbent mass, must of course be the densest ; and that density must in a certain geometrical proportion decrease, until, at the higher aerial regions, the air is rarified and expanded into infinity. Whether this opinion be strictly philosophical will admit of some doubt. All the phenomena which were formerly accounted for on the *fuga vacui*,

or dread of a vacuum in Nature, are now known to be caused by the pressure of the atmosphere. We shall, in its proper place, introduce a passage from the works of one of the most eminent of British prelates, on the subject of a termination or limit to the earth's atmosphere. But, as far as the height of it, for any useful philosophical purposes, is to be regarded, I believe we may proceed on the safe and certain principles of mathematical calculation. It is now easy also, from a series of barometrical observations, and determining the density of the atmosphere at different stations, to ascertain its absolute height, or its rarity at any assignable elevation. Calculations accordingly have been made upon this plan; but, it having been found that the barometrical observations, by no means correspond with the density, which, by other experiments the air ought to have had, it was suspected that the higher atmospherical regions were not subject to the same laws as the lower ones. Philosophers, therefore, had recourse to another method for determining the altitude of the atmosphere, by a calculation of the height from which the sun is refracted, so as to become visible to us, before he really is above the horizon. By this method it was found that the atmosphere at the height of 45 or 50 miles, had no power of refraction; and consequently, beyond that, it was supposed there was a mere vacuum, or a degree of rarity so near it, as not to be regarded. Air confined in vessels of the most transparent nature is invisible, and cannot be distinguished from the glass in which it is contained. It owes this property to the ready passage it affords to the rays of light, which, in passing through it, are refracted without being reflected; and therefore are destitute of color. The azure tint of the sky, which we view in a clear day, is caused by the vapors which float, or are always mixed in the air, and reflect the blue rays of light more copiously than any other. From the very accurate observations of Saussure, it seems that the color of the sky assumes a deeper shade, in proportion to the elevation of the place from which it is observed. Consequently, at a certain height, the sky will appear black, or in other words, the air will be so

rare as to refract no rays of light at all. To the density of the atmosphere we are indebted for all the beautiful appearances of nature ; for all that luxuriance of coloring with which creation is adorned. The sun himself would dwindle to a luminous speck, were there no medium to diffuse his rays, and disperse their warmth and lustre over the world. But were the order of things so changed, that men could subsist without breathing, and live after the whole body of the atmosphere were removed, then, the heavens would always have by day the same appearance as by night. The stars would be continually exhibited as lucid spots in the firmament. The abyss of vacuity would indeed be enlightened by the sun in the part through which he should move during his diurnal revolution ; but, should the spectator turn his back to the luminary, he would instantly be involved in the profoundest shades of night. The mild beams of the rising and setting sun, which are now so delightful to the eyes, would be exchanged for more than the meridian intenseness of his present solstitial light and heat. His presense would give but partial and painful radiance ; and his absence leave the universe in chaotic darkness. How dismal, how distressing would be the change !—Contrast it with the animated picture of morning and evening as drawn by the divine Poet of the seasons, and an idea may be formed of dreariness and gloom, of intensity of heat, and of unprofitable blaze, which I have no language to describe.

“ Emerging from the eastern wave.
Observant of approaching day,
The meek eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east ;
Till far o’er ether speeds the widening glow ;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White, break the clouds away. With quickened step,
Brown night retires : young day pours in apace
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain’s misty top,
Swell on the right, and brighten with the dawn.”

And, instead of an orb of fire, being suddenly extinguished in a Cimmerian gulf;—

*"Low walks the sun,—and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his sitting throne.
Air, earth and ocean smile. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrité, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance—then total disappears."*

Considering the extreme rarity of the atmosphere at 45 or 50 miles from the earth's surface, it seems surprising, that some meteors should be inflamed at such great heights as those in which they have been observed. One of these was seen by Dr. Halley in the month of March, 1719; the altitude of which he computed at between 69 and 73½ English miles; its diameter 2800 yards, and its velocity about 350 miles in a minute. Others have been observed of still greater velocity and altitude; particularly one in August, 1783, whose distance from the earth was not less than 90 miles. From analogy of reasoning, it seems probable that these elevated meteors are not essentially different from those which are visible in the lower parts of the air; that at the great height in which they move, the atmosphere ought not to have density sufficient to support flame, or to propagate sound. The meteor of 1719 exploded with a noise that was heard all over the island of Great-Britain, causing a violent concussion of the atmosphere, and seeming to shake the earth itself; and yet in the regions, where this meteor moved, the air ought to have been 300,000 times rarer than the air we breathe, and 1000 times more so, than the vacuum made by a good air pump.* It appears therefore that the absolute height of the atmosphere is not yet determined. The beginning and end of twilight indeed shew that the height, at which the atmosphere begins to refract the sun's rays, is about 45

* See Dr. Silliman on Meteors and Meteoric Stones.

or 50 English miles ; but this may be merely the altitude to which the aqueous vapors are carried ; for it cannot be deemed an unreasonable supposition, that light is refracted only by means of an aqueous vapor contained in the atmosphere ; and when this ceases, it is still capable of supporting the electric fire in strength and brightness sufficient to enable it to perform all its necessary agencies in the system of nature. That the atmosphere does extend much beyond the limits indicated by the crepusculum or twilight, is evident from the meteors already mentioned ; for these were undoubtedly carried along with the atmosphere ; otherwise, that of 1783, which was seen above a minute, must have been left 1000 miles to the westward, by the earth flying out below it in its annual course round the sun. The late venerable Bishop Horsley's thoughts on the nature and extent of planetary atmospheres, are ingenious, and philosophical.—They are the sentiments of a liberal and highly cultivated mind, and worthy of our attentive consideration, as delivered by a prelate of the most respectable authority in the schools of both human and divine science. I know not, he observes, for what reason our mathematicians have been afraid to admit the infinitude of the atmosphere of the earth ; whether they thought that it would bear hard on the Newtonian doctrine of a void ; or that it implied the infinitude of matter. But neither the one nor the other of these consequences is to be apprehended ; for neither the phenomena of nature, nor the principles of the Newtonian Philosophy, require that there should be any where a great chasm in the universe, or that the whole material world should be circumscribed by any finite space. A large portion of pore, or interspersed vacuity, is sufficient for all purposes. Nor does an absolute infinity of matter follow from the hypothesis of an infinite number of finite masses, which is all that is implied in the notion of a rare elastic fluid, diffused through infinite space. If the atmosphere of the earth reach to infinite heights with a finite density, the atmospheres of Jupiter and every other planet will reach also to infinite heights above the planet's surface

with a finite density. The atmosphere of every planet, therefore, will reach to the surface of every other planet, and to the surface of the sun ; and the atmosphere of the sun to the surface of them all. All these atmospheres will mingle and form a common atmosphere of the whole system. This common atmosphere of the system will be infinitely diffused, since the particular atmospheres that compose it are so. It will reach therefore to every fixed star ; and for the same reason that of every fixed star, will reach to the central body of our system, and of every other system ; the atmosphere of all the systems will mix ; the universe will have one common atmosphere, a subtile elastic fluid, which pervades infinite space ; and being condensed near the surface of every larger mass of matter, by the gravitation towards that mass, forms its own peculiar atmosphere. There are, indeed no data, continues the learned Bishop, from which any great height of the earth's atmosphere can be indubitably concluded in the way of experiment ; but I do contend, that there are no data from which the supposition of its infinite height, can in the same way be *disproved* ; and this may justly be held more probable than the contrary, as being the consequence of a theory, which has never yet, in any instance, proved fallacious.

It is more properly the business of the Chemist, than of the experimental philosopher, to analyze the atmosphere, and describe its constituent gases. But the ingenuity and accuracy of modern chemistry affords so plain, concise, and curious an examination of them, that I cannot suppress my inclination to conclude the theoretic part of my lecture, with an account of the ingredients which compose the air we breathe, and in which such an endless variety of materials are combined for the support of the animal and vegetable departments of nature. It has been observed before, that the atmosphere is not a homogeneous fluid. The simple elements which the ancients supposed entered into the composition of all things, are now known to be compound substances. Air, which bore the first place in the short, and imperfect catalogue, and by

which they meant the invisible element of life, and which we have just considered as the atmosphere, has been demonstrated by Lavoisier and other chemists, to consist of two elastic aeriform bodies, possessing very different qualities; one of which is capable of supporting combustion and animal life, called oxygen gas; the other is destructive to animals, and extinguishes fire, called nitrogen gas. The atmosphere contains also, some other gaseous fluids, or bodies which may be dissolved or suspended in it; but in small proportional quantities. Late experiments seem to prove that a minute quantity of carbonic acid is contained in the air; water is likewise always found in the atmosphere. The mechanical properties of the air, are the objects of consideration in Pneumatics. Philosophy can boast of no invention more valuable than the air pump, which even in its most imperfect state, was the occasion of many important discoveries. These have multiplied, improved, and enlarged to a degree, which stamp the importance of the instrument, as equal to any with which science has been assisted in her explication of the phenomena of Nature. Otho Guericke, an ingenious and acute philosopher, invented the air pump at Magdeburg, of which city he was a magistrate, in the year 1645; and in 1672, he published an excellent account of his own experiments in pneumatics. The improvements, which were afterwards made by Hooke, the celebrated rival of Newton, rendered the machine much more useful than it was in the hands of its inventor; but the illustrious Boyle, who turned into demonstration whatever he touched, applied to it so many important purposes; opened such a rich mine of natural knowledge; and so nearly perfected the awkward and unwieldy apparatus of the learned German, that by common consent, the vacuum made by the air pump, has received the distinguishing name of Boylean, and, retains it to the present day.*

* For an accurate description of the Air Pump, fountains, and other Pneumatic instruments, see Adams's Lectures on Natural Philosophy, or Hutton's Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary.

Many proofs of the air's elasticity may be given. I shall at present content myself with an experiment which shews the power with which a quantity of air will act on water, when the superincumbent atmosphere is removed.—(Fountain)—In this case, before the air was exhausted from the receiver, the water remained in the fountain at rest—But as soon as the receiver was in any degree exhausted, the air in the fountain expanded and forced the water up through the pipe in a fine jet—and this action continued until the water was left below the pipe, so as to permit the rarified air to pass out, or the equilibrium was restored by the admission of fresh supplies of air from without.

I shall here take notice of that *Parvum Nature Miraculum* (as Rohault calls it) or little Miracle of Nature ; I mean the Lachryma of Prussia or Holland, sometimes called Prince Rupert's Drop, and in common, the Glass Tear. The manner of making it is thus : With a tube they take up a little of the melted matter of glass, and let it drop thus red hot into a pail of water, by which means it receives its form, and is solid throughout, except that now and then a few air-bubbles may appear therein.

This is the *Nodus Philosophorum*, or that which gives Philosophers the greatest difficulty and anxiety to account for its peculiar property, which is, that the biggest part, or head of the tear, will sustain the stroke of an hammer without breaking, but if the little end or tail be broken, the whole tear will fly into dust at once, with the greatest violence, and cause considerable pain to the fingers which break it.

Some suppose this effect of the tear is produced by a fine air, which being pent up in the body of the tear, and suddenly passing into the open pores of the broken tail, runs rapidly into a thousand small cells, which grow narrower from the middle towards the extremities, which the irruption of the air drives asunder violently by the efficacy of its spring and accelerated motion. See Regnault's Phil. Convers. vol. I. Conv. 24.

Dr. Clarke's opinion is, that glass being a springy sub-

stance, it is probable the glass drop is broke, much after the same manner as a steel bow sometimes bursts in pieces, when it is loosened on a sudden, viz. by the too great celerity and force of that motion, which arises from the mutual attraction of its parts. For its parts from the centre to the circumference seem to be like so many bows bent. And thence perhaps it is, that after it is burst to pieces, its fissures are disposed like so many radii drawn from the axis to the superficies, as Mr. Hooke observed in a glass drop covered over with glue.

That the atmosphere has weight, and pressure, in common with other masses of matter, is evident; and this principle has received the assent of philosophers, both ancient and modern. But the proof and demonstration of it were reserved for Gallileo and Torrecelius. They not only ascertained the facts, but calculated the amount of its gravity and compression. The pressure of the atmosphere sustains a column of quicksilver in the tube of the barometer, of about 30 inches in height; it therefore follows, that the whole pressure of the atmosphere is equal to the weight of a column of quicksilver of an equal base, and 30 inches high. And because a cubical inch of quicksilver, is found to weigh nearly half a pound avoirdupois, therefore, the whole 30 inches, or weight of the atmosphere on every square inch of surface, is equal to fifteen pounds. Following the same mode of calculation, Mr. Cotes computed that the pressure of this ambient fluid on the whole surface of the earth, is equivalent to that of a globe of lead 60 miles in diameter. The surface of a man of the common size is about 14 square feet; and as a square foot contains 144 square inches, the pressure must be 2160 pounds on every square foot; consequently, the weight of the atmosphere, sustained by men in general, is the enormous load of 30,240 pounds troy, or 11 tons 218 pounds. Vast as this pressure is, the removal of it would produce immediate death. The softest notes of music travel through it without difficulty; and the finest essences of the most delicate flowers, press its parts aside and greet their appropriate sense with piquan-

cy of flavor increased by its density. The weight of the atmosphere, is so great, as to compress water—a fluid, whose compressibility was denied, until Canton, by a conclusive experiment, established the fact, and confuted the Florentine academicians, who made a famous experiment, which seemed to prove that no force whatever could compress water into less bulk; and on violent power being applied, it actually made its way through the pores of a globe of gold. Our bodies are surprizingly affected by the changes which are continually occuring in the weight and density of the atmosphere. The barometer varies at times from 28 to 30 inches; this difference in its range, amounts to about a ton and a half of weight on the whole body of a man, which he sustains at one time more than another. By this enormous pressure, we should be crushed in a moment, were not our bodies filled with air, or some other elastic fluid to counterbalance this weight of the atmosphere. And this counterbalance, whatever it may be is so nicely adjusted, that the least diminution of it, or any extraordinary accession of its external load, is sufficient to affect a corresponding alteration in the animal system. We are, in fact, barometers of the nicest sensibility. When the weight of the atmosphere is greatest and the weather is fine, we feel ourselves braced, and uncommonly alert—on the contrary, when the atmosphere is thin, and its density decreased, we feel inactive and listless—the weather is then gloomy, and we sympathise with it in most melancholy humour. The simple experiment of the bladder tied over the exhausted receiver, called the pneumatic cannon, shews the pressure and weight of the atmosphere, in a very satisfactory manner. The weight of the air crushes the unsupported surface which was stretched over the orifice of the glass with a force equal to a column of the atmosphere, whose base was of the same dimensions as the surface of the substance exposed to its pressure—15 pounds for every square inch. The experiment is attended by a considerable noise, occasioned by the quantity and velocity with which the air enters the vacuum. It is calculated that the air enters a vacuum

with a velocity that would carry it through 1300 feet in a second of time. To the weight and pressure of the atmosphere, we are indebted for many useful and valuable hydraulic machines. Pumps of the common construction, particularly deserve our notice, since the application of the principle on which they are constructed, has completely confuted the erroneous doctrine of nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, to which many of her most important phenomena were referred as a philosophical cause. Had this doctrine been true, water would have followed a piston, *ad infinitum*; as far as a vacuum could be extended. Experience has taught us, that water will not ascend in a tube, higher than 30 feet—no higher than it can be supported by a column of air of equal base, reaching to the top of the atmosphere. Owing to various circumstances, of mechanism, friction, accidental density of the atmosphere, and other reasons, we may think ourselves fortunate if a pump will deliver water freely, which is raised to the height of 28 feet. The flow of the syphon, a most useful instrument, is occasioned by atmospheric pressure. If a syphon, whose legs are equal, be filled with water, the fluid will remain in equilibrio—the pressure of the air on the water in which one leg is immersed, being exactly balanced or counteracted by the atmospheric pressure on the water in the lower part of the other leg. But for mechanical purposes, the discharging leg is made, in general longer than the one immersed in the fluid to be decanted. A vacuum is made by extracting the air at the longer leg—the pressure of the atmosphere immediately acts on the fluid, a part of which ascends, fills the syphon, and then, the greater weight of the fluid in the longer leg, causes it to descend, or overcome the equipoise which would have existed had the legs been equal, and the whole quantity of the liquor in the vessel, will continue to flow, until it be emptied, or the surface get lower than the shorter leg of the syphon. An ingenious author in his essay on fluids compares this flux of the liquor, in a syphon, to drawing a thread through a tube;—when one end is drawn out, the rest of the clue follows. The fluid,

undoubtedly becomes like a thread ; and will flow so long as its continuity is unbroken and the atmospheric pressure undiminished. By the pressure of the atmosphere, water is forced to enter pipes and thereby carried to any conduit, house or other place, below the horizontal level of the reservoir or fountain, however great the distance may be, or the inequality of the ground over which it is conveyed ; provided none of the eminences exceed the altitude of the fountain head. [Remainder in next number.]

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XVIII.

VULCAN, the only legitimate offspring of Jupiter and Juno, was born so deformed, that, enraged at his ugliness, his father cast him down from heaven. The celestial abortion was tossed a whole day on the waves of the aerial ocean ; falling from whirlwind to whirlwind, he reached at night the isle of Lemnos, the inhabitants of which received him very humanely. The poor infant had broken one of his thighs, but the sea-nymphs took care of him, and tenderly educated him, though he remained lame ever after his fall.

Nature, who had refused him exterior graces, was prodigal to him of the gifts of genius. From his earliest youth he established immense forges in the mountains of Lemnos. It was there that for the first time gold, iron, and brass, were polished into beauty. He rapidly constructed new work shops in the caverns of Mount Etna ; and he labored there incessantly with his black Cyclops. The principal of these gentlemen were Brontes, Steropes, Pyracmon, and Polyphemus. These giants, sons of Heaven and Earth, had but one eye in the middle of their foreheads. Their nervous arms raised, without ceasing, ponderous hammers ; Etna resounded with their reiterated blows, and vomited from her vast chimnies a black and burning smoke. At length the son of

Jupiter reached the honor of forging his father's bolts, and it is asserted that this gloomy cavern is still the store house of thunder.

How often have I rendered thanks to Vulcan, my sweet Emilia, when your heart refused to listen to the sighing of mine !—a flash of lightning has rendered you timid and tender at the same moment ; you have turned your imploring eyes on me, while pressing my hand ; your love has grown with danger. While a thunder-storm thus brightens your eyes, I would not change my fate with that of the god who produces it ; but hardly has Zephyr chased away the clouds, than my happiness vanishes quicker than the lightning which produced it.

The talents of Vulcan were already celebrated, when the Titans undertook to scale the heavens. Jupiter, abandoned by all the gods, had then recourse to his son. Forgetting the disobliging manner in which his father had dismissed him from Olympus, Vulcan forged the thunderbolts, and the Titans were destroyed : in acknowledgement of his important service, Jupiter received Vulcan at his court, and reinstated him in all his rights.

The lame god, willing to revenge himself upon Juno for having brought him into the celestial world with so ugly an exterior, presented her with a golden throne, upon which, the goddess once seated, could not rise again. She complained badly of this unjust vengeance, exclaiming, " You are ugly, and I am your mother—I bear the shame of that misfortune ; but for why ?—if you are thus afflicted, is not your father as much to blame as myself ?"

Struck with the truth of this remonstrance, Vulcan delivered Juno, and went to seek Jupiter, of whom he demanded Minerva in marriage. The sovereign of gods and men called Minerva, and presented to her this presumptive heir.—" Goddess," he said, " it is time to submit to the laws of Hymen ; it is time, in fine, to give heirs to Wisdom. This is my son ; you already know his works and his genius ; yield to his wishes ; unite the arts with philosophy."

At sight of her intended, Minerva, who had hitherto sworn to preserve her virginity, felt more disposed than ever to keep her promise ; she recalled to Jupiter the irrevocable oath which he had given her of never bestowing her hand in marriage. Jupiter's reply was as follows :—

“ I have sworn by Styx, not to force you to form an irrevocable engagement ; but I may not answer for events. I know very well that a young virgin who feels her heart relenting, would sometimes have no objection to be forced to give her hand to her vanquisher.—The occasion may now present itself ; you, my son, may attack ; you, my daughter, may resist ; thus I proclaim open war between you.”

Eager to triumph over Minerva, Vulcan, in place of attempting to interest her, acted like a vulgar blacksmith ; the goddess defended herself most courageously ; but the fruit of this unprofitable love was Erisichthanus, who being born with the lower extremities like the train of a serpent, invented that species of carriage which is called a car.

To indemnify his son for the disgrace of his passion, Jupiter raised him to the summit of honor, and made him god of fire. Several temples were then erected to him, in which he is represented supported upon an anvil, with Jupiter's eagle at his feet bearing the thunder.

The most famous of these temples was raised on the top of Mount Etna ; in order to approach it, it was necessary to be chaste and pure. Dogs guarded the sanctuary, who, by a miraculous instinct, caressed true worthies, and devoured hypocrites !

If these faithful guardians still watched at the gates of temples, after over-long pilgrimages, over-long processions, how many devout personages would be the prey of their jaws !

Solemn feasts were in process of time instituted in memory of Vulcan ; the Athenians celebrated these with much pomp ; they established courses, called Lampodophoses, and offered rewards to the conquerors ; the competitors bore lighted torches ; he who suffered his light to go out before he reached the goal, ceded it to his rival, and retired.

The worship of Vulcan extended over all the earth, and master-pieces of art multiplied under his hands. Vanity, and a passion for the fine arts, in fine, emancipated him from the inquietude of a more tender sentiment; he promised himself eternal freedom, but Venus appeared, and his resolution vanished. Such Emilia, is the fate of men and of gods; and such, perhaps, is yours.—Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Alarmed at the favorable sentiment of Jupiter for Vulcan, Mars sought to gain by address the heart of her whom he could not obtain by influence. Persuaded that vanity is often the surest road to a woman's heart, and that notoriety always flatters vanity, he presented himself to Venus in the formidable apparel of his awful power. He came seated in a brazen car, drawn by thundering chargers, their manes widely scattered, their eyes blazing, their mouths foaming blood, their nostrils breathing vengeance; such coursers deservedly bore the names of Terror and Fear; in front of the car was seated Bellona, darting furious looks through the thick masses of her fiery hair; with one hand she held the reins, with the other a whip died in gore. Mars himself, his brows covered with a golden helmet surmounted by lofty plumes, supported his colossal frame upon a lance; his nervous limbs were invested by armor of sparkling steel; his left arm resting on the hilt of a sword, brandished a huge buckler. Impatience and rage were by turns painted on his rude and war-marked visage, deepening the frown of his swarthy brows. Discord and Fury, with eyes of fire and livid cheeks, armed with a poignard and a flaming torch, accompanied the car, dragging after them in chains, Innocence and Feebleness.—Despair, Lamentation, and Want, their eyes bathed in tears, their wounded limbs covered with tatters, followed with faltering steps, and closed the sad procession.

More alarmed than flattered, Venus took to flight, but her lover followed; and laying at her feet both his pride and his arms, he exclaimed;—"Ah! turn not away those eyes from

a god who is proud of his power for your sake alone ! Alas ! if he is odious to you, hatred is then the reward of love." Enchanted with his soft address, Venus listened and smiled. For some time Mars continued his plaintive tone, for which he was paid by tender looks ; then secure of victory, he retook the military air, and cried aloud :—

" I am told that Vulcan does imitate my steps, and even aspires to the hand of her I love ; but let him approach, I expect him.—But why that severe glance ; are you of the old school ? will you have my martyrdom ? be it so ; I die. But if you require not that, haste to pay my love with a just esteem. Spring will bring back war, and I must away ; I have not time to make love as I ought ; yet we understand each other ; you love me ; I adore you ; you have my faith, I see you are about to give me yours—the rest remains in your power."

Disconcerted by the volubility and the arrogance of her lover, Venus found herself in a state of inexpressible difficulty ; she disengaged her trembling hands from Mars, who was covering them with kisses, and, deeply blushing, she composed the disorder of her tresses and her veil. At length she conjured him only to leave her time to reflect on the subject. Falling at her feet, Mars replied :—" I see plainly that you will be my death ! Ah, well ! I resign myself ; I go to meet my fate ; I leave you one quarter of an hour in which to determine on my life or my destruction." At these words he went suddenly out, and Venus shut herself up in her closet to recover herself and consult her own inclinations.

Meanwhile Jupiter, informed of the designs of Mars, pressed the marriage of Vulcan, and secretly despatched Mercury to the temple of Hymen ; but ere I recount to you what passed at the nuptial fete, I must say something of the god just mentioned.—His history will furnish the subject of another letter.—Adieu.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Obscurity of Style.

I CANNOT give credit to writers for intelligence, if they are to me unintelligible. Quintilian has observed, that a bad writer will be proportionably an obscure one. "Erit ergo etiam obscurior, quo quisque deterior." Of conversation, the greatest defect in my opinion is want of perspicuity; for we talk on purpose to be understood. But as every fault in writing or speaking has its defenders, Quintilian informs us, that in the time of Titus Livius, there was a teacher of rhetoric so great a partisan in favor of obscurity, that he used to advise his scholars to study it; and made them in their compositions correct as errors, those passages which carried with them the greatest perspicuity. He adds, that the highest praise of eloquence that school aspired to, was to be unintelligible. "Tanto melior, ne ego quidem intellexi." Book viii. cap. 2. Instit. Quinct. Lycophron was of the same opinion: he publicly declared he would hang himself, if any one was found who could understand his poem, The Prophecy of Cassandra. He succeeded to his wishes: for this poem has been the stumbling-block to all grammarians, scholiasts and commentators ever since; and still preserves its original character of impenetrable obscurity. Such a kind of work resembles those subterraneous places, where the air is so thick and vaporish, that any light you apply to them is quickly extinguished.

Pedants.

"I hate," says Montaigne, "those scholars who can do nothing without their books." In fact, men of this description have no knowledge, but can tell you where some may be found. They serve as *indexes* to good authors. Their conversation will inform you, that in such a passage and chapter of Cicero and Seneca there is a fine thought. Montaigne has observed, with much truth in the sentiment, and with great

beauty of expression, that science is a sceptre in the hands of some men, and a bauble in those of others.

Works of Fancy.

Persons who are employed on works of imagination must often be unequal to themselves. For the powers of fancy are subject to much variation, and depend on circumstances that chance as much as nature creates and directs. "I have seen" says Annibal Caracci, "Tinterot sometimes equal to Titian, and sometimes very inferior to Tinterot." These inequalities of genius accord with the observation of Aristotle, that over works of art good luck has a great power. Every one must observe that poetry is subject to the capricious influence of this good luck of the mind. The poet, when he takes up his pen, knows not what thoughts he may strike out; or, to speak in his own language, he knows not where his enthusiasm may carry him. A common thought may be followed by a very sublime one; and a rhyme sometimes offers to the imagination many things it would not have produced itself. We must acknowledge that this Fortune, which presides over the fine arts, has her favorites, no less than the dame who presides over riches. There are some on whom she never smiles, whatever pains they take, and whatever exertions they may make to obtain her favors. The difference between the directress of the arts and of wealth is plain enough. One never smiles but on a man of genius; whilst the other shews a preference of blockheads to men of talents.

Great Memories.

On the old proverb, "great memory, little judgement," I have somewhere, among other observations, met with the following, "that as the Muses are daughters of memory, it can reflect no dishonor to be a favorite of the mother of the Muses." Cicero calls memory the treasure of the sciences. Montaigne terms memory the strong box of science. Without memory the judgement must be unemployed; and ignorance

must be the consequence of a want of memory. Pliny, who calls memory one of the greatest gifts of nature, has recorded some illustrious persons distinguished by this talent. Cyrus knew the names of all his soldiers. Lucius Scipio could call the whole Roman people by name. Cyneas, counsellor to king Pyrrhus, (of whom this prince used to say, that he considered him as a partner in his conquest, as obtained by his eloquence) was acquainted with the names of the Roman senate and the army. Mithridates had learned the languages of twenty-two nations, and used to boast that he never wanted an interpreter. Cleopatra, as Plutarch relates, knew the languages of almost all the nations of the East. Can we assert that these great personages were void of judgement, who had not only uncommon but prodigious memories?

How to sell a Book.

A man of wit about the court, who had written a book that rested on the shelf longer than the bookseller was desirous of its company, replied to his remonstrance on this subject, "My good sir, I do not doubt that I have interest at court sufficient to get this book prohibited, and then you know it will have a rapid sale."

Opulence.

B***, a rich officer of revenue, one day asked a man of wit, what kind of a thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rogue an advantage over an honest man."

An Harangue of a Turkish Ambassador, before Pope Leo X.

An ambassador lately arrived from Constantinople, in order to reside at Rome, retained in his mind so high an idea of the grandeur of the Ottoman empire, that having occasion to make an address to Leo, he thus acquitted himself. Having used the titles of St. Barnard by calling the pope, Abel, with respect to his eldership; Noah by his government, Melchisc-

dech by his order, and Aaron by his dignity—he added, as paramount to all the rest, *Sultan* of the Catholic Church, and *Grand Turk* of the Christians.

—
Bon. Mot.

Some person having observed to the famous Jerome Bignon, that Rome was the mansion of piety : “ Very true,” replied Bignon, “ but piety resembles some other great personages, one can never find them at home.”

—
Another.

A very ignorant nobleman observing one day at dinner a person eminent for his philosophical talents intent on choosing the delicacies of the table, said to him, “ What ! do philosophers love dainties ?—“ Why not ?” returned the scholar. “ Do you think, my lord, that the good things of this world were made for blockheads ?”

—
Epitaph on a drunken old Woman. Imitated from the Greek.

Here rests Myrillo's drunken wife,
Drawn to the dregs her cask and life ;
This vast round goblet on her tomb
Is plac'd, a symbol of her doom.
Tho' dead, she mourns : alas ! she left
Her children of her care bereft !
She weeps no doubt with grief sincere,
Snatch'd from an husband's tender care.
False are the reasons you apply.
She mourns, because her mouth is dry.

—
Instability of some Minds. A Stanza.

There are some characters whose minds are never fixed upon any pursuit for two minutes successively. The same resolution remains with them only for a second, and a train of various and opposite sentiments is continually passing through their minds. Such persons may be compared to the tail of a

peacock, "Toties denique mutanda, quoties movenda," every new motion produces a variety.

Avarice.

There is something truly disgusting in this powerful propensity of the human mind. In all other passions there is some pleasure to be pleaded for their indulgence; but this is composed solely of anxiety, chagrin, and apprehensions. Lord Bacon says wittily of misers, that gold is a good servant, but a bad master. The following verses on an old avaricious coquet are not amiss :

Clara, your toil is lost ; nor white, nor red,
Can hide the jaundice o'er your visage spread ;
Well with your soul those golden tints accord,
For yellow is the livery of its lord.

Answer of a gouty Epicure to the remonstrances of his Physician.

Chalkstone was dying of the gout,
But still would see his bottle out.
"Old friend," the doctor oft would say,
"I wonder you're alive to-day.
Wine is the deadly fount, whence flows
This torrent of arthritic woes.
Be sober, my advice is mild."—
The wily patient bow'd and smil'd.
Some few days past, the doctor came,
Found Chalkstone's visage all a flame ;
Who, emptying a large decanter,
Began the doctor thus to banter ;
"Soon, Galen, all my pains must fly ;
For, see ! the fatal fount is dry."

Verses addressed to a needle, which had frequently wounded the hand of his mistress.

To wound, rash needle, pray forbear,
A hand so delicately fair ;

How could those fingers move your spite ?
As lilies taper, and as white.
No more with barb'rous point invade
The harmless fingers of the maid :
Go, and with all your courage dart
Your spear-like fury at her heart ;
Let her hard heart your anger feel,
And penetrating rage of steel :
And all your keen artill'ry plant
Against a breast of adamant.
Ah ! should you force that fort to yield,
What honors wait you in the field !
The palm from Cupid you'll obtain,
Whose arrows oft have tried in vain.

Epitaph on a bad Wife, by her Husband.

Ah ! once dear partner of my days,
Willing, to thee this tomb I raise :
My grateful thoughts your shade pursue,
In this small gift so justly due.
No envious tongue, with clamors rude,
Arraign'd this act of gratitude ;
For all must know, that, with my wife,
I lost each hour of care and strife.

The Pathetic Psalmodist.

A priest, more fam'd for voice than wit,
Chaunted one day in such a fit
Of holy zeal, that all the quire
Such efforts could not but admire.
When the priest saw, with fond surprise,
The tears flow fast from Annett's eyes,
He could not doubt his pow'r to move
The streams of sympathy and love.
The service ended, he address'd
The nymph, and, whilst her hand he press'd,

Began to hint his am'rous fears :
Perhaps his singing caus'd her tears ?
He own'd he all his pow'rs had tried.—
“ Ah ! spare my woes,” the maid replied :
“ I've lately lost—ah me !—alas !
How great the loss !—my fav'rite ass ;
And when, Sir priest, you sung to-day,
I thought I heard his well-known bray.”

Bon Mot.

A witty moralist used to say of taverns, that they were places where men sold madness by the bottle.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES OF ASCETICS.

ASCETICS is a name given to certain fanatics in the primitive church, who pretended to purify the soul by severe penances and mortifications. They had their origin, according to Mosheim and Jortin, from an absurd attempt to rival the austerities of some of the Greek philosophers ; and began to make their appearance during the second century. This, however, appears to be but a very imperfect account of their origin, which can evidently lay claim to much higher antiquity, as it seems to be coeval with superstition itself, and to be founded on a principle universally admitted in human nature.

As this principle is so deeply rooted in human nature, it cannot be uninteresting to trace some exhibitions of it as it has actually appeared in practice ; and since wisdom is too rare to afford many edifying examples, we must make the most we can of the follies of the world. The prince of the Ascetics was the renowned pillar saint, Simeon Stylites, a native of Syria. He lived thirty-seven years on the top of a pillar, at the imminent risk of his neck ; gradually increasing the height of his pillar as his soul became more sublimated, and his body more capable of existing in his aerial habitation. He rose gradually from six to forty cubits ; and

when once he attained this grand climacteric of columnar sanctity, he was regarded as an oracle, and almost worshipped as a deity, by the whole surrounding country. He gained so much reputation by this super-human excellence, that he became the head of a sect, which produced some disciples who rivalled the fame of their founder; and which, to mark the stagnation of human intellect, continued in vogue for upwards of five centuries. (Mosheim, vol. ii. ch. 3.) Thus, after men had no longer an opportunity of signalizing their zeal by suffering death in defence of their faith, they contrived a kind of voluntary martyrdom, and inflicted upon themselves more pains and penalties than pagan cruelty had ever invented.

The monks of Palestine, in the fifth century, arrived at the utmost refinement in mortification, as we are informed by Evagrius. Some of them dwelt in little dens, just big enough to hold them; others repaired to the desert, and walking on all four, eat grass like the beasts; and others, (but the English language cannot express their feats,) *Balnea publica frequenter adeunt, et simul cum mulieribus diversantur et lavant. Adeo omni perturbatione animi superiores, ut natura ipsi vim inferant, et nec aspectu, nec tactu, nec amplexu ipso mulieris, ad ea quæ natura ipsorum propria sunt, inclinari queant.* Some of them also refused to catch or kill the vermin which devoured them, in which they far surpassed the Jews, who spared the marauders only on the Sabbath day. *Qui pediculum Sabbato necat, tam reus est, quam qui camelum Sabbato necaret.*

That these absurdities and abominations may not be fixed on Christianity, we shall proceed to shew that they prevail in all their force, where its influence has never been felt, and its name never heard. They have obtained from time immemorial in India, and are still displayed in their full extent. By a strange coincidence, we often find the same mortifications practised in the East, which disgraced the dark ages of Europe, and which either point to a common origin, or indicate a greater uniformity in human folly, than we thought

consistent with its endless variety. A short enumeration of the austerities practised by the Indian Fakirs or Faquirs, will prove that the most mortified of the monks of Syria have never equalled them in their atrocious violations of nature. We shall mention a few of these to satisfy the curiosity of our readers. 1st, The practice of dancing with threads, canes, or bamboos, passed through the sides, called the Pars-woban. 2d, The passing spits, or other instruments of iron, through the tongue or forehead, called Zuhba Phooron. 3d, The practice of swinging over a fire, called Jhool Sunyoss. 4th, The practice of climbing naked a tree armed with horrid thorns, called Kahla Bhanga. See Buchanan's *Memoir on India*, Appendix.

But this list of torments is far from filling up the measure of their absurdities. Some make a vow never to sleep night nor day; and this vow they contrive to keep sometimes for many years, till the sleep of death surprises them. Others make a vow to keep their hands continually extended above their heads, and never to take them down, even on the most urgent occasions. In this situation they remain day and night, summer and winter, exposed to the stinging of flies, and determined to perish with hunger, rather than use their hands to feed themselves: indeed they very soon lose the use of them; for the joints contract a stiffness, by this unnatural position, which renders it quite impossible to bring their hands below their heads. All these maniacs are complete Gymnosophists, without any covering but what nature affords. In this state they are regarded by the infatuated natives, as saints of the highest eminence. They go, *puris naturalibus*, into the midst of cities; the women approach them with the greatest reverence, touch the end of their fingers, *et tegenda deosculantur: sed fanatici nec tactu nec aspectu moventur*. See Tavernier's *Travels in India*.

But not foreign countries must have all the credit of producing these worthies: we can mention one of true British growth, who may dispute the laurel with the Fakirs of India. About the beginning of the twelfth century, lived St. Godric.

He had always an iron shirt next his skin, and wore out three by constant use. He mingled ashes with his flour ; and lest this should be too luxurious a repast, he kept the bread formed of this composition, four months, before he used it. In winter he would pass whole nights at his devotions, up to the neck in water. The temptations which he essayed from evil spirits in the form of beautiful damsels, obliging him to curb evil thoughts, by rolling himself naked in briers ; and he improved the wholesome discipline, by pouring brine into the wounds. See Andrews' *Hist. of Britain*, vol. i. p. 233.

SELECTIONS

FROM CHATEAUBRIAND'S BEAUTIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

DANGER OF ATHEISM.

THE infidel wife seldom has any idea of her duties ; she spends her days either in reasoning on virtue without practising its precepts, or in the tumultuous pleasures of the world. But the day of vengeance approaches : Time arrives, leading Age by the hand. The spectre, with silver hair and icy hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female atheist ; she perceives him and shrieks aloud. Who now shall hear her voice ? her husband ? She has none ; long, very long, has he withdrawn from the theatre of his dishonor. Her children ? ruined by an impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother. If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste ; her virtues have left no traces behind them. For the first time she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have a religion. Unavailing regret ! When the atheist, at the end of his career, discovers the delusions of a false philosophy ; when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God : but it is too late ; the mind, hardened by incredulity, rejects all conviction.

How different is the lot of the religious woman ! her days

are replete with joy ; she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children, her household ; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this christian is strengthened by her happiness, and her happiness by her faith ; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.

LOVE OF OUR NATIVE COUNTRY.

In Louisiana there was a negro and an Indian woman, slaves to two neighboring planters. The two women had each a child ; the black a little girl two years old ; and the Indian a boy of the same age ; the latter died. The two unfortunate women having agreed to meet at a certain place in the desert, repaired thither three successive nights. The one brought her dead child, the other her living infant ; the one her Manitani, the other her Fetiche. They were not surprised thus to find themselves of the same religion, both being wretched. The Indian performed the honors of the solitude.—“ This is the tree of my native land,” said she, “ sit down and weep.” They then placed their children on a branch of catalpa, and rocked them together, singing airs of their respective countries. Alas ! these maternal amusements, which had oft lulled innocence to sleep, were incapable of awaking death ! Thus these two women consoled themselves ; the one had lost her child and her liberty, the other her liberty and her country ; thus they derived comfort even from affliction itself.

CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH.

A mixture of German and French blood, the English nation displays in every thing its double origin. Its government a compound of royalty and aristocracy ; its religion less pompous than the Catholic, but more brilliant than the Lutheran ; its soldiers at once robust and active ; its literature and its arts ; finally, the language, the very features and persons of the English, partake of the two sources from which they are descended. With German simplicity, sedateness,

good sense and deliberation, they combine the fire, impetuosity, levity, vivacity and elegance of mind which distinguish the French.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

The French, the eldest sons of antiquity, are Romans in genius, and Greeks in character. Restless and fickle in prosperity, constant and invincible in adversity ; formed for all the arts ; polished even to excess during the tranquillity of the state, rude and savage in political commotions ; tossed, like ships without ballast, by the vehemence of all the passions ; one moment in the skies, the next in the abyss ; enthusiasts alike in good and evil, doing the former without expecting thanks, and the latter without feeling remorse ; remembering neither their crimes nor their virtues ; pusillanimously attached to life in time of peace, prodigal of their blood in battle ; vain, satirical, ambitious, fond at once of all fashions and of innovations, despising all mankind except themselves ; individually the most amiable, collectively the most disagreeable of men ; charming in their own country, insupportable abroad ; alternately more gentle, more innocent than the lamb submitting to the knife, and more merciless, more ferocious than the tiger springing upon his prey. Such were the Athenians of old, and such are the French at the present day.

TOWNS, VILLAGES, &c.

On a rugged and lofty mountain of Auvergne, covered with snow and fogs during eight months of the year, is seen a monastery, erected about the year 1120, by Alard, Viscount of Flanders. That nobleman, returning from a pilgrimage was attacked on this spot by robbers ; he made a vow if he escaped from their hands to found a hospital for travellers in this desert, and to drive the banditti from the mountains. He fulfilled his engagements, and the hospital of Albrac, Aubrac, rose in loco horrois et vastæ solitudinis. Here Alard placed priests for the service of the church, knights hospitallers to escort travellers, and ladies of quality to wash the feet of

pilgrims, to make their beds, and to take care of their garments.—In the ages of barbarism pilgrimages were of great utility; that religious principle which drew all ranks of people from their homes, powerfully contributed to the progress of civilization and refinement. There was not a pilgrim that returned to his native village but left behind him some prejudices and brought back some new idea. One age has always something to balance against another: at present, perhaps, persons belonging to the higher classes of society travel more than they formerly did; but, on the other hand, the peasant is more stationary. War summoned him to the banner of his lord, and religion into distant countries. If we could recal to life one of those ancient vassals whom we represent to ourselves as stupid slaves, we should be surprised to find him possessed of more intelligence and information than the free rustic of the present day.

GENUINE LETTER

FROM THE PERSIAN ENVOY, MIRZA ABUL HASSAN, DURING
HIS RESIDENCE IN LONDON, TO AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

*To the Lord or Gentleman without Name, who lately wrote
Letter to him, and ask very much to give answer.*

SIR, MY LORD,

WHEN you write to me some time ago, to give my thought of what I see good and bad this country, that time I not speak English very well, now I read, I write much little better—now I give to you my think. In this country bad not too much, every thing very good; but suppose I tell every thing very good, then you say I tell all flattery, therefore, I tell most bad thing. I like not much crowd evening party every night; in cold weather not very good, now hot weather much too bad. I very much astonish every day, now much hot than before, evening parties now much crowd than before. Pretty beautiful ladies come sick, that not very good. I always afraid some old lady come dead, that not very good, and

spoil my happiness. I think old ladies after eighty-five years not come to evening party, that much better. Why for take so much trouble? Some other thing little bad. Very beautiful young lady, she get ugly for husband, that not very good, very shocking. I ask sir Gare why for this; he says me, perhaps he very good man, not handsome, no matter, perhaps got too much money, perhaps little. I say I like not that—all very shocking. This all bad I know; now I say good. English people all very good people, all very happy, do what they like, say what they like, write in newspaper what like. I love English people very much, they very good, very civil to me. I tell my king love Persian very much. English king best man in the world, he love his people very good much, he speak very kind to me, I love him very much. Queen very best woman I ever saw. Prince of Wales such a fine, elegant, beautiful man, I not understand English enough proper to praise him—he is too great for my language. I respect him same as my own king; I love him very much; his manner all the same as talisman or charm. All the princes very fine men, very handsome men, very sweet words, very affable, I like all too much. I think the ladies and gentlemen this country most high honor, very rich, most high rank, very rich, (except two or three) most good, very kind to inferior peoples. This very good. I go to see Chelsea, all old men set on grass in shade of fine tree, fine river run by—beautiful place, plenty to eat and drink, good coat, every thing good. Sir Gare he tell me king Charles and king James. I say sir Gare, they not Mussulman, but I think God love them very much. I think God he love the king very much for keeping up that charity. Then I see one small regiment of children go to dinner; one small boy he give thanks to God for eat, for drink, for clothes; other little boys they all answer Amen; then I cry for joy a little—my heart too much pleased. This all very good for two things—one thing, God very much please; two thing, soldiers fight much better because see good king take care of old wounded fathers and little children. Then I go to Greenwich, that

too good place ; such a fine sight make me sick for joy—all old men so happy—eat dinner so well—fine houses—fine beds—all very good. \

This very good country, English ladies very handsome, very beautiful. I travel great deal, I go Arabia, I go Calcutta, Hyderabad, Poonah, Bombay, Georgia, Armenia, Constantinople, Malta, Gibraltar—I see best Georgian, Circassian, Turkish, Greek ladies, but nothing not so beautiful as English ladies ; all very clever—speak French, speak English, speak Italian, play musick very well, sing very good. Very glad for me if Persian ladies like them ; but English ladies speak such sweet words, I think tell a little story, that not very good. One thing more I see, but I not understand that thing, good or bad. Last Thursday see some fine carriages, fine horses, thousand people go to look that carriages. I ask for why ? they say me that gentlemen on boxes, they drive their own carriages. I say why for take so much trouble ? they say me he drive very well. That very good thing. It rain very hard, some lord, some gentleman, he get very wet. I say why he not go inside ? They tell me good coachman not mind, get wet every day, will be ashamed if go inside. That I do not understand.

Sir, my good lord, good night,

ABUL HASSAN.

THE CONTRAST.

THERE is, said a sensitive plant, something consummately sullen in a rainy day, in the city. The streets sound hollow, as now and then a heavy coach fast drives along ; or as the drenched horse clatters rapidly over the pavements with his drizzling rider. The lady visitant trips homeward, her muslins clinging and fadging to her limbs, and the citizens trudging home to pass the dismal vacuum either to loiter in their chambers or partake their tea and waffles. The poetical part of the confusion of gutters, mingling into quagmires, and the

objects of their sweeping fury and destruction, is very quaintly portrayed by the fantastical Swift :—

“ Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat’ning with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the draggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout’s abroad,
Stays till its fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck’d up seamstress walks with hasty strides
While streams run down her oil’d umbrella’s sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go ;—
Filths of all hues, and odors, seem to tell
What street they came from by their sight and smell ;
Drown’d puppies, stinking sprats, all drench’d in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.”

How different is a shower in the country ! How pleasant is it then, to sit at the window of my little cottage, and listen to the gentle kisses of rain drops and leaves, to mark the polished foliage glittering with crystal—to hear the drooping bird chirp faintly from the orchard—and the dripping cattle, gathering close, low at the gate. How soft the air filled with the freshness of the valley, and the luxuriance of the plains. But how much sweeter is its clearing up, at evening ; the rainbow blending ; the broad sun shedding his scattered beams over the landscape ; the birds shaking their hurried wings, and waking the groves with shrill concerts ; the air too, all alive with reanimated fragrance ; and man and beast bearing about the expressions of benevolence and contentment.

I. N.

LYTTLETONIANA.

CONTEMPT.

To be treated with contempt is always painful, and more so to those who deserve it, as they have no shelter in them-

selves, to which they can fly for protection ; in their own hearts they will find the echo of those sounds, against which they shut their ears ; while the good possesses a shield in his virtue, and returns compassion for injustice. Contempt becomes still more poignant, when it is conducted with a delicacy which does not give you the most momentary opportunity of returning it ; when it is so blended with good humor and external decorum, as to let no one see it, but the conscious victim.

The contempt of half mankind is not worth the smile it occasions ; they act from caprice, folly, weakness, envy, or some base motive ; they join the vulgar clamor, they know not why ; and their hiss, though loud, gives not the pain of a moment ; but the scorn of good and honorable men is the fruit of conviction ; it springs from an aversion to what is contrary to their own excellence, and cannot be retorted. There is no other way of being revenged of them, but in giving the lie to their unfavorable prognostications, by an immediate and complete reformation ; and this is a difficulty, my friend, of whose arduous nature you are equally sensible with myself. The road by contrition to amendment is humiliating, painful, and difficult ; and the greater part of guilty mortals adopt the sentiments of Macbeth :—

“ I am in blood

Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er.”

MEMORY.

HAVE you ever by chance looked into a book on the science of cookery ? If so, have you not observed, that the culinary disciple is instructed, when certain quantities of gravy, or conserves are prepared, *to put them by for use* ?— Now, if we could manage our ideas in the same manner ; if we could lock up our acquired thoughts and knowledge in a kind of intellectual store room, from whence they might be drawn forth for application, we should no longer be the slaves of a capricious recollection, which at this hour offers its treasures with intuitive readiness, yields them on the mor-

row with sullen reluctance, and on the succeeding day may refuse them to our most arduous researches.

MARRIAGE A LOTTERY.

NOTHING is so absurd as the tide of felicitations which flow in upon a poor newly married man, before he himself can determine, and much less the complimenting world, upon the propriety of them. Marriage is the grand lottery of life; and it is as great folly to exult upon entering into it, as on the purchase of a ticket in the state wheel of fortune. It is when the ticket is drawn a prize, that we can answer to congratulations.

GENIUS.

THE sage physician endeavors to ameliorate, but not to change the constitution of his patient, and infuses, by degrees, those wholesome aids, which may help to lessen its infirmities. The same wise conduct should be pursued in the care of mental health; and to aim at turning the natural bent of genius, is an application of moral quackery, which will destroy all fervor of ability, administer an opiate to the faculties of the mind, bring on apathy and torpor, and destroy all intellectual nerve forever.

HEROIC VALOR.

THE following brilliant story is taken from A. Gellius, book iii. ch. 17. In the first war with Carthage, the Roman army was surrounded in such a manner by their enemies, that universal destruction seemed inevitable. Cædicius, a military tribune, proposed to the Consul a detachment of 400 men, to make a diversion in favor of the Romans, so that the main body might effect their escape, whilst this company were engaged with the enemy. "But who," says the Consul, "will put himself at the head of so desperate an expedition?" "I will," replied Cædicius. "Come, my friends," exclaims the tribune to the soldiers, "it is necessary for the safety of the army that we should march to yonder station,

It is not necessary that we should return." The scheme succeeded. The Tribune only escaped with life, and was found among the wounded. M. Cato, who records this story according to A. Gellius, complains, that although Leonidas was rendered famous, and statues erected to his memory, the name of Cædicius was almost unknown.

GENEROSITY AND CLEMENCY.

THE following anecdote of Charles IV. exhibits a noble instance of that prince possessing those virtues. The Emperor was informed that a person whom he knew had been seduced by a large sum of money and his general distresses, to assassinate him, at the instigation of his enemies. Charles sent for the man, and thus addressed him: "I am sorry it has not been in your power to portion your daughter, who is now marriageable. Accept these 1000 ducats for that purpose." The man retired, abashed at the discovery of his treacherous intention; and, warmed with gratitude towards the Emperor, renounced his impious engagement.

By such a conduct the Emperor merited the following act of generosity towards himself. A citizen lent him 100,000 ducats, and received a bond from Charles. The next day the citizen invited the Emperor and several persons of the court to a banquet. When the desert was put upon the table, the Bohemian ordered the Emperor's bond to be placed in a golden cup, and presented to Charles, with this speech: "The other part of this repast, Sire, you share equally with the rest of my guests. This cup belongs to you only, and I must beg you to accept it as a present."

Charles was fond of encouraging literary men. He founded the university of Prague in 1347. He went there one day to hear some declamations, and stayed full four hours. The courtiers who attended, being tired and hungry, informed him the hour of dinner was at hand. "This is my banquet," replied the Emperor.

CHARACTER OF GEN. WAYNE.

Written about the year 1795, by the late Gen. William Eaton.

HE is firm in constitution as in resolution ;—industrious, indefatigable, determined and persevering ;—fixed in opinion, and unbiassed in judgment ;—not over accessible ; but studious to reward merit. He is a rock against which the waves of calumny and malice, moved by the gust of passions natural to envy, have dashed—have washed its sides. He is still immoveable on his base—He is in some degree susceptible of adulation, as is every man who has an honest thirst for military fame—He endures fatigue and hardship with a fortitude uncommon to men of his years. I have seen him in the most severe night of the winter of '94, sleep on the ground like his fellow soldier ; and walk around his camp at four in the morning, with the vigilance of a sentinel.

His manners are austere and forbidding, but his heart is susceptible of the finest feelings of sensibility. When in danger, he is in his element ; and never shows to so good advantage, as when leading a charge. His name is better in an action, or in an enemy's country, than a brigade of undisciplined levies.

THE FEAR OF THUNDER.

THE fear of thunder, which men exhibit, seems justifiable by the like apprehensions of this explosion of the clouds, expressed by all other animals :

*Fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.*

Virg. Georg. lib. i. lin. 330.

The nations shrink appall'd: the beasts are fled:
All human hearts are sunk, and pierc'd with dread.

Warton's Translat. of the Georgics.

Hesiod, from whom Virgil borrowed this passage, says, that not only animals in general, but even the most savage

beast, fled at the sound of thunder. With respect to man, it may be observed, that reason should control his fears, or proportion them to the danger; that the mischief which a fever does in the course of a summer in Paris, is greater than what is occasioned by thunder during fifty years through the whole country. But this mode of arguing, though seemingly specious, is hollow and inconclusive. The evil produced by a summer fever extends through the whole season, and is divided into the various parts of it in an equal degree: whereas the danger of thunder is condensed into one single point of time, and the peril of that instant is comparatively greater than any one moment of a fever. A wall, which threatens to fall, has killed no one since it was built; yet it is certain that it will fall some time or other; and, when that happens, the danger becomes instantaneous: which evil moment we are to take into the consideration of danger, and not the time in which it has continued to stand, without the peril of falling.

THE CAUSES OF HARMONIOUS AND DISCORD- ANT SOUNDS.

Sounds proceed from the air being forcibly put in motion, which we perceive by the impression that it makes on the tympanum of the ear. When a sonorous body is struck or shaken, it communicates to the air around the motion by which it is affected; and that motion operates by undulations similar to those which we may perceive on the surface of a stream, when we throw a stone into it. The more quick and frequent these undulations are, the more sharp is the sound. The treble string of a violin is sharper than the base, for this reason only, that its motion, being quicker, produces readier and more frequent undulations. In loosening a string the motion becomes more slack, the undulations more slow, and the sound less acute. On these principles, the causes of harmony and dissonance are easily accounted for. When the undulations produced by two strings of a violin are equal,

and alike, and under the same point of time, an unison, or the most perfect harmony, is the consequence : when the contrary of this case happens, a most horrid discord is the effect. When the undulations are equal, but not of the same time, but returning at regular intervals, these beautiful variations take place, which add so much to the charms of music. From this plain doctrine of undulations, we can account for a very remarkable and a very pleasing natural circumstance, which arises from two strings being in unison : when one string is touched, and utters its proper note, the other by mere agitation sends forth the same tone though more feebly. The undulations of the air, occasioned by the string that is struck, puts the other in motion by pulsation, and excites in it certain undulations, which being equal to those produced by the former string, they combine together, and thus the force of each is aided and increased by its communication.

SELECT SENTENCES.

VICE hath not a more *abject slave* ; society produces not a more *odious vermin* ; nor can the *devil* receive a *guest* more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a SLANDERER. The world regards not this monster with half the abhorrence he deserves, yet, it is certain the thief looks innocent in the comparison ; nay, the murderer himself can, seldom stand in competition with his guilt : for *slander* is a more cruel weapon than the *sword*, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable.

THE *foibles* and *vices* of men, in whom there is a great mixture of good, become more glaring from the *virtues*, which contrast them, and shew their deformity ; and when we find such vices attended with their evil consequence to our favorite characters, we are not only taught to shun them for *their own sake* ; but to hate them for the mischiefs they have already brought on *those we love*.

WHAT is the reason, that females, who have understandings equal to the wisest and greatest of the other sex, so often make choice of the silliest fellows for companions and favorites? How often does it raise indignation to the highest pitch, to reflect on the number of women of sense, who have been *undone by fools!*

THE world in general is divided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverse of each other. One party seems to hold, that all acts of this kind are to be esteemed as *voluntary gifts*, and however little you give, (if indeed no more than your good wishes) you acquire a great degree of merit in so doing. Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly persuaded, that beneficence is a *positive duty*, and that whenever the rich fall greatly short of their ability in relieving the distresses of the poor, their pitiful largesses are so far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their duty by halves, and are in some sense more contemptible than those, who have entirely neglected it. The *givers* are generally of the *former* sentiment, and the *receivers* are almost universally inclined to the *latter*.

There is nothing which contributes more to our repose than the ignorance of our evil destinies. To know our future calamities is to be miserable before our time. "What use had it been to Crassus," says Cicero, "amidst his accumulation of riches, to have been assured that he and his son should perish ignominiously beyond the Euphrates, and that his army should be totally defeated? What miseries had Cæsar and Pompey previously felt, amidst their brilliant actions and glorious triumphs, if they had foreseen their respective misfortunes; viz. that the former should be assassinated in the senate, and the latter on the confines of Egypt, by the hands of those who were once their friends and dependants!"

TOM JONES.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE TO AMBITION.

HENCE, Ambition ! Demon, hence !

Haunt no more my peaceful bow'r ;
Thy charms are little recompence
For many a troubled hour.

Hence, nor tempt me ! Demon, hence !

To me thou'rt known,
Misfortunes damp my every joy,
Each vision form'd in Fancy's eye,
Each hope is flown :
Hence, then ! Ambition, hence !

Yet I may paint the wily art
With which thou chain'st the youthful heart,
And tempt'st to tread thy thorny ways ;
May tell, as false thy prospects glare,
As meteors flirting through the air,
With quick and transient blaze.

Thou bid'st the hero's breast with ardor glow,
And onward press, unknown to fear,
Unknown to Pity's trembling tear ;
Seeking the path through hosts of slain,
And bounding o'er the gory plain ;
As Glory calls him, still pursuing,
Callous to tender Mercy's suing,
Onward still, thou bid'st him steer :
'Till, staid amid his bold career,
He falls—he groans—and sinks beneath the deadly blow.

Prompted by thee, the statesman grasps at power,
Nor hears his suff'ring country's groans,
Nor hears the thousand, thousand moans,
Which bid him liberty restore :
Faction's clam'rous, troubled band,
And dire Oppression, blast the land :—

'Till Justice hears the nation's cries,
And 'neath the blood-stain'd axe the mighty felon dies.

For thee the poet wastes his youth
Amid the night's chill gloom ;
For thee he scorns the fickle joys
Which empty Pleasure's vot'ries prize,
And seeks to triumph o'er the tomb :—
But ah ! he feels the chilling hand
Of proud Contempt ;—his hopes disperse,
And Penury's haggard, frozen band
His tender bosom pierce :
See his fiery eye-balls roll !
Frenzy marks him for her own :—
Now sunk in grief, his noble soul
Mourns each fond vision flown ;
And now dark Melancholy wears his frame ;
In deep despondency he sinks,
And owns no more " the magic of a name."
Hence then, Ambition ! Demon, hence !
O'er me thou hast no power ;
Too well I know thy phantoms lead
To many a bitter hour.

BEAUTY IN TEARS.

Oh, weep not, sweet maid, nor let sorrow oppress thee,
Thy innocent bosom should banish all fears ;
Kind heaven will protect thee—fair virtue caress thee,
And angels will pity such beauty in tears.
But some cruel tyrants compassion ne'er cherish,
In all their dark actions ambition appears ;
They suffer the wretched to languish and perish,
And look without pity on beauty in tears.
How blest is the heart which with charity floweth,
And tranquil the bosom that virtue reveres ;
How sweet is the balm that kind pity bestoweth,
To soften the sorrow of beauty in tears.

ON A PILE OF RUINS.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

I ASK'D of TIME, "To whom is rear'd this mass,
Whose ruins now thou crumblest with the soil?"
He answer'd not, but fiercer shook his glass,
And flew with swifter wing to wider spoil.
I ask'd of FAME, "O thou, whose breath supplies
Life to high works of wonder, whose remains?"
Abash'd to earth she bent her mournful eyes,
Like one who sighing silently complains.
Lost in amaze, I turn'd my steps aside,
When o'er each heap I saw OBLIVION stride,
With haughty mein and air of deep design—
"Thou, then," I said, "must know; ah! deign declare."
Stern he replied, hoarse thunder shook the air,
"Whose once it was I seek not—now 'tis mine."

LOVE AND REASON.

BY J. M. LACEY.

OH! tell me not of reason now,
When love is all my theme;
'Tis fit but for some wrinkled brow,
Which ne'er of bliss could dream.

For what has reason pray to do
With beauty's cheek of bloom,
Where love still finds some charm quite new,
Fresh wove in fancy's loom.

Can reason cold define the rays
That dart from beauty's eye,
Whose ever vivid, varying blaze,
Her chilling powers defy?

One kiss imparted from that lip,
In early love's bright season,
Is worth, as nectar'd sweets I sip,
An age made up of reason!

TO A FRIEND WITH A WALKING STICK.

Good morning, sir ! I hope you're well to day ?
Zounds ! why you look as if you didn't know me !
Sir, I'm the holly, late so green and gay,
Which struck with admiration all who saw me.
A wag, sir, pluck'd me from my native bed,
Dress'd me in sable coat and pantaloons,
And put this silver hat upon my head,
And gave me eyes, which shine like silver spoons.
In brazen boot he thrust my foot and leg,
And o'er my neck a silken halter threw ;
Then bid me hasten, and politely beg
Washing and lodging, worthy sir, of you.
Grant me this boon, and, with unceasing care,
I'll guide your footsteps through each devious way,
Keep off your spaniels, and o'er gutters bear
Your shoes so natty, and white stockings gay.
Should any scoundrels dare insult your grace,
I care not whom—Dan, Thomas, Dick, or Moses—
Grasp me but firm, and, in a moment's space,
I'll crack their 'craniums, and unbridge their noses.
When pester'd with the miseries of age,
And life's ecstatic pleasures lose their zest,
Hang on me 'cross two beams, and I'll engage
To bear you, *kicking*, to the realms of rest.

THE BACHELOR.

How weary and how woe-begone, at eve,
Sits the lone bachelor, and on his mind,
Save where a cheerful fire imparts its beam,
No ray of varied happiness steals in.
Far luckier wight, who, proud of youthful grace,
Ambles at evening with some sportive nymph,
By lamp-light frequent view'd with draggled tail,
Semstress, or milliner, or serving maid.

But he more blest who waits the postman's knock,
Prompt to decypher hieroglyphic scrawls,
In lovely characters by his fair one sent,
Cupid entangling every mazy line,
Till forth he flies to know her sweet intent,
When haply met, they interchange soft looks,
Vow, ere they part, *eternal* constancy,
Nor dream a *fortnight* is its longest date.
And trav'ling farther on life's thorny road,
Behold the married man—vagaries gone,
And all the pride of youthful folly spent,
Hair breadth escapes, and quarrels nightly pick'd,
Justicial admonitions, sly intrigues,
Lanterns despoiled, and sentry-box laid flat,
And hobbling vet'ran in the kennel roll'd,
All vanish'd like "the whistling of a name,"
He sits him down the *happiest* man on earth ;
Ten thousand cares all dancing in his brain,
Blest with a tender, loving, scolding wife,
Five children here—there fifty debts unpaid,
Duns, doctors, education, masters, books,
Taxes and petticoats, and tailor's bills,
And all the plagues they call "*domestic sweets*."
At times returning to his homely fare,
In fancy dwelling o'er a savory chop,
With pickles drest, and serv'd on cleanly plate,
Amaz'd he sees his house involv'd in smoke,
From gaping copper, raised in murky clouds ;
He hurries on in search of babes and wife,
And hears her warbling ditties at a tub,
Immers'd in froth, the deity of suds.
In vain his stomach cries for eatables ;
Steam'd out, and dripping like an unwrung sheet,
He hies him to some alehouse fire to dry.

Yet are there pleasures in the married state,
And I the last that would decry their worth,
Though clouded, yet at least superior deem'd

To uniform and tasteless celibacy ;
Where the few " virtues walk their narrow round,"
Worthless without the sanction of the fair.

How luckless he who loiters by the stream—
Till the best chance of pleasure is gone by,
And his frail bark sinks in the rushy flood.

TO A LADY FEARFUL OF THUNDER.

SAY, whence this sudden chill, my fair,
When thunder rattles through the air ?
Why quits your blood each distant part,
And hastes to guard the laboring heart ?
The flash that strikes the villain dead,
Is taught to spare the guiltless head ;
Or, should by this the virtuous die,
'Twere but on lightning's wings to fly,
And gain with greater speed the sky.

EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

AN EQUAL COUPLE.

'Tis odd this pair can ne'er agree,
Although so EQUAL in their lives :
The very worst of husbands he,
And she the very worst of wives.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

OF LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, REMARKABLE INCIDENTS,
OBITUARY NOTICES, &c. &c.

FOREIGN.

RELIGIOUS ELECTIONEERING. On Tuesday last, the electioneering for the perpetual curacy of Bilston, void by the death of Rev. Mr. Best, commenced, when no less than five candidates started. The struggle is a very severe one, and has been attended with all the disgraceful scenes familiar to those conversant with electioneering. Open houses—colors—processions—broken heads and limbs, have marked the course of proceedings during each succeeding day ; one of the parties having possessed itself of the colors belonging to

the former corps of volunteers, a very severe engagement ensued, in which they were taken and retaken. Three of the candidates retired early from the contest; the remaining two pursued it with unabating ardor, till Thursday evening, when the following enumeration of votes was published:

STATE OF THE POLL.

Leigh	-	-	856	Robinson	-	-	125 withdrawn.
Pearson	-	-	607	Crocket	-	-	9 do.
				Slatter	-	-	3 do.

Majority in favor of Leigh, 249.

The favorite candidate, in consequence, published an address of thanks to his congregation in the usual form of election addresses, full of gratitude and fair speeches. Yesterday, being Good Friday, the rival parties agreed upon a truce, and it is expected this disgraceful spectacle will terminate in favor of Mr. Leigh, in the course of this day.

[*Birmingham Chronicle.*]

DR. REES'S NEW CYCLOPEDIA. The editor and proprietors have lately announced that this valuable work will be completed in three years, forming thirty-six volumes, twenty-four of which are already published.

WALTER SCOTT. We are desired by the publishers to state the following comparative sale of *Rokeby* and the *Lady of the Lake*:

Sold of the *Lady of the Lake*, in nearly four months, (June 2, to Sept. 22, 1810.)

2000 quarto, at £2 2s.	-	-	-	£4200
6000 octavo at 12s.	-	-	-	3600

8000	£7800
------	-------

Sold of *Rokeby* in three months, (Jan. 14, to April 14, 1813.)

3000 quarto, at £2 2s. (less, 120 remaining)	£6048
5000 octavo at 14s.	3500

8000	£9548
------	-------

This demand is perfectly unexampled, and evinces the increasing popularity of this favorite poet.

AN IRISH ESTATE has lately been advertised in a *Cork* newspaper, with temptations to a purchaser of no ordinary kind. It consists of two villages, the future prospects of which are set forth by stating that one of them is let for *nine hundred years*, and the other on a *lease forever*! on the expiration of which terms, both the said villages will be capable of great improvement.

THE ATTORNEY AND APOTHECARY. As two of these gentlemen were sitting together in a public house, the doctor began to reproach the attorney with the number of strange words which the law indulged in, viz. "Habeas Corpus, fieri facias," &c. &c. and amongst others, asked how, or what was meant by the words "Docking an entail?" "Why doctor," replied the attorney, "it is doing what you will not do with your patients—it is—*suffering a recovery.*"

THE COSSACK. The Cossack and a Russian officer, who arrived in London on Friday last, made their appearance yesterday in the city, agreeable to notice given in some of the papers. They met the Lord Mayor at the mansion house, and after passing through Lloyd's, they were stationed in the balcony, looking into the Exchange. The Cossack's spear was ten feet long, and it was said, that he had killed thirty-seven Frenchmen with it.

On Tuesday the Cossack went to Banscombe's Lottery office, where he purchased several tickets. The crowd gathered immediately on his alighting to such an immensity, and so eager were all descriptions of persons to gain a sight of him and shake hands, that the coach door was actually torn from its hinges.

ANTIQUITY Last week some men employed in moving ground for the purpose of forming a road near Fair-mile Bottom, Arundel, discovered an entire Roman sepulchral urn, containing the ashes of a human body, and two *fibule*, or fastenings, used for the *toga*, or cloak, and a small brass coin of the emperor M. Aurelius Carus.

LIFE PRESERVER. On Tuesday an experiment was made of a newly invented Life-Preserver, in cases of shipwreck on a lee-shore. Two men with the covering on, threw themselves into the sea from the Admiral's tender stationed off the Platform battery, Portsmouth, and were floated upon the surface of the stream to the Old Salley Port. The experiment was made in the presence of Sir Richard Bickerton, Admiral Hargood, and a great number of officers, who were the most competent judges of its title; and the general impression was in favor of its great utility. The invention is in the form of a common seaman's matras, and it is so simply and effectively constructed, that it requires only one man to adjust it on the body, and will preserve every part of the person from injury, by striking against pieces of wreck, rocks, &c. The buoyant principle of it is indisputable, being a preparation of cork, and which by its long continuance in the water, becomes the more buoyant.

A GANG OF TWENTY-THREE THIEVES were last month tried and convicted at the Court of Assizes in Paris. Many of them are said to have been singularly dexterous in their predatory avocations, requiring only a hook at the end of a long cord to scale the highest wall. One named Delzieye, by making use of his hands and feet only, could climb to the second and third stories of a house, and descend again with great expedition. Their dexterity increased with their audacity; scarcely any house in Paris was safe from their depredations; when disturbed they escaped out of the windows, and when unmolested, they penetrated to the bed-chambers, and, without disturbing those asleep, took off their rings and necklaces. Their depredations had been carried on near three years, during which time they had never committed murder. On the trial they said that they were forbidden this crime by the rules of their association.—Their sentence was imprisonment for a number of years, and for life.

DOMESTIC.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

An Appeal to the Nations of Europe agsinst the continental system, published at Stockholm, by authority of Bernadotte, in March, 1813. By Madame de Stael Holstein. Boston, S. H. Parker.

The Life of the late General William Eaton; several years an officer in the United States' army, Consul at the regency of Tunis on the coast of Barbary, and commander of the Christian and other forces that marched from Egypt though the desert of Barca, in 1805, and conquered the city of Dern, which led to the treaty of peace between the United States and the regency of Tripoli: principally collected from his correspondence and other manuscripts. Brookfield, E. Merriam.

DIED,

In Virginia, Ralph Bresken, Esq. late speaker of the house of Assembly.

In Springfield, Mrs. Nancy Dickman, 44, wife of the editor of the Hampden Federalist. Mr. George Wright, 87. His descendants were 16 children, 70 grand children, 75 great grand children.

In Boston harbor, drowned, by the upsetting of a boat, sargeant Joseph L. Howe, corporal Shadrach Briggs, privates Gregory, Winchester, Rice, French, Ramsay, Nutten and Howe, soldiers on Fort Independence. The bodies were taken up and interred with military honors.

In Boston, Mr. Abraham Adams, 23. His death was occasioned by the vapor, in descending a well.

In Windsor, Vt. JOHN H. PALMER, Esq. aged 34, a private soldier in the U. S. Army. Mr. P. was born at Framingham, Mass. and was educated to the profession of the law, under the Hon. Royal Tyler, chief justice of the state of Vermont. He possessed by nature a brilliant fancy, genius and talents, and from education derived a well cultivated taste, and literary acquirements, which might have done honor to the possessor. With such accomplishments he could not fail of procuring friends; and it may truly be said that he had not an enemy on earth, except his own frailty—a want of resolution to resist the allurements of vice. The *Federal Galaxy*, printed some years since at Brattleborough, and the *Farmer's Museum*, at Walpole, have frequently been decorated with the effusions of his glowing imagination; and many of his fugitive essays, in prose and verse, have been copied into most of the literary journals in the United States.

Correspondence.

A Portrait of Commodore ROGERS is in the hands of the engraver, and will shortly be completed. Also a head of the late GEN. LINGAN.

Our poetical department for this month bears only exotics. Our readers as well as ourselves have to regret the absence of our friend "ORLANDO," who so oft has given a charm to our pages; he is now in England: But where is "M. W.?" He was not wont to neglect us for so long a time: And where can "ALPHESIBOEUS" have wandered, that we hear not the mellifluous notes of his enchanting lyre?

"SECULARIUS" is advised to read our motto.

We feel a degree of self approbation, that so many of our original and selected trifles are thought, by the Editor of the BOSTON GAZETTE, worthy of a place at the head of his columns. We only wish that he would in future set our "mark upon them."

ERRATUM. *In the last number, page 159, motto, in a few copies, for "calcebræ," read "latebræ."*

THE
POLYANTHOS.

FOR AUGUST, 1813.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth.
Dr. Johnson.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
HIS EXCELLENCY CALEB STRONG, LL. D.
GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In a period, and, we are sorry to add, in a country too, in which, may be found in public characters many instances of turpitude, of gross misconduct, of profligacy of principle and practice, of contempt of the dictates of morality and justice, of open disregard of what is proper and honorable in public life, and what is decent and commendable in private ; at such a time and in such a country, the human mind finds some consolation in discovering on the theatre of public service one example, at least, of modest virtue and correct deportment, of undeviating integrity and manly independence, of disinterested patriotism, of unblemished morals, and of cheerful and unaffected piety. Massachusetts is indebted to a benevolent Providence that she has been able to find such a character among her own citizens ; and the state has done itself honor in calling to preside in its councils a persons who unites in himself so many worthy qualities.

If we survey the most eminent men bearing sway in the great nations of Europe ; if we bring our eyes to our own shores and view the leading men in the state and general governments, neither in Europe nor in America shall we find a

man, whose public and private conduct has been more just, correct, and exemplary in every respect, than has been that of the revered chief magistrate now presiding in this Commonwealth. He seems, indeed, to be one of the few remaining instances of public virtue, by whose life and conduct we may perceive what the patriots were in other nations and in former times, before morals were disregarded, and public good sacrificed to private emolument; before patriotism ceased to be a virtue and began to be a trade; before—*is he just? is he honest?* were omitted in the inquiries relative to public candidates; and vulgar obloquy, and the malignant passions and vices and open rebellion to constituted authorities became the successful means of promotion, and the distinguished objects of reward.

His Excellency CALEB STRONG was born at Northampton early in the year 1745. His ancestors lived in Taunton in England. When the family emigrated to America, it first resided in Dorchester, afterwards in Windsor in Connecticut, from which place it removed to Northampton, in the year 1659. The governor now resides on the patrimonial estate, which has descended from father to son for several generations.

The parents of governor Strong discovered in him while very young a literary taste, which they cultivated; and he was placed at Harvard University as soon as his preparatory studies were completed. In college, he displayed that prudence and wisdom of conduct, that cheerful and correct morality, that manly firmness, that mild humility of manners, that undeviating rectitude of mind, and strict adherence to virtuous principles, which have since in every stage of his life uniformly distinguished him.

In 1764, he received the usual honors of the University, and began the study of the law under Major Hawley. The inhabitants of Northampton immediately perceived in him those excellent qualities and useful talents, that incorruptible integrity and unaffected and disinterested regard for the public good, which are the proper qualifications of a public offi-

cer. Even before he engaged in that liberal and successful practice of the law, in which he was so highly eminent and successful at one period of his life in the western part of this Commonwealth, he was repeatedly elected by his fellow-townsmen to fill important municipal offices ; and the sphere of his usefulness extended in proportion as the emergencies and distresses of his country required his aid. In times, which have emphatically been said to have "tried men's souls," he was distinguished among those great and eminent men, who passed the ordeal with untarnished glory, and who stood forth conspicuous advocates of their country's rights, and undaunted assertors of her independence. From that period to the present, the suffrages of his fellow citizens have called him into public life, at every crisis when eminent talents and uncorrupted virtue were required in the formation and administration of the government. His life indeed became so connected with the affairs of the commonwealth, that we cannot relate its incidents with circumstantial accuracy without writing the history of the state, for which we have neither time nor room in this publication. He has been successively elected and appointed to various offices in the state, both before and since the revolution which established its independence, an imperfect enumeration of which is here inserted.

He was early in life chosen treasurer, and one of the selectmen of Northampton ; a member of her committee of safety, in 1775 ; a justice of the peace ; the attorney for the state in the county of Hampshire ; a member of the revolutionary councils of Massachusetts, in 1776 ; one of the convention of the state who adopted the constitution of the state government ; one of the committee who drew up the bill of rights and the form of the constitution ; a member of the council, in 1780, in whom was placed the executive power ; in 1781, and until 1787, a senator for the county of Hampshire ; a delegate elected by the general court of Massachusetts to represent the state in the convention which formed the constitution of the United States ; as soon as that constitution went

into operation, he was chosen a senator of the United States and continued so eight years.

In 1800, he was elected governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in which office he continued until 1807, when private life, always desirable to him, was obtained and enjoyed. In 1812, the urgent request of his fellow citizens induced him again, like Cincinnatus, to leave his farm and accept the chair of state. He has since been re-elected by increased majorities, and now holds that important office. He has besides declined many other offices, to which his merits induced his countrymen to elect and appoint him; one of which was the office of a judge of the supreme court of the state.

The private life of governor Strong affords a record of all the domestic virtues, of conjugal and paternal affection, of practical benevolence and primitive simplicity, of honest dealings and honorable industry, of cheerful friendship and pure and undefiled religion. He married, in 1777, Miss Hooker, daughter of the clergyman of Northampton, and has several children. Within a short period, death has deprived him of a beloved and very promising son, in the prime of life.

We must leave to the historian of the state, the public life of governor Strong. In many of her most perilous hours, he has stood forth the champion of her rights and liberties, and, though attached from choice to private life, never shrunk from the arduous duties which her partiality and her necessities induced her to impose on him. He has been a watchful centinel, and has guarded the palladium of the Commonwealth from every approximation of danger. His fellow citizens will ever hold in grateful remembrance, the candor, mildness, prudence, and correctness he has ever displayed in his appointments to office, and in all his other gubernatorial acts. Such indeed has been the clear and unsullied purity of his public and private life, that party spirit, with all the keenness of its investigation, with all its virulent disposition to defame its adversaries, with all the ingenuity and industry of its tribe of calumniators, has not been able to discover or affix upon

his reputation a single blemish. He seems indeed, like Alfred, "to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage, or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice : so happily are all his virtues tempered together ; so justly are they blended."

Happy for our country would it be, Were all its rulers such men !

THE FREEBOOTER.

"The good humor is to steal at a minute's rest—Convey, the wise it call ; steal ! a *feo* for the phrase." *Shakspeare.*

The Porter at a Great Man's Door,

SAYS that accurate observer of nature, Henry Fielding, is a kind of thermometer, by which one may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship. In the highest stations of all, as the great man himself hath his different kinds of salutation, from a hearty embrace with a kiss, and *my dear lord*, or *dear Sir Charles*, down to *well, Mr.*—— *what would you have me do ?* so the porter, to some bows with respect, to others with a smile, to some he bows more, to others less low, to others not at all. Some he just *lets in*, and others he just *shuts out* ; and in all this, they so well correspond, that one would be inclined to think, that the great man and his porter had compared their lists together, and, like two actors, concerned to act different parts in the same scene, had rehearsed their parts privately together, before they ventured to perform in public.

The Art of Promising,

OBSERVES the same author, is the economy of a great man's pride ; a sort of good husbandry in conferring favors, by which they receive ten-fold in acknowledgements for every obligation ; I mean among those who really intend the service : for

there are others, who cheat poor men of their thanks, without ever designing to deserve them at all.

—
The Monks of La Trappe

Are said to have lived in the extremest rigor of solitary devotion, and to have each his coffin to sleep in by way of *memento mori*; but if an accidental meeting took place, the sepulchral silence was no otherwise broken than by exclaiming with a mournful shake of the head, *Brother, we must die.*

—
Voltaire.

It is said that Voltaire wrote a satire against some man of quality, who beat him for it. He made his complaints to the regent: that sensible prince replied, "What would you have me do? justice has been done already."

—
Diderot.

The father of this elegant writer was a maker of lancets for the surgeons. When he was told of his son's celebrity as a writer, he used to say, "The devil take the lad! you don't know how many lancets he spoiled when he was my apprentice."

Diderot quarrelled with his father, and on being reconciled to him, dedicated an Essay upon Virtue and Merit to his brother, which he thus concludes: "My dear brother, believe me, *philosophy* lies at the same distance from *impiety*, that *fanaticism* does from *picty*. There is no *virtue* without *religion*; no *happiness* without *virtue*."

—
French Literature.

It is with the literature of the French, (says Dr. Johnson) as with their meat; it is not very excellent, but they know very well how to cook it.

—
Definition of Humor. Ben Johnson.

——— Humor ——— we thus define it,
To be a quality of air or water,

And in itself holds these two properties,
 Moisture and fluxure : as, for demonstration,
 Pour water on this floor, 'twill wet and run ;
 Likewise the air, forc'd through a horn or trumpet,
 Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
 A kind of dew ; and hence we do conclude,
 That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
 Is HUMOR. So in every human body,
 The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
 By reason that they flow continually
 In some one part, and are not continent,
 Receive the name of humorous. Now thus far
 It may, by metaphor, apply itself
 Unto the general disposition :
 As when some one peculiar quality
 Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
 All his affects, his spirits, and his powers
 In their constructions, all to run one way.

—
Fine Feeling.

As frisky John Perch, with his basket of fish,
 Prepar'd for the buyer of eels a good dish,
 Sam Flog'em, the carman, was cruelly whipping
 A generous steed, which the knave had caught tripping :
 Quoth John, (his fine feeling unable to smother)
 With a knife in one hand and an eel in the other,
 " You hard-hearted rascal, pray leave off your whipping,
 Or I'll fetch you a dub, that shall soon set you skipping ;
 If you do not know how, I will teach you to feel !"
 Then he stripp'd off the skin from a poor dying eel.
 Thus to our own feelings so blind are our eyes,
 We oft are the thing we affect to despise.

—
To Youth.

The following verses, from an author but little known, and now almost forgotten, have a considerable portion of spirit and delicacy.

SWEET morn of life ! all hail, ye hours of ease !
When blooms the cheek with roseate, varying dyes ;
When modest grace exerts each power to please,
And streaming lustre radiates in the eyes.
Thy past hours innocent, thy present gay,
Thy future, halcyon hope depicts without allay.
Day spring of life ! oh, stay thy fleeting hours !
Thou fairy reign of ev'ry pleasant thought !
Fancy, to cheer thy path, strews all her flowers,
And in her loom thy plan of years is wrought.
By thee for goodness is each heart caress'd,
The world, untried, is judg'd by that within thy breast.

Sweet state of Youth ! O harmony of soul !
Now cheerful dawns the day, noon brightly beams,
And evening comes serene, nor cares controul,
And night approaches with soft infant dreams
Circling, the moon beholds th' accustom'd round,
Life's smiling charities awake, and joys abound.
Season of hope, and peace, and virtues, stay !
And for our bliss let inexperience rest !
For what can prudent foresight's beam display ?
Why—the barb'd arrow pointed at our breast !
Teach to suspect the heart we guileless trust,
And, ere we are betray'd, to think a friend unjust.
Thou candid age ! with ardent friendship fraught,
That fearless confidence to none denies :
Better sometimes deceiv'd—and, artless, taught
By thy own griefs the wisdom of the wise.
For sad experience, with sorrowing breath,
Sheds, weeping sheds, the pristine roses in hope's wreath.
Season belov'd ! Ah, doom'd to pass away !
With all thy freshness, all thy flatt'ring joys,
With blooming beauties envied ; powerful sway,
With laughing hours, the future ne'er annoys.
Ah ! be thou spent as virtue bids to spend !
Then—though we wish thy stay—no sighs thy reign
shall end.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A COURSE OF
LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,
BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE SIXTH.

Pneumatics—Part Second.

THE air of the atmosphere, is a mixture, or possibly a combination of three different gases—oxygen, nitrogen, or azotic gas and a small portion of carbonic acid gas, and of water. The former of these, seems to be the only ingredient, on which the effect of the air, as a chemical agent, depends. Hence combustible bodies burn in atmospheric air, only in consequence of the oxygen gas which it contains; and when this is exhausted, air is no longer capable of supporting combustion.

Atmospheric air ministers to the support of human life only in consequence of the oxygen gas which it contains. Air having been received into the lungs, and again expired, is found to have lost considerable of its oxygenous part, viz. 10 to 12 per cent. It proves fatal, to animals, however, long before the purer part is wholly exhausted; and hence it appears, that a considerable portion of oxygen gas is even necessary to fit the air for supporting respiration. That air is necessary to the support of combustion and, on the same principle, of animal life, (for it is well known, that the lungs of an animal can never perform their functions, where a candle will not burn,) may be demonstrated by this experiment. (Candle under an exhausted receiver.)

In the first part of the Lecture on Pneumatics, I considered the weight and pressure of the atmosphere. A column of air, reaching from the earth to the highest part of the atmosphere, which possesses the power of refracting light, is estimated at a weight of 15 pounds for every square inch on which it rests. The pneumatic pistol will give you an idea of the weight of the atmosphere on a flat surface, when the air from under it is extracted, and a Boylean vacuum produc-

ed. (Experiment with pneumatic cannon.) This experiment was accompanied with considerable noise, occasioned by the quantity of air, and the velocity with which it entered the vacuum. Mr. Papin has calculated that this velocity is sufficient to carry it through 1300 feet in a second of time.

The syphon affords a very probable solution of the nature of intermitting springs and fountains. Many instances of these occur. At Gravesend there is a pond out of which the water *ebbs* all the time the tide is coming into the adjacent river, and *flows* while the tide is going out. This phenomenon probably arises from a subterranean reservoir, equal in capacity to the quantity of water that rises and falls in the pond. Between this reservoir and the pond, there may be a natural syphon by which they communicate with each other, and act as already explained; and a second natural syphon may in the same manner convey it away from the pond when it is filled to a certain height.*

The syphon may be used for many entertaining, as well as useful purposes. It is sometimes made the instrument of much amusement in pneumatic experiments, particularly when fixed in a vessel called Tantalus's cup, which, being filled with water, on being presented to the lips, cheats the person who attempts to drink; for the liquid flows through the longer leg of the concealed syphon, and falls on his feet instead of running into his mouth. This cup derives its name from the fable of Tantalus, thus related by Homér.

* There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds,
Pours out deep groans—with groans all hell resounds.
E'en in the circling flood refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves,
And when the water to his lips applies,
Back from his lips the treacherous water flies,
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread.

* For an interesting and ingenious paper on the subject of the natural syphons by which Boston is supplied with water, the reader is referred to the second volume of Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The article is from the pen of the Rev. John Lathrop, D. D.

The world is indebted to the great Gallileo for the discovery and demonstration of the air's gravity. He found by experiment that water might be raised to a certain height, and no further. To account for this phenomenon, he substituted the pressure of the atmosphere as a cause, instead of the common doctrine of nature's abhorrence of a vacuum. For there was no doubt that a vacuum could be obtained as high as a tube could be raised and a piston drawn; but it was found that water would rise in it no higher than the point where the weight of its column could be counterbalanced by an equal weight of atmosphere, acting on a similar base. Torrecellius, Borellius, and others, especially the English philosophers, availed themselves of this hint, and to their improvement of it on hydrostatical and pneumatic principles, we are indebted for that useful and elegant instrument, the Barometer. The machinery at first used for experiments on the subject of the air's pressure being sufficient to account for the rise and support of fluids in vacuo, was unwieldy, and troublesome. An immense wooden shaft, nearly forty feet in length, was bored in the manner of a common pump, but left closed at one end. Still higher than the shaft, stages were erected to work the piston, in order to exhaust the air from the pipe, and procure a vacuum. After this object was obtained, it was necessary to invert the upper end in the water of a large reservoir or tank; this was performed by the aid of the sail of a windmill. Ingenious men could not long submit to this laborious and clumsy operation. It soon occurred to Torrecellius, that if a column of water 33 feet high were a counterpoise to a whole column of the atmosphere, then a column of mercury of about two feet and a half, would *also* be a counterpoise to it; since quicksilver is nearly fourteen times heavier than water, and so, the 14th part of the height, or about two feet and a half, would be as heavy as the column of water. This reasoning was verified; for having filled a glass tube with quicksilver, and inverted it in a bason containing a quantity of the same fluid, the mercury presently descended until its height above that in the bason, was about

two feet and a half, just as he expected. And this, is what is from him, called the Torricellian experiment.

But it may be questioned here, why a column of air, separated from the body of the atmosphere, and enclosed in a glass receiver, only 30 inches should have the power to support the mercury, as much as a column reaching to the utmost height of the atmosphere. This circumstance is explained by knowing the fact, that the elasticity of the air increases or diminishes with an alteration of its density, and in exact proportion to it. It is no matter, whether the air be compressed, and, retained in any space, by the weight of the atmosphere, or any other cause, as, in either case it will endeavor to expand with the same force. And therefore, if such air as is near the earth, be enclosed in a glass vessel, so as to have no communication with the external air, the pressure of such enclosed air, will be equal to the whole weight of a similar column of the whole external atmosphere.

The variation in the density of the atmosphere was also made evident by the rise and fall of the mercury within the tube. A series of accurate observations, enabled the inventor and the improvers of the Barometer to mark those variations, and from them to indicate the changes which are about to take place in the state of the weather. The weight of the atmosphere being least in stormy weather, the mercury sinks to about 28 inches—but in fine, clear and serene weather, the atmosphere will sustain the column of mercury about 30 inches high; and between these extremes all the changes that happen in the weight of the air, near the surface of the earth, are included. The phenomena of the atmosphere afford fruitful subjects for hypothesis and conjecture. To what is this different density of the air, as shewn by the barometer, and evinced by our own sensations, attributable? We now know that water may be formed from two kinds of air, and may again be separated into two constituent parts; in fact that water and air are, by various natural processes, convertible into each other. Why then may not these processes go on in the atmosphere; why may not the atmosphere dif-

fer at times in real absolute quantity as well as in density and elasticity? Why may not rain and dew be air converted into water? An ingenious and very late writer, who proposes the foregoing interesting queries, follows them closely with various arguments to prove that meteorological phenomena really support their variation of the quantity and state of the atmosphere; the *change of water into air*, and the *contrary*; and asserts that in all changes, there are concomitant appearances which point out some of the agents by which they are produced. The electrical principle seems connected with most of the atmospherical phenomena; and the positive or negative state of the air's electricity, is referred to by this writer, as the influencing cause on which their variety depends.

Elasticity of air is the force with which it endeavors to expand and with which it actually does dilate itself, on removing the force that compressed it. There is no property of the atmosphere more obvious to our senses than this; the slightest removal of a counter pressure of air, is instantaneously improved by any quantity however small, to expand, and occupy a larger space than it did before. Many conjectures have been offered, and various hypotheses formed to account for the elasticity of the air. Mr. Boyle compared the aerial particles to little watch springs, coiled round and contorted by pressure. This supposition is now deemed inadequate to solve the difficulty; as the property of elasticity appears rather to proceed from some peculiarity in the matter itself, than in its form. Lead, for instance, will acquire no elasticity from being rolled up in the form of a watch-spring. It is evidently caloric, or matter of heat, that produces fluidity, and renders steam elastic; and it is not improbable, that its agency may likewise occasion the elasticity of the atmosphere. That heat is the power by which air is kept in continual motion, is evident from the thermometer of Drebbel.

The elastic power of air is always equal to the force which compresses it; for were it less, it is clear that it would yield, and become more compressed; were it greater, it would not be so much reduced, for action and reaction are always equal.

Air compressed by twice the weight of the atmosphere, is reduced to half the space which it occupied before ; by four times that weight, to one quarter of that space, and so on, in a geometrical progression, supposing the heat to be always the same. Air, may therefore be condensed—a given quantity may be made to occupy a smaller space than when subject to no other pressure but that of the superincumbent fluid.

If an egg be placed at the bottom of a tall jar of water, and then covered with a receiver, upon exhausting the air, there will appear several jets or fine streams of air rising through the water from different parts of the egg ; and as a vacuum approaches, the air will escape out of the pores all over the surface of the egg, and stand in little pearl-like bubbles upon the same. The egg will also be expanded in bulk by the internal air, so that it will be rendered almost as light as the water, and be raised on one end ; and sometimes be made lighter than the water, and rise to the top, though this is not a very common case. Also the expansion of the internal air will sometimes crack the shell, though this but rarely happens.

Upon letting the air into the receiver, the jets all cease, and the pearly globules of air re-enter their pores, and totally disappear. The egg, too, is plainly seen to contract its dimensions, to become heavier, and to rest on the side. But, in lieu of the air, which has made its escape in the jets, the pores or parts deserted by it are filled with water by the returning pressure of the atmosphere upon that in the jar.

The air gun, is made on the same principle, and indeed, the force of the condensed air, may be so increased, as to counteract the greatest powers that can be applied against it. And this elasticity is permanent—for an air gun has been kept charged for fifteen years without the force of the air being perceptibly diminished.

In the lower parts of the earth, where the energies of heat give prodigious violence to its effects, it is able to convulse the whole body of the globe, and burst the solid mass to its

very surface. After having shewn, that air is a material substance, that it has great weight, pressure and elasticity, few proofs will be required of its being a resisting medium, and that it counteracts all bodies in their descent to the earth, in proportion to their respective specific gravities, and even buoys up and supports such as are specifically lighter than itself.

On this principle is the air balloon constructed—for a ball of silk, filled with hydrogen gas, which is thirteen times lighter than common air, will ascend in the atmosphere, and continue to rise until its weight is in equilibrium with an equal volume of the surrounding medium. An experiment instituted by Mr. Boyle, to shew the pressure of fluids in all directions, and the absurdity of the term absolute levity, will illustrate the doctrine of equal pressure and resistance, as applied to aerostatic machines. A balloon containing a small quantity of air is placed in water, under a receiver, with a weight attached to it. On exhausting the receiver, the air in the balloon distends the sides of it by its elasticity, until the vessel of air taking up so much more room in the water than it formerly did, is able to lift the weight, and rises to the surface of the fluid, obeying the hydrostatic law of upward pressure, which resists and buoys up bodies the most powerfully, that, being lighter than the fluid in which they are immersed, possess the most place in it, and hinder the greatest quantity of it from acquiring its due situation.

If a tall receiver, in which a guinea and a feather are so disposed, that they may be both dropped together, though one of these be the most ponderous, of all the material substances that we are acquainted with, and the other, one of the lightest, yet in this case, they will fall to the bottom with equal rapidity, and reach it at the same instant of time; which demonstrates, that the gross air, always resisting and retarding the fall of light bodies, is really removed by the pump; and that in vacuo, gravity affects all bodies alike. This also shews, that the distinction between light and heavy bodies is merely relative, as they have the same nature, and propensity to fall to the earth.

Bodies which balance each other in the open air lose their equilibrium in vacuo. If a piece of cork and a piece of lead which balance each other in air, be weighed again under an exhausted receiver the end that supports the cork will descend; for according to the law of fluids, when these bodies are weighed in air, they each lose the weight of an equal bulk of air, consequently the cork loses more weight than the lead, and therefore the lead preponderates; but when they are placed in an exhausted receiver, what the cork lost by its magnitude in the open air it now gains in vacuo; and as the bulk of the lead is much less than the bulk of the cork, the weight of the cork will exceed the weight of the lead, as much as their respective bulks in air exceed each other in weight: That is, the bodies in vacuo, will gravitate according to their real quantities of matter, which occasions the cork, the larger body, to preponderate. The air is a fluid, and the cork of equal weight with the lead, being many times larger in bulk, will meet with so much the more resistance from the air; this resistance will oppose the descent of the cork more than it does that of the lead, and consequently will more diminish its weight. Hence when the weights are equal in air, it must follow, that when the air is taken away, the larger body of cork, which was before resisted, will prove the heavier body; and thus, while it illustrates a law of fluids, and substances immersed in them, explains the principle of an apparent paradox, that a pound of feathers, may be made to weigh more than a pound of lead.

The sense of hearing opens to us a wide field of pleasure, though it is less extensive in its range than that of sight. Sound arises from a vibrating or tremulous motion, produced by a stroke on a sonorous body, which motion it communicates to the surrounding medium—this carries the impression forward to the ear, and there produces its sensation. Three things are therefore necessary to the production of sound. A sonorous body to give the impression. To be sonorous, a body must be elastic. Gold, silver and iron, which are elastic metals, sonorous—but lead, which is unelas-

tic, gives scarcely any sound. The classes of sonorous bodies, are chiefly three. 1. Bells of various figures and magnitudes—of these, those that are made of glass, yield the most pure and elegant tone. 2. Pipes of wood or metal; these by means of a vibrating plate of metal to perform the office of a laynx, may be so constructed as nearly to imitate the human voice. 3. Strings, formed either of metallic or animal substance. The sounds they give are more grave, or more acute, according to the thickness, length, or tension of the strings. When some of the fine sorts of wood, which from their fibrous construction, are very elastic, are combined with strings, or when strings are agitated by horse-hair, the effect and power of one sonorous body are assisted by another. Air is universally allowed to be the ordinary medium of sound. Dr. Hawksbury has shewn, by a series of well conducted experiments, that sound is propagated further by dense than by rarified air. It is well known that the sound of a bell in an exhausted receiver, is scarcely perceptible. But though air is the general vehicle of sound, yet sound will go where no air can convey it. Thus, scratching with a pin on one end of a long piece of timber, occasions a noise, that may be heard by an ear placed at the other end; although it could not be heard at the same distance through the air.—Two stones being struck together under water, may be heard, by an ear, also under water, in the same river, much further than the sound they afford, would be heard through the air. Dr. Franklin thinks he has heard it from the distance of a mile.

The theory of sound has been long the subject of patient and careful investigation. That it is propagated through elastic media, has long been known to philosophers, and air has been considered as the ordinary vehicle of its propagation. Newton first subjected the phenomena of sound to the laws of Dynamics, or moving powers. La Grange, however, in 1759, detected some errors in Newton's calculus, though these mistakes did not essentially affect the results. La Place attributes the velocity of sound to heat, occasioned by the

compression of the air, and its undulating motion to the vibrations into which it is thrown by a sonorous body. This hypothesis, however has been successfully controverted by an English writer of great ingenuity and candor. Heat, affecting the temperature of the air, undoubtedly causes an alteration in the tones produced by bells or metal strings—and whatever can render the medium of sound more dense than its natural state, will increase the intensity of sound. Biot, the friend and pupil of La Place, by a well conducted experiment has proved that a bell, in an exhausted receiver, in which a small portion of vapor was left, at the temperature of 66° of Farenheit's scale, would give a sound, though very feeble. The same receiver was removed into a stove at a heat of 115° , when, the vapor being much denser, the sound became very audible and distinct. It is now well known that sound can be transmitted through any elastic medium, solid, liquid, or gaseous. The celerity of its flight is also much greater in the denser substances. Mr. Biot, has published the result of 50 experiments on the propagation of sound, that it travels twelve times faster through cast iron, than through the atmosphere. Various experiments to the same point, have been made in England and Denmark, on beams of wood, through water, and sheets of ice; and all these bodies have proved more rapid vehicles of sound than air. If a bell be struck by its clapper on the inside, it is made to vibrate. The base of a bell is a circle; but, by striking any part of that circle, inside, that part flies out, so that the diameter that passes through this part of the base, will be longer than the other diameter. The base by the stroke is changed to an oval, whose tranverse axis passes through the part against which the clapper struck. The elasticity of the base, restores the figure, and makes the part that was forced out, return to its former situation, from whence the same impulse throws it out again. Thus the vibrations which produce sound, are occasioned, and they cause similar undulations in the air; and so the motions of one fluid, are often well illustrated by the motions of another; the invisible mo-

tions of the air have been aptly compared to the visible waves of water, when suddenly produced by throwing a stone into the tranquil surface of a pool. These waves spread themselves in all directions, in concentric circles, whose common centre is the spot where the stone fell ; and when they strike against a bank, or other obstacle, they return in a contrary direction to the place from whence they proceeded. Sound expands in like manner, in every direction, and the extent of its progress is in proportion to the impulse of the vibrating chord or bells. The flame of a candle, is not visibly agitated when placed near a sonorous body of the largest dimensions ; it does not therefore appear, that these undulations produce any progressive flux of the particles of air, but that they proceed from a vibratory motion of these particles in their proper places ; so that the motion producing sound is not like wind, yet the motion of wind can act as a cause of sound, as is observed in the wild but delightful notes of the *Æolian* harp. Sound requires a sensible time for its propagation, or passage from one place to another. On discharging a gun, the report is not heard until some time after the flash has been seen, for light moves much swifter than sound, coming from the sun in 8 minutes, 72,420 leagues in a second, so that the velocity of light may be considered as instantaneous. From a set of curious experiments on sound and its velocity the following results have been obtained. 1. That the velocity of sound is about one mile, in nine half seconds and and a quarter, or 1142 feet in one second of time. 2. That all sounds, whether they be weak or strong, of great guns or small, have the same velocity. 3. That it moves through equal spaces in equal times, having the same velocity at the end, as it had in the beginning of its propagation. 4. That it is the same by day or by night, hot or cold weather, winter or summer. 5. That there is a small difference in the velocity of sounds, with or against the winds. 6. It is also somewhat augmented or diminished by a difference in the strength or weakness of the wind. Echos are well known reflections of sound, and were formerly supposed to be subject to the law

of all other reflections; but Dr. Young has proved that this is not the case, and that the angles of incidence and reflection, are not equal in acoustics. The theory of musical sounds is too intricate and subtle to make part of the matter of an evening's lecture. Music, is the modulation of the the sounds and expressions of nature, so as to excite correspondent sensations within us. Harmony and mind are natural associates;—in rational beings, and even in animals without reason, strong, or pleasurable emotions are excited by music: The war-horse is stimulated to rage, by the loud blast of the trumpet: The eager hound, is cheered and enlivened by the winding of the horn.—The vibrations of a harpsichord, provoke canary and other singing birds to a sweet emulation, and they strain their little throats to drown the music of art. Would to God that such were the character of all the contentions of nobler beings—that in the moral concord of minds, the discords of party and ambition were lost and forgotten—that the requisites of good music, *harmony, proportion, regularity, and order*, where the governing keys and prevailing tones of civil society;—that the endearing notes of happiness, affection, and mutual benevolence, were become permanent sounds;—and that the continual anthem of an united world, unceasingly celebrated the reign and the triumph of universal peace!

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XX.

PERHAPS you expect, my Emilia, the genealogy of Hymen? Your expectations will be deceived; I have not a word to say upon the family of this god. The generality of authors make him the son of Venus and of Bacchus, and by consequence the eldest brother of Love. If this opinion were well founded, it would prove the truth of the ancient proverb, *Concord is rare among brethren*. That which is certain, is, that Hy-

men existed a long time before the son of Venus, since he united that goddess to Vulcan. In general, it is very difficult to establish the fraternity of Love and Hymen, without proving the theory in contradiction with experience.

Let us proceed then to the character and the figure of Hymen. He is naturally serious, never thoughtless; this personage often varies the fashion of the dress in which he appears.

In all ages he had access to all temples; meanwhile he had himself a temple, where he was adored with Love. This temple, which formerly existed at Cytherea, is so completely destroyed, that there no longer remains even a vestige of its ancient glory. However, the fraternity of married folks have since re-created it at their own expense, towards the north pole.

There, in a dismal cavern, after a thousand windings, sometimes led astray by Fear, sometimes seduced by Love, often attracted by Deception, sold and selling, but always deceived, mortals arrive at the black saloon, where Hymen and Plutus, calculating at a given rate, intellect, youth, grace, sentiment, and virtue, make them swear before a notary, without either knowing, or being known to each other, to adore and to please mutually, agreeably to a fixed price.

Beneath a dark vault of the antichamber, may be seen Suspicions and Disgusts (brothers of Mental Weariness) hovering amid the gloom, and shunning the light of day. Close at hand, under the mask of Love, stands sad Indifference, breathing with icy coldness upon human hearts; a little beyond, see false Hope conducting them to the altar!

It is thus that a mistaken crowd besiege the entrance of the gate, and implore the yoke of Hymen. The god, taking them by the hand under the veil of the sanctuary, with gilded iron, forges those links which unite them to each other. Princes, lawyers, financiers, are conducted there by conscience; true lovers by constancy; fine gentlemen by their creditors. All these lovers make themselves very easy about the oath they are to take, provided it is but written in letters of gold.

With love and esteem they dispense very easily, such couples make acquaintance at the altar, and at once promise to have the same character; to be a good husband, good wife, good father, good mother; to have but one heart and soul, to nourish mutually even unto death, the same flame which they thus light in a moment, and which burns at the word of command. Alas! the black troop of Spirits meet such couples at the first step from the altar, and accompany them even to their own residence.

It is said Cupid is never seen to enter this temple, except by a concealed door; when Pleasure opens it in secret to eager and faithful lovers. Hymen discreetly unites them, cuts the wings of Pleasure, who might fly away with Time and Youth, and in place of Tenderness, leave Repentance.

In dissipated cities, conjugal happiness is rarely seen; indeed they who find the peace of the heart in the bosom of wedded faith, may pass for possessors of the philosopher's stone,

How rarely do we behold such as are coupled for life, journey on side by side with calm satisfaction! The pilgrim suits himself with difficulty to the pace of her who bears him company; often is he heard to swear, that were it to do again, he would never take a companion in his journey. However that may be, I am resolved to undertake the long tour, if I may but risk with you the dangers of the pilgrimage.—Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

There is, in the order of destiny, decisive circumstances, in which to succeed, it is absolutely necessary to cut off the possibility of accidents. Such was the pressing alternative in which Jupiter found himself. Vulcan had displeased, Mars had pleased; Venus was a female; that is to say, feeble against Love, and strong against Oppression. She might then resist Jupiter and yield to Mars.

No sooner was Hymen come to the court of heaven, than Jupiter gave Morpheus leave to absent himself for that night, and ordered him to shower his poppies over Venus and her

lover. He then profited by these calm hours, to regulate with Hymen the conditions of the projected alliance. Vulcan bound himself to furnish and to keep up the celestial artillery, and Jupiter gave Venus in exchange. Hymen himself concluded the bargain.

Night had hardly performed two thirds of her course, when Jupiter charged Mercury with wakening Venus. At the same time he sent by him an order for Mars to depart the next morning without taking leave, under pretence of sending him to combat some partizans whom the Titans had been trying to assemble together.

Venus was this moment troubled by a cruel dream. She believed that she was herself in the midst of the celestial court. Jupiter presented to her the god of Lemnos, and ordered her to take him for a husband.

She repulsed with trembling the hand of Vulcan, and threw herself at the feet of Jupiter, which she bathed in tears. She called him her protector, her father, and conjured him not to sacrifice her, or at least to defer the sacrifice. Jupiter relented, and heard her prayer; but Destiny, more powerful than the gods, pronounced the sentence of Venus. Mercury conducted her to Vulcan, and Hymen united them in his chains at the foot of the altar.

Such was the dream of Cypria, when Mercury awaked her. The unfortunate half-opened her eyes, dim with tears and weighed down with poppies, and confounding the illusion with reality, exclaimed:—"Let us go! since inflexible Destiny ordains, I obey." At these words she followed Mercury, astonished at her resignation.

"My daughter," said Jupiter to her, "you know—"

"Yes," replied she; "I know all that is exacted from me. I do not accuse you of my sorrow, I accuse Destiny alone. But since it must be—" She suffered her hand to fall, Vulcan seized it, and the fatal oath was pronounced.

Meanwhile Mars, in despair at the unforeseen exile which would break off his amorous projects, flew to Venus to take leave of her; but Venus is absent—absent before daylight!

Mars is alarmed ; he suspects, he runs, he inquires, and discovers at last what it distresses him to know.

Too well instructed in his misfortune, Mars cursed the Destinies ; he cursed Jupiter, Vulcan, nay, even Venus herself. After these extravagances he departed ; and in my opinion he could not do better ; for when a lover sees his mistress married to another, if he assists at the wedding-feast, he must find himself a little awkward in his compliments.

At the rising of Aurora, she beheld Venus with compassion ! Venus, whom for the first time she found weeping ! The other goddesses yet slept. At their waking, the immortals learned two pieces of news which were equally agreeable to them ; the marriage of Venus, and the recal of Apollo,

These two events occupied the rapid hours of the toilet, and gave birth to a double project.

Venus raised herself before dawn ; she had wept, her eyes were swollen, her cheeks were pale ; but a little art might hide this. Apollo was amiable, he was a conquest worth making ; he came from the country, therefore the conquest would be easy. Others might dispute him ; it was necessary then to arm accordingly. Occasion invited ; the king of heaven had just issued orders for a ball.

At that word, Emilia, do you not anticipate attacks, surprises, rapid conquests ? And do you not recal the brilliant night in which I beheld you for the first time ?

The next day, ere morning dawned, placing my hand upon my eyes, I found there the bandage of love under the mask of light pleasure ; I strove in vain to tear it away ; Cupid had tied it by such a divine knot, as was tied by the hand of Nature when she bound the zone of Beauty round your matchless bosom. On my brow this charming fillet is not a false disguise ; I am blind, I swear it to you ? Oh ! who is not blind in loving you ? Blinded by your brightness to their own deficiency ? Nevertheless, I manage to see two beautiful eyes, features noble and sweet, a candor innocent and pure, a refined mind, a seducing charin, a tender melancholy. I am blind, Emilia, blind to all the world but you ! Adieu.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE MORAL CENSOR.....No. XI.

— "Nec turba deorum
 Talis ut est hodie contentaque sidera paucis
 Numinibus, miserum urgebant Atlanta minore
 Pondere."

Juvenal—Sat. XIII.

"Ere gods grew numerous, and the heavenly crowd,
 "Press'd wretched Atlas with a lighter load,"

JUVENAL, in the poignant Satire from which the motto of this paper is extracted, after speaking of the innocence of the golden age, gives a ludicrous account of the many deities, with whose worship the world had been troubled. Vice it appears, had kept an equal pace with the progress of refinement, from the early ages of our globe, to the time when Adrian held the sceptre of imperial Rome. The multiplied crimes of men, arising from the unlimited gratification of their passions, required the example of heaven itself to sanction the flagrant and frequent commission of them. The original mythology of the heathens, was founded on the proper appreciation of virtuous principles, and their effects on society. But, it is curious to observe, how gradually it became necessary for poets to feign "strange gods,"—or to accuse the old ones, of iniquitous practices, in order to console the human heart when wounded by the stings of remorse, or to cool the burning blush, that reflection had kindled in the countenance. It has been well observed, that the erection of a heathen altar was the apotheosis of a criminal passion. Man has been aptly termed a microcosm. The unnecessary indulgence of impure inclinations, whims, caprices and follies, creates the "strange gods," by whose weight the Atlas formed to support the little world, is crushed and destroyed. Pursuing the analogy, I shall endeavor to mark the characters of some of those beings, to whose dictates the human race pay willing homage, though shame at-

tends the sacrifice, and the chalice of devotion is presented to the lips by the hand of Death.

The superiority of art to nature is not a doctrine of modern philosophy. The ancients were familiarly acquainted with it. Among them, hypocrisy was dignified with the name of stratagem; and Nature, in whatever form she presented herself, was scarcely an object of wonder or worship, when compared with Wisdom, who sprang finished and perfect from the very brain of Jove. The god of eloquence, and the patron of the arts, was himself a most accomplished thief, for whose most trivial offence in our times, a halter would be adjudged instead of a shrine. Rochefoucault says, hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue; this is like Milton's devil being abashed in the presence of an angel. Such are the transcendent splendors of truth and purity.

The catalogue of sins of commission is too large and varied for insertion in this place. Every crime, that is therein enumerated, is a tyrant and a "strange god,"—a Baal, to whom the oblation is made by fools, and followed by vengeance. These supernumerary idols are the causes that the Atlas of the microcosm totters beneath its weight—that make his knees to knock together like Belshazzar's, and at length press him down, a wretched Nebuchadnezzar, to herd with cattle, and crawl on all-fours like a beast. There are also sins of omission, that are highly reprehensible, and though not often fatal in their effects, produce much unhappiness and many inconveniences in life. But there is a non descript species of peccadilloes, whose mode of existence and characteristics we must leave casuists to determine, not being certain how to name or where to class them:—for instance, when a lady, without intending to commit suicide, omits eating wholesome and nutritive food, lest her complexion become vulgarly ruddy like a milkmaid's, and starves herself into a consumption; or when an antiquated maiden, having been used to feed a favorite monkey from her lips, has taught the animal to expect like favors from all her visitors, and blundering pug, bobbing at the mouth of a beau of threescore, dashes his false teeth

down his throat, to the great endangerment of his life, by strangulation; or when Miss Hoyden, in the hey-day of her blood, gives old Frizzle a thump on his back, which jolts his glass eye out of its socket, much to her merriment and his distress—*cum multis aliis*—these, being at present entirely out of the contemplation of law, and the purview of any statute, can only be considered as the *du mini* of the animated microcosm.

As the Greeks and Romans divided the gods and progeny divine into classes and orders, from the universal father and monarch, down to the guide-post and scare-crow, so the human race preserve the same distinctions, and mark the same gradations in the voluminous catalogue of vice and folly. There are falsehoods, both black and white;—murders, honourable and horrible;—oaths, vulgar and genteel;—foul adulteries and gallant crim. cons;—base seductions, and errors of the heart;—and all are atrociously criminal, or very excuseable, according to circumstances of time and place, or the rank and influence of the offending parties.

How pleasing is it to leave the subject that I have been considering, and take a view of man, in his original state, when, free and happy, his desires were limited by the few and simple cravings of Nature. What a noble being, ere refinement had taught him to dissemble, or luxury had multiplied his wants!—Ere conscience, the accusing spirit, had found a tongue, and when proud in the integrity of his heart, he could meet the visitation of the DIVINITY without a blush!

NEW ART OF CRITICISM.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY HENRY BROOKE.

RULE I.

Find fault, at first sight, with every thing that is published.

THIS is the first and fundamental rule of all good criticism; and is itself founded upon solid reasons. For,

1st. It is ten to one but you are in the right ; there being at least ten bad productions published every day, for one good one.

2dly. Because finding fault implies a plain superiority of genius.

And what a fine light is a man seen in, when his genius is asserting to itself a bold superiority over every other ! the very claim is a good foundation of eminence. Claim boldly, then, for criticism hath, in this respect, some resemblance to calumny ; and, indeed, is so like it, in some hands, that none but an adept can distinguish them ; and you know the rule, *calumniare fortiter* (in English *criticise boldly*) and something will certainly adhere, both to yourself and to your author.

Besides this, such a conduct is a strong presumption of right ; for, who can be imagined so impudent as to claim, without some color of justice ? and, therefore, the bolder your claim is the better ; if you are importunate and persist, it is ten to one but the world and the author too, will be glad at length to compound the matter with you, upon the foot of an Irish reference, and give up one half to secure the rest.

It is a clear consequence from this rule, *you should always censure those works most, which are thought most to excel.*

For, since criticism is a claim of superiority, what have you to do but to raise your claim as high as you can, since your right must always rise with it ? no man ever arrived to any great eminence above others, from the back of an ass, or the shoulders of a dwarf.

A true critic is a true emblem of that stately, majestic animal, who never fails to raise his crest, burnish his gills, distend his dewlap, and swell his breast with a becoming indignation, at the first sight of that proud color, that should pretend to glow with more glory than his own ; and, no wonder if, in consequence of such a presumption, he assault it with a just degree of rage ; and, if possible, trample it under foot.

Obj. But, here it may be objected, What if you should be in the wrong ?

Ans. 1. To this it is obvious to answer ; 1st. That, if you

are early in your outcry, it is ten to one but you damn the thing at once ; and then you can never be in the wrong.

2dly. If you should be found so in the end, it is ten to one but the discovery comes too late. For the author may be dead, or undone long before ; and so may you too.

3dly. It is time enough to retract, when the rest of the world are convinced. Your delay will be placed to the account of your delicacy.

And, in the last place, if the worst comes to the worst, singularity has a thousand advantages to balance every thing that can be said against it. There are instances wherein one man has been known to be in the right against all the rest.—*Athanasius contra mundum*—is a glorious situation.

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

RULE II.

If you find it too adventurous to pronounce any Writing stuff and nonsense, at first sight ; yet you may, safely enough, shrug your shoulders, and cry, " There's nothing in it."

Reason may be answered with reason, and disputes are dangerous, it is impossible to say where they will end ; but, a shrug is a short decision ; a shrug can never be baffled ; a shrug is absolutely unanswerable.

Suppose, for example, that the question were about the merits of a dialogue just published, and your adversary should insist, that it had every thing requisite to the beauty and perfection of that kind of writing : and should talk to you of politeness, and ease, and elegance, and God knows what—let him talk, and do you shrug. If he should grow noisy and pedantic upon you, and pretend to quote examples from Plato, and authorities from Aristotle ; let him quote on, and do you shrug. If he should persist in his impertinence, why then you have nothing to do, but to shake your head, and echo his last words ; " Ay, ay, Plato, Aristotle, ease, elegance," &c.—then smile a little, and by degrees laugh out loud—my life for yours, his business is done at once. He hangs his ears, and you hear no more of him.

I consider a critic as a creature with what physicians call a strong acid upon his stomach ; which, though it helps digestion, in general, yet it is too apt to turn some of the noblest foods and perfect nourishments of nature into choler and indigestion. And therefore, when critics censure any performance whatsoever as empty and insignificant, all that can be fairly inferred from thence (if they should chance to be mistaken) is only this, that there is nothing in it to their taste, or nothing but what they dislike and disrelish : and under this distinction a good critic may, very often, with a good conscience pronounce upon the best performance in its kind, that *there is nothing in it.*

RULE III.

If your own authority is not sufficient to quell opposition, and carry your point ; why then, two or three of you join forces, and call yourselves the WORLD—and the work is done.

This is every day experienced with wonderful success. Lady A. tells her friend, " That the *world* makes very free with Mrs. M's reputation : that lady L. was seen to slip into her house in the dusk of the evening, and steal out again at one in the morning." The friend tells the same story to her cousin, the cousin to her sister ; and all four hurry to all their visits that very evening, to tell the news, under the strongest ties of secrecy. And, in four-twenty-hours, lady A. is justified in every syllable she said : for, by that time, the *world* does really make very free with Mrs. M.'s reputation ; and she is infamous from that moment.

But suppose people should be provoked, and tell you plainly, " That any one of those things, which you vilify, hath more wit and sense, and fine thinking in it, than all the critics in the world could extract from all the writings of you, and all your associates put together."

Why, the answer is easy. What is that to the purpose ? What have critics to do with wit and excellence in writing ? a critic is a judge ; and every one knows, the business of a judge is, not to draw up pleadings, but to pronounce sentence.

RULE IV.

Write nothing but Satire,—and satirize none but persons of eminence.

Satire is the pine-apple of wit ; it hits every taste ; and contains every flavour of every other fine fruit of the mind. The vicious and the worthless are glad to see others brought down by it some degrees nearer to their own demerit or insignificance : the wise and virtuous, unhurt, take a secret pleasure in the untarnished lustre, and untainted purity of their own perfections ; and the rabble are delighted with it, because it humbles their betters, and brings them nearer to their own level. And indeed, satire is, next to death, the greatest leveller in this world : and, like that too, can rob every man living of every ability, every beauty, and every blessing of life, and not only so, but can convert them all into deformity and filth ; and by that means make the most amiable creatures alive, the abhorrence of their best friends.

The lustre of an high reputation diffuses such a light round the owner, as gives the satirist (together with the aid of his own obscurity) all possible advantages of wounding him wherever he likes. In vain does the mangled wretch roar out, like furious Ajax in Homer, for *day* and the *enemy* : he, safe under the protection of Nox and Nemesis, his guardian deities, slinks, like Milton's hero, to his covert, after he hath wrought his vengeance ; and waits the result of his bold achievement in security and silence.

RULE V.

Whatever head you satirize any man under, before you have done with him, be sure you charge him home upon the head of VANITY.

For this is a vice which is sure to render every man living obnoxious to every other. And, as every man living hath a competent portion of it, every man will admit your charge with ease, and join in it with eagerness.

If the vanity you censure is ill-founded, it will raise the more indignation in your readers ; if otherwise, the merit of

the author will make it easier credited, especially if he be a candidate for fame, or honor, or preferment of any kind : for then, the whole crew of competitors will be sure to join in the cry against him. And indeed, nothing more infallibly incenses any number of men against the most deserving man in the world, than the least appearance or suspicion of a claim of merit ; as nothing can be more provoking than to boast one's wealth among a brotherhood of beggars.

RULE VI.

Whenever you censure any man's works or abilities in one character, be sure, if possible, to praise him and them in another.

For example ; if the same man should rise to reputation both in preaching and in poetry, when you censure his poetry, be sure to praise his preaching at the same time ; for this will give your criticisms the character of candor and ingenuity, and your censure will, by that means, carry more weight : add to this, that there are twenty good judges of preaching, for one that pretends to any judgement in poetry ; so that, an attempt upon him that way, where you might meet a thousand people, in every quarter of the town, to contradict you, would but destroy your own character, instead of hurting his.

And what greater injury does a good critic to any man, in denying him different excellencies, than what nature herself hath done to almost all mankind ? Are not different talents, almost always, draw-backs upon one another ? is not a fine imagination often observed to hurt the judgement ? and wit to impair the memory ? how unreasonable is it in any man to pretend to excel in many things, when so few excel in any one ! Will it be any imputation upon any man alive, to say that of him which was undoubtedly true of Cicero ? I own, indeed, that the warmth and elegance, and elevation, of a true poetic spirit are some of the noblest ingredients in the composition of a Christian orator : what then ? are not many men deemed good preachers without them ? what have you to do then, but to follow nature, and give good qualities as sparingly as she uses to do ?

If it should be still urged, "That some of this man's poetic works are allowed to excel ; and that he hath received high compliments on that head from some of the greatest geniuses of the age," &c.—What is all that to you ? Do you still follow nature, and bestow with a wise frugality. But above all, be sure you never bestow, but under this prudential direction : let the bounty of your praise always go first, like Pharaoh's years of plenty ; and then, let the frugality of your criticism follow fast after, like the years of famine, even though it should be thought to devour all that went before it.

Give and take, is the great critical aphorism ; that is, *give all that you cannot take away, and take all that you can.*

SELECTIONS

FROM CLARKE'S TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND.

PROSPECT OF THE HOLY CITY.

No sensation of fatigue or heat could counterbalance the eagerness and zeal which animated all our party, in the approach to Jerusalem ; every individual pressed forward, hoping first to announce the joyful intelligence of its appearance. We passed some insignificant ruins, either of ancient buildings or of modern villages ; but had they been of more importance, they would have excited little notice at the time, so earnestly bent was every mind towards the main object of interest and curiosity. At length, after about two hours had been passed in this state of anxiety and suspense, ascending a hill towards the south—"HAGIOPOLIS !" exclaimed a Greek in the van of our calvacade ; and instantly throwing himself from his horse, was seen bareheaded, upon his knees, facing the prospect he surveyed. Suddenly the sight burst upon us all. Who shall describe it ? The effect produced was that of total silence throughout the whole company. Many of the party, by an immediate impulse, took off their hats, as if entering a church, without being sensible of so doing. The Greeks and Catholics shed torrents of tears ; and

presently beginning to cross themselves, with unfeigned devotion, asked if they might be permitted to take off the covering from their feet, and proceed, barefooted, to the Holy Sepulchre. We had not been prepared for the grandeur of the spectacle which the city alone exhibited. Instead of a wretched and ruined town, by some described as the desolated remnant of Jerusalem, we beheld, as it were, a flourishing and stately metropolis; presenting a magnificent assemblage of domes, towers, palaces, churches, and monasteries; all of which, glittering in the sun's rays, shone with inconceivable splendor. As we drew nearer, our whole attention was engrossed by its noble and interesting appearance. The lofty hills whereby it is surrounded give to the city itself an appearance of elevation inferior to that which it really possesses. About three quarters of an hour before we reached the walls, we passed a large ruin upon our right hand, close to the road. This by the reticulated style of masonry upon its walls, as well as by the remains of its vaulted foundations of brick-work, evidently denoted a Roman building. We could not obtain any account of it; neither is it mentioned by the authors who have described the antiquities of the country.

PUBLIC ENTRY.

At this place, two Turkish officers, mounted on beautiful horses, sumptuously caparisoned, came to inform us, that the governor, having intelligence of our approach, had sent them to escort us into the town. When they arrived, we were all assembled upon an eminence, admiring the splendid appearance of the city; and being impressed with other ideas than those of a vain ostentation, would gladly have declined the parade, together with the interruption caused by a public entry. This was, however, said to be unavoidable; it was described as a necessary mark of respect due to Djazzar Pacha, under whose protection we travelled; as well as of consequence to our future safety. We therefore consigned ourselves to all the etiquette of our Mahometan masters of ceremony, and were marshalled accordingly. Our attendants

were ordered to fall back in the rear ; and it was evident, by the manner of placing us, that we were expected to form a procession to the governor's house, and to appear as dependants, swelling the train of our Moslem conductors. Our British tars, not relishing this, would now and then prance towards the post of honor, and were with difficulty restrained from taking the lead. As we approached the city, the concourse of people became very great, the walls and the road side being covered with spectators. An immense multitude, at the same time, accompanied us on foot ; some of whom, welcoming the procession with compliments and caresses, cried out "*Bon' Inglesi ! Viva l'Inghilterra !*" others, cursing and reviling, called us a set of rascally Christian dogs, and filthy infidels. We could never learn wherefore so much curiosity had been excited ; unless it were, that of late, owing to the turbulent state of public affairs, the resort of strangers to Jerusalem had become more uncommon ; or that they expected another visit from Sir Sidney Smith, who had marched into Jerusalem with colors flying and drums beating, at the head of a party of English sailors. He protected the Christian guardians of the Holy Sepulchre from the tyranny of their Turkish rulers, by hoisting the British standard upon the walls of their monastery. Novelty, at any period, produces considerable bustle at Jerusalem : the idleness of its inhabitants, and the uniform tenor of their lives, rendered more monotonous by the cessation of pilgrimage, naturally dispose them to run after a new sight, or to listen to new intelligence. The arrival of a Tartar courier from the Vizier's army, or the coming of foreigners to the city, rouses Christians from their prayers, Jews from their traffic, and even Moslems from their tobacco or their opium, in search of something new.

VISIT TO THE GOVERNOR.

We were conducted to the house of the governor, who received us in very great state ; offering his protection, and exhibiting the ordinary pomp of Turkish hospitality, in the number of slaves richly dressed, who brought fuming incense,

coffee, conserved fruit, and pipes, to all the party, profusely sprinkling us, as usual, with rose and orange-flower water. Being then informed of all our projects, he ordered his interpreter to go with us to the Franciscan convent of St. Salvador, a large building like a fortress, the gates of which were thrown open to receive our whole cavalcade. Here, when we were admitted into a court, with all our horses and camels, the vast portals were again closed, and a party of the most corpulent friars we had ever seen from the warmest cloisters of Spain and of Italy waddled round us, and heartily welcomed our arrival.

APPEARANCE OF THE MONKS.

From the court of the convent we were next conducted, by a stone staircase, to the refectory, where the monks who had received us introduced us to the Superior, not a whit less corpulent than any of his companions. In all the convents I had ever visited (and these are not a few in number) I had never beheld such friars as the Franciscans of St. Salvador. The figures sometimes brought upon the stage, to burlesque the monasterial character, may convey some notion of their appearance. The influence which a peculiar mode of life has upon the constitution, in this climate, might be rendered evident by contrasting one of these jolly fellows with the *Propaganda* missionaries. The latter are as meagre and as pale, as the former are corpulent and ruddy. The life of the missionaries is necessarily a state of constant activity and privation. The guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, or, according to the name they bear, the *Terra-Santa* friars, are confined to the walls of their comfortable convent, which, when compared with the usual accommodations of the Holy Land, is like a sumptuous and well furnished hotel, open to all comers whom curiosity or devotion may bring to this mansion of rest and refreshment.

SEPULCHRE OF THE MESSIAH.

We came to a goodly structure, whose external appear-

ance resembled that of any ordinary Roman Catholic church. Over the door we observed a bas-relief, executed in a style of sculpture meriting more attention than it has hitherto received. At first sight, it seemed of higher antiquity than the existence of any place of Christian worship; but, upon a nearer view, we recognized the history of the Messiah's entry into Jerusalem.....the multitude strewing palm-branches before him. The figures were very numerous. Perhaps it may be considered as offering an example of the first work in which Pagan sculptors represented a Christian theme. Entering the church, the first thing they shewed to us was a slab of white marble in the pavement, surrounded by a rail. It seemed like one of the grave-stones in the floor of our English churches. This, they told us, was the spot where our Saviour's body was anointed by Joseph of Arimathea. We next advanced towards a dusty fabric, standing, like a huge pepper-box, in the midst of the principal aisle, and beneath the main dome. This rested upon a building, partly circular, and partly oblong, as upon a pedestal. The interior of this strange fabric is divided into two parts. Having entered the first part, which is a kind of ante-chapel, they shew you, before the mouth of what is called the sepulchre, the stone whereon the angel sat; this is a block of white marble, neither corresponding with the mouth of the sepulchre, nor with the substance from which it must have been hewn; for the rocks of Jerusalem are all of common compact limestone. Shaw, speaking of the Holy Sepulchre, says that all the surrounding rocks were cut away, to form the level of the church; so that now it is "*a grotto above ground*;" but even this is not true: there are no remains whatsoever of any ancient known sepulchre, that, with the most attentive and scrupulous examination, we could possibly discover. The sides consist of thick slabs of that beautiful breccia, vulgarly called *Verd-antique* marble; and over the entrance, which is rugged and broken, owing to the pieces carried off as reliques, the substance is of the same nature. All that can therefore now be affirmed, with any shadow of reason, is this: that, if Hele-

she had reason to believe she could identify the spot where the sepulchre was, she took especial care to remove every existing trace of it, in order to introduce the fanciful and modern work which now remains. The place may be the same pointed out to her; but not a remnant of the original sepulchre can now be ascertained. Yet, with all our sceptical feelings thus awakened, it may prove how powerful the effect of sympathy is, if we confess, that when we entered into the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, and beheld, by the light of lamps, there continually burning, the venerable figure of an aged monk, with streaming eyes, and a long white beard, pointing to the place "*where the body of our Lord was,*" and calling upon us "to kneel and experience pardon for our sins"....we knelt, and participated in the feelings of more credulous pilgrims. Captain Culverhouse, in whose mind the ideas of religion and of patriotism were inseparable, with firmer emotion, drew from its scabbard the sword he had so often wielded in the defence of his country, and placed it upon the tomb. Humbler comers heaped the memorials of an accomplished pilgrimage; and while their sighs alone interrupted the silence of the sanctuary, a solemn service was begun. Thus ended our visit to the sepulchre.

If the reader has caught a single spark of this enthusiasm, it were perhaps sacrilegious to dissipate the illusion. But much remains untold. Every thing beneath this building seems discordant, not only with history, but with common sense. It is altogether such a work as might naturally be conjectured to arise from the infatuated superstition of such an old woman as was Helena, subsequently enlarged by ignorant priests. Forty paces from the sepulchre, beneath the roof of the same church, and upon the same level, are shewn two rooms, one above the other. Close by the entrance to the lower chamber, or chapel, are the tombs of Godfrey of Boulogne, and of Baldwin, kings of Jerusalem, with inscriptions in Latin, in the old Gothic character. These have been copied into almost every book of travels, from the time of Sandys to the present day. At the extremity of this chapel

they exhibit a fissure or cleft in the natural rock ; and this, they say, happened at the crucifixion. Who shall presume to contradict the tale ? But, to complete the *naïveté* of the tradition, it is also added, that THE HEAD OF ADAM WAS FOUND WITHIN THE FISSURE. Then, if the traveller has not already heard and seen enough to make him regret his wasted time, he may ascend by a few steps into a room above. There they will shew him the same crack again ; and, immediately in front of it, a modern altar. This they venerate as Mount Calvary, the place of crucifixion, exhibiting upon this contracted piece of masonry, the marks or holes of the three crosses, without the smallest regard to the space necessary for their erection. After this he may be conducted through such a farrago of absurdities, that it is wonderful the learned men, who have described Jerusalem, should have filled their pages with any serious detail of them. Nothing, however, can surpass the fidelity with which Sandys has particularized every circumstance of this trumpery ; and his rude cuts are characterized by equal exactness. Among others, should be mentioned, the place where the cross was found ; because the identity of the timber, which has since supplied all Christendom with its relics, was confirmed by a miracle, proof equally infallible with that afforded by the eagle at the tomb of Theseus, in the isle of Scyra, when Cimon the Athenian sought the bones of the son of Ægeus.

It is time to quit these degrading fallacies : let us break from our Monkish instructors ; and, instead of viewing Jerusalem as pilgrims, examine it by the light of history, with the Bible in our hands. We shall thus find many interesting objects of contemplation. If Mount Calvary has sunk beneath the overwhelming influence of superstition, studiously endeavoring to modify and to disfigure it, through so many ages ; if the situation of Mount Sion yet remains to be ascertained ; the Mount of Olives, undisguised by fanatical labors, exhibits the appearance it presented in all the periods of its history. From its elevated summit almost all the principal features of the city may be discerned and the changes that

eighteen centuries have wrought in its topography may perhaps be ascertained. The features of nature continue the same, though works of art have been done away : the beautiful gate of the Temple is no more ; but Siloa's fountain haply flows, and Kedron sometimes murmurs in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

VIEW OF BETHLEHEM.

After travelling for about an hour, from the time of our leaving Jerusalem, we came in view of Bethlehem, and halted to enjoy the interesting sight. The town appeared covering the ridge of a hill on the southern side of a deep and extensive valley, and reaching from east to west ; the most conspicuous object being the monastery, erected over the cave of the nativity, in the suburbs and upon the eastern side. The battlements and walls of this building seemed like those of a vast fortress. The Dead sea below, upon our left, appeared so near to us, that we thought we could have rode thither in a very short space of time. Still nearer stood a mountain upon its western shore, resembling, in its form, the cone of Vesuvius, near Naples, and having also a crater upon its top, which was plainly discernible. The distance, however, is much greater than it appears to be ; the magnitude of the objects beheld in this fine prospect, causing them to appear less remote than they really are. The atmosphere was remarkably clear and serene ; but we saw none of those clouds of smoke, which, by some writers, are said to exhale from the surface of lake Asphaltites, nor from any neighboring mountain. Every thing about it was, in the highest degree, grand and awful. Its desolate, although majestic features, are well suited to the tales related concerning it by the inhabitants of the country, who all speak of it with terror, seeming to shrink from the narrative of its deceitful allurements and deadly influence. " Beautiful fruit," say they " grows upon its shores, which is no sooner touched, than it becomes dust and bitter ashes." In addition to its physical horrors, the region around is said to be more perilous, owing to the ferocious tribes wandering upon the shores of the lake,

than any other part of the Holy Land. A passion for the marvellous has thus affixed, for ages, false characteristics to the sublimest associations of natural scenery in the whole world ; for, although it be now known that the waters of this lake, instead of proving destructive of animal life, swarm with myriads of fishes ; that, instead of falling victims to its exhalations, certain birds make it their peculiar resort ; that shells abound upon its shores ; that the pretended "fruit, containing ashes," is as natural and as admirable a production of nature as the rest of the vegetable kingdom ; that bodies sink or float in it, according to the proportion of their gravity to the gravity of the water ; that its vapors are not more insalubrious than those of any other lake ; that innumerable Arabs people the neighboring district ; notwithstanding all these facts are now well established, even the latest authors by whom it is mentioned, and one among the number, from whose writings some of these truths have been derived, continue to fill their descriptions with imaginary horrors and ideal phantoms, which, though less substantial than the "black perpendicular rocks" around it, "cast their lengthening shadows over the waters of the Dead sea." The Ancients, as it is observed by the traveller now alluded to, were much better acquainted with it than are the moderns : and, it may be added, the time is near at hand, when it will be more philosophically examined. The present age is not that in which countries so situated can long continue unexplored. The thirst of knowledge, and the love of travel, have attained to such a pitch, that every portion of the globe will be ransacked for their gratification. Indeed, one of the advantages derived from the present perturbed state of nations is that of directing the observation of enlightened travellers to regions they probably would not otherwise have noticed.

The tradition respecting the cave of the nativity seems so well authenticated, as hardly to admit of dispute. Having been held in veneration from a very early period, the oratory established there by the first Christians attracted the notice and indignation of the Heathens so early as the time of Adri-

an, who ordered it to be demolished, and the place to be set apart for the rites of Adonis. The situation of the town upon the narrow ridge of a long and lofty hill, surrounded on all sides by valleys, is particularly described by the Abbot of Iona, from the account given to him by Arculfus : and for a description of the interior of the monastery, the reader may be referred to the very recent description given by Mons. de Chateaubriand. He considers the church as of high antiquity ; being unmindful of the entire destruction of the convent by the Moslems, towards the end of the thirteenth century. We felt very little disappointment in not seeing it. / The degrading superstitions maintained by all the monkish establishments in the Holy Land excite pain and disgust. The Turks use the monastery, when they travel this way, as they would a common caravanserai ; making the church, or any other part of the building that suits their convenience, both as a dormitory and a tavern, while they remain. Neither is the sanctuary more polluted by the presence of these Moslems, than by a set of men, whose grovelling understandings have sunk so low as to vilify the sacred name of Christianity by the grossest outrages upon human intellect. In the pavement of the church, a hole, formerly used to carry off water, is exhibited as the place where the star fell, and sunk into the earth, after conducting the Magi to the cave of the nativity. A list of fifty other things of this nature might be added, if either the patience of the author or of the reader were equal to the detail : and if to these were added the inscriptions and observations contained in the bulky volumes of Quaresmius upon this subject alone, the *Guide to Bethlehem*, as a work, concentrating the quintessence of mental darkness, would leave us lost in wonder that such a place was once enlightened by the precepts of a scholar whom Erasmus so eloquently eulogized. They still pretend to shew the tomb of St. Jerom [although his reliques were translated to Rome,] and also that of Eusebius. The same manufacture of crucifixes and beads, which supports so many of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, also maintains those of Bethlehem : but the latter

claim, almost exclusively, the privilege of marking the limbs and bodies of pilgrims, by means of gunpowder, with crosses, stars, and monograms. A Greek servant, who accompanied us, thought proper to have his skin disfigured in this manner; and the wound was for many days so painful, and accompanied with so much fever, that we had reason to apprehend a much more serious consequence than he had expected.

ACCOUNT OF THE BANIANs;

A religious sect in the dominions of the Great Mogul.

THESE people, believing firmly in the transmigration of souls, will, on no consideration, kill any living creature, or eat its flesh; but, on the contrary, will use their utmost endeavors to release even the most noxious animals, if they see them in danger of perishing. They account all other nations impure; and are so scrupulously fearful of pollution, that they will break a cup which has been used or even touched by a person of a different religion; nor will they enter the same pond in which a stranger has bathed, till they have emptied it completely, and filled it with pure water. Nay, so excessive is their anxiety to preserve their purity, that if they happen to be touched even by persons of their own sect, they cannot eat nor enter their houses, till they have undergone a thorough ablution. They wear at their necks a stone about the size of an egg, which is perforated in the middle, and has three strings drawn through it. As this stone, which they call *tamberan*, represents their great god, it procures them very high respect among all the Indians.

The name *Banians* is likewise applied in general to all the idolaters of India, as distinguished from the Mahometans, and is more particularly appropriated to one of the four principal casts into which the Indians are divided: the other three casts are the Bramins, or priests; the Rajaputs, or men of the sword; and the artists, or laborers.

In their shaster, or statute book, the proper Banians are

distinguished by the name of *Shuddery*, which comprehends all persons engaged in traffic or merchandise. Their name, in the Bramin language, signifies innocent and harmless; and nothing can be more expressive of their real character; for they would not hurt the most insignificant creature, and they bear injuries with more than Christian meekness. They are not distinguished from the other Hindus by any peculiar religious tenets; but of the eight general precepts delivered by Bramaw, the Indian legislator, two are supposed more immediately to refer to the Banians, as they enjoin veracity and honor in all their speeches and transactions, and forbid circumvention in buying or selling.

A great proportion of the inland trade of the Indies is carried on by the Banians, particularly in the peninsula on this side of the Ganges. Though extremely expert in their commercial transactions, they are equally remarkable for their honesty. Persons of this cast are generally chosen as the brokers of the English, Dutch, and French companies, with whose stock and cash they are almost constantly entrusted. The Banians are also bankers; and their bills of exchange are current almost through the whole of the East-Indies. They have, besides, a kind of standing bank, in which persons may deposit their money, and lift it again when they find it convenient.

The form of contract which they employ in their bargains deserves to be described. The transaction is carried on in the most profound silence, by touching one another's fingers: the buyer takes off his girdle, and spreads it on his knee; and both parties, having their hands beneath it, can, by the mere intercourse of their fingers, mark, even to the lowest denomination, the price demanded, offered, and accepted. When the seller takes the buyer's whole hand, it denotes a thousand, and as many times as he squeezes it, so many thousand pagods, rupees, &c. are offered—every finger denotes a hundred; a half finger, to the second joint, fifty; and the small end of the finger, to the first joint, ten.

Almost from childhood the Banians are accustomed to

trade, and to that gentleness of disposition and of manners, which is characteristic of their cast. Their slaves are treated with great humanity. In general, they are extremely frugal; but, when they settle their children, they launch out into great extravagance. Their women are remarkable for their chastity; nor do husbands allow their wives the least intercourse with strangers. This restraint they justify by a favorite proverb: "If you bring butter too near the fire, you can hardly keep it from melting."

ROMANCE.

THE FORTUNATE HINDOO.*

—When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye. SHAKESPEARE.

—With short plummet heav'n's deep will we sound,
That vast abyss, where human wit is drown'd! DRYDEN.

In the dark ages of antiquity, before Plenty had poured her cornucopia into the lap of Commerce, or Arts and Sciences had illumined the mind of Industry—while Manufactures yet were in a state of infancy and imperfection, and men were unskilled in discovering and improving the gifts of Nature—on the golden coast of Hindostan, in one of the most fertile and picturesque tracts of that country, the Hindoo, **VENDRAPEDROO**, raised his hut, and cultivated a little spot of ground, which had been granted him by the Rajah, on account of some signal service formerly rendered his family.

Here he sunk wells, and bordered his tanks with spreading trees, for the comfort and convenience of the weary traveller, who constantly sought their refreshing shade amidst the fervid heats of noon.

At a little distance, the ocean-like Ganges rolled his mighty torrent, in which the oriental beauties performed their morning ablutions, and rose, like the poetical divinities, dripping

* This tale has for its foundation a tradition in the Masulipatam Circar,

from the waves, with their vases on their heads, to supply the contiguous temples with the refrigerant element.

His excursions were seldom extended beyond the gunge,* whence he procured the necessaries of life. His mind was untainted by envy, as was his body by intemperance. His humane and generous disposition, his decent deportment and hospitality, gained the love and admiration of all who knew him.

In this neighborhood resided an avaricious chief, named SHAMARAUZE, who, as they lay in the vicinage of his own lands, cast a covetous eye on the little possessions of this worthy individual.

VENDRAPEDROO, rambling one day on the confines of the jungle, with his hunting spear in his hand, beheld his proud neighbor taking an airing in his palanquin, attended by his slaves; when a royal tyger, suddenly springing from his lurking place, upset the carriage, and dispersed the attendants; but before he could seize his prey, the intrepid Hindoo rushed upon the brindled beast, and plunged his weapon into its heart.

The bravery of this action resounded throughout the country, and Shamarauze long shewed every mark of kindness and gratitude to his deliverer.

In process of time, Vendrapedroo fell ill of a climacteric disease, in which he was advised by a wandering Bramin to make a voyage to sea, as the only method of accelerating his recovery.

The envious Shamarauze could not resist the impulse of his predominant passion; he was impatient to put into practice a project hastily formed; and for this purpose he offered his galley to the unsuspecting man, according to the custom of the times, to coast along the shore for a few days; and, to navigate it, put on board some of his trusty slaves, to whom he gave secret orders to run into an uninhabited island, and there to set the poor valetudinarian on shore, in order that he might perish.

* Or market.

A stranger himself to artifice, and unsuspicious of others, Vendrapedroo fell into the snare, accepting the proffered kindness with confidence and thankfulness. Every necessary preparation was soon made; and, after prostrating himself at the pagoda, and imploring the favor of all the benevolent deities, he embarked under the auspices of a cloudless sky and a reviving breeze.

Towards the evening, they beheld the sloping shores of the destined island; and, as the unhappy man's malady increased, they proposed to disembark and rest for the night under the thick foliage of the over arching banyan.

For this purpose they ran up a creek, moored their vessel, took some refreshment, and, making a soft bed of leaves, laid their charge at a little distance from the spot where they betook themselves to rest, under a feigned anxiety for his quiet and repose.

Waiting till the dead of night, the treacherous crew stole away, got on board, and put off to sea with the greatest expedition and silence, rejoicing in the accomplishment of their purpose, and confident that the unhappy victim must soon inevitably perish.

Many days they coasted along the shores of the continent, in conformity to their orders not to return till a certain portion of time had elapsed, at the expiration of which, a fabricated story of the natural death of the sick man might bear the "fairest semblance" of authenticity. At length, excited by an irresistible curiosity to ascertain the event of their artifice, they resolved to return by the same track, and go again on shore, to seek the remains of the deserted exile.

It is not easy to conceive how greatly they were confused and astonished to find him not only alive, but enjoying a better state of health than they had ever before known him possess. They concluded that he must have been supplied with the means of subsistence by some supernatural power; and, having no apology to offer for their perfidy, endeavored to divert his attention by curious interrogations.

"Come along with me," said he, "and I will shew you how I have been supplied with food and medicine."

They followed, and he led them to the centre of the island, where they entered a little thicket of *sugar canes*. He took one of them, and, bruising it with a large stone, expressed the juice, saying, "Though you left me here to perish of sickness and hunger, from hence have I obtained health and nutriment."

The consciousness of their guilt struck them dumb; but the generous man relieved them from their embarrassment, by observing that he knew they acted only from compulsion, and was too well convinced that their lord was the grand projector of this infernal plot. They acknowledged the truth, and deprecated his pardon for the part they had taken. He as readily forgave them, and proposed, that since a failure in their expedition would inevitably subject them to the rage of a violent master, on whose caprice their lives depended, they should return without him, as faithful to their trust, while he patiently submitted himself to his fate.

This instance of unexampled submission overcame them; and, at their departure, they invoked heaven to shower blessings on his head, and favour him with a speedy release.

On their return, their master received them with every mark of satisfaction, and applauded their fidelity in the work on which he had employed them, shortly after taking quiet possession of the lands of his late injured neighbor.

Some months had rolled away, when a casual circumstance led to a developement of this nefarious stratagem.

The tyrannical Shamarauze, for some petty offence, had doomed one of his late confidential agents to a severe chastisement. The poor menial wished to avenge himself, and resolved to seize the opportunity chance had thrown in his way.

He fled by night to the Rajah, and made an ample confession of all he knew. This chief was naturally a lover of justice and humanity; and he expressed the utmost abhorrence at the disclosure of such a scene of consummate villany.

However modern philosophy might have labored to refine away guilt, and prove *gratitude no virtue*,* every honest heart spurns with indignation at the idea of ingratitude, from a natural antipathy to its blackness and deformity; and we have very frequent proofs of its being viewed with detestation by the eye of the omniscient and omnipotent Being, by his making it the object of his fearful resentment.

The generous Rajah sought the banished man in his retreat; and, having a ready penetration, easily conceived that the sugar cane, thus accidentally discovered, would one day be accounted a very valuable acquisition.

Vendrapedroo had naturally a sound judgment and a fertile invention; he cultivated the cane with astonishing success, and had contrived a machine of great powers, on a simple construction, to extract the sugar in large quantities.

His patron knew how to appreciate merit, while he felt justly disposed to punish ingratitude. He lavished favors on Vendrapedroo, and finally procured for him a grant of the island, as the reward of his deserts. He then turned his attention toward his adversary, whom he caused to be divested of his possessions, and transported to the fortunate island, to become the slave of Vendrapedroo, and do the drudgery of his manufactories, whose assiduous exertions soon advanced him to wealth and honor. Sugar,* for its medical and other properties, became an invaluable article of commerce, and the spot which was chosen for his destruction was soon frequented by traders of every description. Succeeding generations respect his memory, and distant lands enjoy the benefit of his misfortune.

* This is a dogma of the revolutionary school; and it has been frankly avowed by one of its acknowledged adepts, in his popular harangues.

* Sugar was first imported into Europe in the 12th century from Asia.—It was attempted in vain to cultivate it in Italy.—It was not known in America, till about the year 1516, when it was carried thither by the Spaniards and Portuguese, and has since become, in almost all countries, a capital article of trade.—See Robertson's hist. chap. v.

"Ah! Fortune! ce traite d'avanture propice,
Repare tous les maux que m'a fait ton caprice!"

MOLIERE.

Thus very trivial causes often produce the most important effects, although human foresight is exceedingly circumscribed, and we are ever unwilling to consider evils as "blessings in disguise;" though

"Such dear-bought blessings happen ev'ry day,
Because we know not for what things to pray."

DRYDEN.

As we tread the labyrinth of life, we see not the hand which conducts us, and are ignorant of the goal to which our labors tend. When the path is smooth and strewn with flowers, we rejoice: but when rugged and planted with thorns, we repine. By submitting resignedly to misfortunes, we feel them lose their force, while the impatient man struggles with them, like a lion in the toils. Unable to judge for ourselves, we too often reflect on the proceedings of Providence; but, on a retrospective view, our heart cannot but acknowledge the wisdom and the justice of this supernatural agent, whose eyes penetrate into futurity, and whose hands possess the powers of retribution!

ON STUDY.

MARTIN Luther's advice to young students was, to confine their attention to some well-selected and well-informed authors, and not to distract and confuse themselves with too great a variety of books. Miscellaneous readers (observed Luther) never learn any thing correctly, but are led away by vague and crude notions: as those persons who dwell every where, and settle in no place, cannot be said to have any certain habitation.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THOSE know little of real *love* or *grief*, who do not know how much we deceive ourselves, when we pretend to aim at the cure of either. It is with these, as it is with some distempers of the body,—nothing is agreeable to us, but what serves to heighten the disease.

THE tenderest of passions is capable of subsiding; nor is absence from our dearest friends so unsupportable as it may at first appear. Distance of time and place do really cure what they seem to aggravate; and taking leave of our friends resembles taking leave of the world; concerning which it has been often said, that it is not *death*, but *dying*, which is terrible.

THE *courage* as well as *cowardice* of fools proceeds from not knowing what *is*, or what *is not*, the proper object of fear. Indeed we may account for the extreme hardness of some men, in the same manner as for the terrors of children at a bugbear. The child knows not but that the bugbear is the proper object of fear: the blockhead knows not that the cannon ball is so.

SUCH is the nature of man, that whoever denies *himself* to do you a favor, is unwilling that it should be done to you by any other.

WHY should we be more surprised to see greatness of mind discover itself in one degree or rank of life than in another? Love, benevolence, or what you please to call it, may be the reigning passion in a *beggar* as well as in a *prince*: and wherever it is, its energies will be the same. *Palaces* sometimes contain nothing but dreariness and darkness, and the sun of righteousness hath shone forth in all its glory in a *cottage*.

IF we regard this world only, it is the interest of every man to be either perfectly good, or completely bad. He had better destroy his conscience than greatly wound it. The many bitter reflections, which every bad action costs a mind in which

there are any remains of goodness, are not to be compensated by the highest pleasures which such an action can produce.

AMELIA.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

CONCUPISCENCE and DRUNKENNESS are vices similar in their ends, as tending to ruin the body and soul, and as being the destroyers of social harmony.

TRUTH is the ornament of speech, and even to infidels carries conviction; it is conspicuous as the day, unerring as the light, and although obliquely applied, cuts to the very soul.

DECENCY becomes all things; as food is pleasant to the palate, so is decency to the eye.

MODESTY has power to intimidate and check even libertines.

BEAUTY is a flower when spoke of externally, but the beauties of the mind render a deformed person agreeable.

YOUTH is the season for an early cultivation of manners; this time once lost is never regained.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following *anigma* is inserted to gratify the desire of a friend, rather than our own taste. In truth, we think solutions of this kind of riddles may justly be compared to the wit of *Gratiano*—"two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; and when you have found them, they are not worth the search."

EDITOR.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

THE Grecian whose beauty could Paris inspire,
With passion illicit and fatal desire—

The voice that responds, or the sound that replies,
 Tho' mute in the valley when bid will arise,
 Thro' fields of clear æther and mount to the skies—
 The sprites of the grotto and crystalline stream—
 The transparent fossil with rubific beam—
 The grave-tree sepulchral, whose gloomy limbs spread
 Their umbrage symbolic, and weep o'er the dead—
 The emblem whose branches in chaplet forlorn,
 Old poets have sung, hopeless lovers have worn—
 The ray-blended token with prismatic flame—
 The wreath of renown and the garland of fame—
 The river oblivious with lethargic flow,
 Which, spirits once tasting, forget all their woe—
 The thunder-struck wretch whom the fates doom'd to reel
 In the regions of hell, condemn'd there to feel
 Eternal rotation, transfix'd to a wheel—
 The rose finger'd goddess, great herald of light,
 Whose beams purge the shadows of all-mantling night—
 The goddess whose birth no proud mother can claim,
 From Ida's great monarch triumphant she came,
 Encircled with honors and matchless in fame—
 The sea-nymph whose cadence the victim allures,
 Like beauty beguiles him—like harpy devours.

ADDRESS TO THE SUBJECT.

'Tis thine the matchless lines to trace,
 The moving form and speaking face,
 Love's tender smile and melting grace,
 Or beauty's vermeil glow ;
 Thy pencil's touch awakes the scene
 Of frozen seas, or spring's fresh green,
 Where rocks and mountains rise between,
 Or waters rush below.
 Tho' beauty's grace, by thee exprest,
 Relumes her eye, and swells her breast,
 In native radiance beams confest,
 In heav'nly lustre shines ;

Yet not alone are beauty's glow,
 Her melting eye, or neck of snow,
 Her languid grace or tresses' flow,
 The wreath thy temples twines.—

But justly must to thee belong,
 The outline firm, and feature strong,
 That e'er in legend or in song,
 The ancient poets told ;
 By thee immerg'd each figure dim,
 Of spectre tall, or warrior grim,
 With matted beard or giant limb,
 Expressive stand, and bold.

Thy trace can time's rude wreck restore,
 Return the image as before,
 Redeem the form which nature wore,
 The smile which beauty gave ;
 Tho' death should snatch the friend away,
 The tomb dissolve the transient clay,
 Thou canst the rapid ruin stay,
 And mock the tyrant grave !

J. H.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONG.

The Yellow Leaf.

O take the gaudy wreath away,
 That boasts the richest hue of May,
 It suits not with my sober day,
 I claim the leaf that's yellow :
 For I have seen its blossom blow,
 Cherish'd the fresh bud on the bough ;
 More welcome to my spirits now
 Is that dear leaf that's yellow.

EPIGRAM

On an old maid caressing a spaniel.

RUTHA, it don't surprise me in the least,
To see thee kiss so dainty, clean a beast ;
But that so dainty, clean a beast licks thee—
Ay, that surprises me.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
OF LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, REMARKABLE INCIDENTS,
OBITUARY NOTICES, &c. &c.

LITERARY. MR. FENNELL, Philadelphia, has at length put to press his long-expected work, *An Apology for the life of James Fennell*. Written by himself. "The work," says the author, "will comprise a history of about forty years, wasted in the varieties of feeling and occupation.

"Look into those they call UNFORTUNATE,
And closer view'd, you'll find they are UNWISE."

But

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."

It will contain such remarks on the Pulpit, the Bar, the Stage, the Universities, Colleges, Seminaries, and Academies in Europe and in the United States, as may result from personal observation chiefly—although it may be enlivened occasionally by anecdotes of all ranks, from the King to the Beggar ; from the Pope to the Atheist ; from the President to the infant Negro. The Author is *personally* well known in the principal cities of the United States, but he wishes to be more *intrinsically* so. And, therefore, requests his numerous acquaintances to subscribe to a work which will be delivered to them upon the following conditions :—The work shall be well printed on good paper, and embellished with a Portrait of the Author. It will be comprised in one volume octavo, containing about five hundred pages, and delivered to subscribers at \$2 50 cts. in boards—payable on delivery. To non subscribers the price will be raised to \$2 75, or \$3.

FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES OF CAPT. LAWRENCE AND LIEUT. LUDLOW. On Monday the 23d inst. the remains of the lamented Capt. James Lawrence and Lieut. Augustus C. Ludlow were entombed at Salem with the greatest respect. The scene was solemn and impressive. Business was suspended, and the whole town was crowded either to perform or to witness the funeral honors to the fallen heroes. About noon the bodies were removed from the Cartel Henry, in which they had been brought from Halifax, accompanied by eight boats, manned by sailors in uniform, rowing minute strokes; the Cartel brig and the U. S. brig of war Rattlesnake, Capt. CREIGHTON, firing minute guns during their passage. The bodies were landed, and the coffins placed on hearses, which were lent by the Board of Health of Boston: the U. S. flags covering the hearses. At one o'clock, the procession, consisting of the officers of the U. S. Navy and Army, the Clergy of all denominations, the different corporate bodies, the several Marine Societies, together with citizens and strangers from Boston and the vicinity, moved under the escort of the company of light infantry commanded by Capt. J. C. KING. Minute guns were fired during the whole procession by the Salem artillery, under Capt. PEABODY, which was stationed on Washington-square. The movement was deeply impressive. The sides of the streets were crowded, and the windows were filled with spectators, and many were on the tops of houses. The tolling of the deep toned bells—the solemn melody of the music—the slow and melancholy-inspiring pace of the procession—the appearance of the sable coffins with their accompaniments—and the awe-striking report of the minute guns, rendered the whole a scene of solemn woe. Two hours elapsed while the procession was moving to the church; and the multitude was so great, that a small part only could be accommodated to hear the Eulogy by the Hon. Judge STORY. After the orator had concluded, the bodies were entombed with the customary military and masonic ceremonies. The church was shrouded in the sable habiliments of woe, and the sacred services of religion, and the music were appropriate. [*Salem Gazette.*]

DIED,

In Philadelphia, 23d Aug. ALEXANDER WILSON, Esq. author of the "American Ornithology."

THE
POLYANTHOS.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1813.

We shall never envy the honors, which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth.

Dr. Johnson.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

—
AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.
—

“Dramatic genius, with genius of every other kind, is assuredly native of our soil, and there wants but the wholesome and kindly breath of favor to invigorate its delicate frame, and bid it rapidly arise from its cradle to blooming maturity.”

MR. EDITOR,

It has become so fashionable to decry not only American literature, but every other production of native genius, of whatever species, that it is not easy to find a man sufficiently protected by the consciousness of his own powers, to come forward and expose himself to the indifference of his countrymen and the prejudice of imported reviewers. We have been so long in the habit of receiving our fashions, our customs, and our modes of thinking, from the old world, that the man, who does not humbly demean himself according to the maxims emanating from thence, is in very great danger of being called a fool.

This habit of paying implicit deference to the opinions of foreigners, or of those who have taken a trip to Europe, has become absolutely ridiculous. Very few can be found possessing such rashness as to applaud an American poet, till the decision of the Edinburgh Review, (or that of Mr.

WALSH, who, it is well-known, has been a writer in that celebrated journal) shall have been made public ; and still more extraordinary would it be to hear an amateur decide on the merits of a picture, before the opinion of Mr. STEWART should be known. A laughable incident, which exemplifies the truth of these remarks, happened not long since. Some gentlemen in a print-shop were admiring a picture of the reverend Dr. LATHROP, when one undertook to point out the peculiar merits, and show the points in which Mr. STEWART, the supposed painter, excelled all other professors of the art. But, (alas ! let no connoisseur hereafter put faith in his eyesight alone) all his oratory was silenced, by the printseller, who informed the company, that the picture they so much admired happened to be the work of a Yankee artist, who had never been over the Atlantic. It is hardly necessary to add, that the eyes of the critic were immediately opened, and he then discovered what he had not thought of before, that the forehead was too high, the chin too low ; the nose too thick, the lips too thin ; the mouth too long, and the ear too short ; in fine, that it was out in all its proportions, and, as to coloring, was as wretched a piece of daubery as ever spoiled canvas.

But it is to the efforts of dramatic genius that I wish now to call the attention of your readers : a department of literature, which seems to be treated with greater neglect by the public than any other. It is not often, that a native American is willing to encounter the odium attached (whether justly or not I will not pretend to say) to the profession of a player, by venturing before his countrymen on the stage. The performances of Payne, Morse, Cleary, and Robertson, fully evince, that when they do thus come forward, want of talent is not an obstacle in the way of success ; and American actors have perhaps little reason to complain of public neglect. But if a poet should attempt to portray American manners, to celebrate American achievements, or to record American events, in the form of a dramatic piece, he literally becomes

“ A fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at.”

There are certain hypocritics among us, by whom every attempt to "delineate American manners, customs, opinions, characters, or scenery," is treated with derision. "Thus, while they rapturously applaud the sentiments of a foreign stage-patriot, the lover of his country, in an American play, utters only contemptible Columbianisms. An allusion to the revolution, which made us a nation, or to the inestimable characters who achieved it, cannot be heard with patience, though they may search history in vain for parallels to either. They can never pardon the endeavor to depict our national peculiarities, and yet they will listen with avidity to Yorkshire rusticity or Newmarket slang. They can feel a poetic rapture, when some muddy stream of Europe flows in verse; but the author might as well incontinently drown himself in it, as lead the pastoral Schuylkill meandering through his poem. They can accompany the fop of an English play in his lounge through Bond-street, while an American personage, of the same cast, would most probably be knocked down, if he attempted a promenade"* in a fashionable part of any of our cities.

After this long and perhaps tedious exordium, I propose to introduce occasionally to your readers, under the head of **AMERICAN DRAMATISTS**, notices of a few American plays, with the hope of interesting the good sense of the public in their favor, and procuring their representation at our theatre; confident that none of them are inferior to the productions of Reynolds, Morton, Cherry, and other play-mongers of the modern English theatre. I begin with

THE INDIAN PRINCESS,

Written by J. N. BARKER, which was first acted at the Philadelphia theatre, April 6, 1808. It is of that species of dramatic composition called a melo-drame, (which is the most serious objection that can be made against it) and is founded on events related in the general history of Virginia. The author has probably adhered as closely to historical facts, as is necessary in the composition of a drama.

* Preface to "Tears and Smiles," by J. N. Barker.

The following dialogue between *Rolfe* and *Percy* is a fair specimen of the versification, which for smoothness and melody would not disgrace the writings of George Colman. There is also a sprightliness in the character of *Rolfe*, which forms an agreeable contrast to the love-sick melancholy of *Percy*.

Rol. Now, my sad friend, cannot e'en this arouse you ?
Still bending with the weight of shoulder'd Cupid ?

Fie ! throw away that bauble, love, my friend :
That glist'ning toy of listless laziness,
Fit only for green girls and growing boys
T' amuse themselves withal. Can an inconstant,
A fickle changeling, move a man like Percy ?

Per. Cold youth, how can you speak of that you feel not ?
You never lov'd.

Rol. Hum ! yes, in mine own way ;
Marry, 'twas not with sighs and folded arms ;
For mirth I sought in it, not misery.
Sir, I have ambled through all love's gradations
Most jollily, and seriously the whilst.
I have sworn oaths of love on my knee, yet laugh'd not ;
Complaints and chidings heard, but heeded not ;
Kiss'd the cheek clear from tear-drops, and yet wept not ;
Listen'd to vows of truth, which I believ'd not ;
And after have been jilted—

Per. Well !

Rol. And car'd not.

Per. Call you this loving ?

Rol. Ay, and wisely loving.

Not, sir, to have the current of one's blood
Froz'n with a frown, and molten with a smile ;
Make ebb and flood under a lady Luna,
Liker the moon in changing than in chasteness.
'Tis not to be a courtier, posting up
To the seventh heav'n, or down to the gloomy centre,
On the fool's errand of a wanton—pshaw !
Women ! they're made of whimsies and caprice,
So variant and so wild, that, tied to a god,
They'd dally with the devil for a change.—
Rather than wed a European dame,
I'd take a squaw o' the woods, and get papooses.

Per. If Cupid burn thee not for heresy,

Love is no longer catholic religion.

Rol. An' if he do, I'll die a sturdy martyr.
And to the last preach to thee, pagan Percy,
Till I have made a convert. Answer me,
Is not this idol of thy heathen worship
That sent thee hither a despairing pilgrim ;
Thy goddess, Geraldine, is she not false ?

Per. Most false !

Rol. For shame, then ; cease adoring her ;
Untwine the twisted cable of your arms,
Heave from your freighted bosom all its charge,
In one full sigh, and puff it strongly from you ;
Then, raising your earth-reading eyes to heaven,
Laud your kind stars you were not married to her,
And so forget her.

Per. Ah ! my worthy Rolfe,
'Tis not the hand of infant Resolution
Can pluck this rooted passion from my heart ;
Yet what I can I will ; by heaven ! I will.

Rol. Why, cheerly said ; the baby Resolution
Will grow apace ; time will work wonders in him.

Per. Did she not, after interchange of vows—
But let the false one go, I will forget her.
Your hand, my friend ; now will I act the man.

Rol. Faith, I have seen thee do't, and burn'd with shame,
That he who so could fight, should ever sigh.

Per. Think'st thou our captain lives ?

Rol. Tush ! he must live ;
He was not born to perish so. Believe't,
He'll hold these dingy devils at the bay ;
Till we come up and succour him.

Per. And yet
A single arm against a host—alas !
I fear me, he has fallen.

Rol. Then never fell
A nobler soul, more valiant, or more worthy,
Or fit to govern men. If he be gone,
Heaven save our tottering colony from falling !
But see, th' adventurers from their daily toil.

Enter Adventurers, WALTER, LARRY, ROBIN, ALICE, &c.

Wal. Now, gentlemen laborers, a lusty roundelay after the toils of the
day ; and then to a sound sleep, in houses of our own building.

Roundelay chorus.

Now crimson sinks the setting sun,
 And our tasks are fairly done.
 Jolly comrades, home to bed,
 Taste the sweets by labor shed;
 Let his poppy seal your eyes,
 'Till another day arise,
 For our tasks are fairly done,
 As crimson sinks the setting sun.

The following scene from the beginning of the second act is an example of the phrascology of the Indians; and the reader will observe that the character of each of the speakers is distinctively marked by his manner of expression.

Pow. My people, strange beings have appeared among us; they come from the bosom of the waters, amid fire and thunder; one of them has our war-god delivered into our hands: behold the white being!

Music. Smith is brought in; his appearance excites universal wonder; Pochahontas expresses peculiar admiration.

Poc. O Nima! is it not a god!

Pow. Miami, though thy years are few, thou art experienced as age; give us thy voice of counsel.

Mia. Brothers, this stranger is of a fearful race of beings; their barren hunting grounds lie beneath the world, and they have risen, in monstrous canoes, through the great water, to spoil and ravish from us our fruitful inheritance. Brothers, this stranger must die; six of our brethren have fallen by his hand. Before we lay their bones in the narrow house, we must avenge them: their unappeased spirits will not go to rest beyond the mountains; they cry out for the stranger's blood.

Nan. Warriors, listen to my words; listen, my father, while your son tells the deeds of the brave white man. I saw him when three hundred of our fiercest chiefs formed the war-ring around him. But he defied their arms; he held lightning in his hand. Wherever his arm fell, there sunk a warrior: as the tall tree falls, blasted and riven to the earth, when the angry Spirit darts his fires through the forest. I thought him a god; my feet grew to the ground; I could not move!

Poc. Nima, dost thou hear the words of my brother?

Nan. The battle ceased, for courage left the bosom of our warriors; their arrows rested in their quivers; their bowstrings no longer sounded; the tired chieftains leaned on their war-clubs, and gazed at the terrible stranger, whom they dared not approach. Give an ear to me, king: 'twas then I held out the hand of peace to him, and he became my broth-

er; he forgot his arms, for he trusted to his brother; he was discoursing wonders to his friend, when our chiefs rushed upon him, and bore him away. But oh! my father, he must not die; for he is not a war captive; I promised that the chain of friendship should be right between us. Chieftains, your prince must not falsify his word: father, your son must not be a liar!

Poc. Listen, warriors; listen, father; the white man is my brother's brother!

Grim. King! when last night our village shook with the loud noise, it was the Great Spirit who talked to his priest; my mouth shall speak his commands: King, we must destroy the strangers, for they are not our god's children; we must take their scalps, and wash our hands in the white man's blood, for he is an enemy to the Great Spirit.

Nas. O priest, thou hast dreamed a false dream; Miami, thou tellest the tale that is not. Harken, my father, to my true words! the white man is beloved by the Great Spirit; his king is like you, my father, good and great; and he comes from a land beyond the wide water, to make us wise and happy.

Powhatan deliberates. Music.

Pow. Stranger, thou must prepare for death. Six of our brethren fell by thy hand. Thou must die.

Poc. Father, O father!

Smith. Had not your people first beset me, king,
I would have prov'd a friend and brother to them;
Arts I'd have taught, that should have made them gods,
And gifts would I have given to your people,
Richer than red men ever yet beheld.
Think not I fear to die. Lead to the block.
The soul of the white warrior shall not shrink.
Prepare the stake! amidst your fiercest tortures,
You'll find its fiery pains as nobly scorned,
As when the red man sings aloud his death-song.

Poc. Oh! shall that brave man die!

Music. The king motions with his hand, and Smith is led to the block.

Mi. (to executioners) Warriors, when the third signal strikes, sink your tomahawks in his head.

Poc. Oh, do not, warriors, do not! Father, incline your heart to mercy; he will win your battles, he will vanquish your enemies. *(1st signal)* Brother, speak! save your brother! Warriors, are you brave? preserve the brave man! *(2d signal)* Miami, priest, sing the song of peace; ah! strike not, hold! mercy!

Music. The 3d signal is struck, the hatchets are lifted up : when the princess, shrieking, runs distractedly to the block, and presses Smith's head to her bosom.

White man, thou shalt not die ; or I will die with thee !

Music. She leads Smith to the throne, and kneels.

My father, dost thou love thy daughter ? listen to her voice ; look upon her tears : they ask for mercy to the captive. Is thy child dear to thee, my father ? Thy child will die with the white man.

Plaintive music. She bows her head to his feet. Powhatan, after some deliberation, looking on his daughter with tenderness, presents her with a string of white wampum. Pocahontas, with the wildest expressions of joy, rushes forward with Smith, presenting the beads of peace.

Captive ! thou art free !—

Music. General joy is diffused—Miami and Grimosco only appear discontented. The prince Nantagwas congratulates Smith. The princess shows the most extravagant emotions of rapture.

Smith. O woman ! angel sex ! where'er thou art,
Still art thou heavenly. The rudest clime
Robs not thy glowing bosom of its nature.
Thrice blessed lady, take a captive's thanks !

[*he bows upon her hand.*]

(*To be continued.*)

APHORISMS ON MAN.

HE, whom common, gross, or stale objects allure, and, when obtained, content, is a vulgar being, incapable of greatness in thought or action.

The shameless flatterer is a shameless knave.

As the imprudence of flattery, so the imprudence of egotism.

Who affects useless singularities, has surely a little mind.

A sneer is often the sign of a heartless malignity.

Who courts the intimacy of a professed sneerer, is a professed knave.

All moral dependence on him, who has been guilty of ONE act of positive cool villany, against an acknowledged virtuous and noble character, is credulity, imbecility, or insanity.

Avoid the eye that discovers with rapidity the bad, and is slow to see the good.

LAVATER.

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

LETTER XXII.

THE celestial family were seated in all their magnificence at the divine banquet ; Vulcan drank nectar in deep draughts, and devoured his conquest with his eyes. Though pale and languishing, Venus still eclipsed the beauty of all the other goddesses. The latter restrained their mortification, and kept silent. Jupiter sat near Juno with true conjugal dignity ; while Weariness, under the mask of Ceremony, gravely presided at the feast.

Apollo alone animated this monstrous dullness. He recounted his pastoral life ; he spoke of his amours, of his errors, of the miseries of inconstancy, and of the happiness he should henceforth enjoy in fidelity. His looks seemed to address this promise to Venus. Venus listened to him with that interest which is excited by the amiable candor of youth. She was mute, attentive, motionless, and perceived not that Night made the signal for Pleasure and Amusement.

Let us pass to the ~~the~~ day. The toilet of Venus was peculiarly brilliant, for all the gods appeared at it. Apollo was amiable, lively, and seducing ; he pleased ; he was invited to come the following day, and on that day he was asked for every succeeding one. His conversation was animated, intellectual and tender. Vulcan loved Venus, but it was not with a delicate affection ; and when the husband began his reign the lover disappeared. Apollo's society filled up those interregnums, rendered so interesting by sentiment. Their intimacy became every day more tender ; Venus began to be alarmed ; she even confessed her scruples to her friend ; but the latter threw himself at her feet.

"Alas !" said he, "how unjust you are, and how little do you know my heart ! without aspiring to any thing, I find happiness near you. A word, a single kind look, a smile places me at the height of my desires. Love wants flattery,

favors are his aliment ; but friendship, more delicate, lives only on the flowers of sentiment."

These tender metaphysics re-assured Venus ; but the snare was not the less fatal. Concealed under the veil of friendship, love is like the rose-bud enclosed in its green sheath ; by imperceptible degrees it pierces the thin covering, it half unfolds, its progress is rapid but insensible to the eye which watches and waits for it. Thus did Apollo, by a slight artifice, make Venus pass from apprehension to confidence, and from confidence to desire. His looks became yet more expressive, his voice more tender, his song more touching, and Venus was never weary of hearing him sing.

One day he hesitated some moments ; Venus insisted ; then casting down his eyes, he sung with a faltering voice sentiments like these :—" E'er since I pass my sweetest moments at the feet of Cypris, it is in vain that I examine my heart, to unravel my sentiments ; I know, alas, too well that I sigh, that I am intoxicated with a wild emotion, but I know not whether to call it love or friendship. I believe these two powers are in intelligence together to torment me by turns ; in the glances she directs to me, friendship counterfeits love ; my heart then full of hope palpitates beyond its usual measure ; but if I advance near her, love is then obliged to counterfeit friendship. By an involuntary error, fearing that my heart will fly the sister only for the brother, or the brother for the sister, I confound the sacrifices of love and of friendship."

After Venus had given this mysterious song a kind reception, friendship did not remain long of their party ; and soon our tender friends became passionate lovers. But the eyes of Vulcan, the looks of all Olympus would intercept their slightest glances. A private interview would be so sweet ! yet neither the one nor the other had any pretext for absenting themselves. Submitting yet to established usages, Venus dared not abandon her spouse ; Apollo, newly recalled, might not quit the king of heaven.

At length circumstances altered ; Vulcan was obliged to

repair to Lemnos. During his absence, Venus obtained permission to visit her planet. Apollo supplicated Jupiter to grant him again the chariot of the Sun. Jupiter consented. Without doubt our lovers encountered in the celestial road, and Venus's infidelity may be foreseen. But their guilty joys will pass away, and Hymen be avenged.

Since that period Apollo has never quitted the throne of light. We are even assured that it is he who regulates the order of the seasons ; who makes the fruits and the flowers expand, and who, during his rapid course, sees every thing change, except my heart and yours perhaps.—Every year Phœbus, in recommencing his tour, finds in you new talents, new graces, but always the same lovers. While frantic youth runs after variety, ah what a sweet uniformity do I not find in my passion ! could my heart indeed joy to wander from the object of its tenderness ? My love is like yourself, Emilia, it cannot change.

LETTER XXIII.

At the peaceful moment in which Vesper harnesses the car of Night, the chariot of the Sun stopped on the horizon of heaven ; it was environed by clouds of gold and purple, forming a radiant chaos. The astronomers of those times took this phenomenon for a meteor, and spent the night in admiring it: But how ignorant are mortals of the secrets of the gods ! this phenomenon was but a brilliant veil under which the king of Day waited for the queen of Beauty. She arrived at the appointed place borne on the shepherd's star.

The lovers now descended secretly into the island of Rhodes, and under cover of the meteor escaped the telescopes of the curious.

Alone in this island, covered with woods and hills, they were not long in sweetly losing themselves ; happily they wandered together, and Mystery, who guided them, knew the clue of the labyrinth. To assure the steps of Venus, Apollo sustained her gently in his arms ; from time to time

the soft turf invited them to rest, but prudence prevented them from sleeping.

"Ah, my friend!" whispered Venus, "how beautiful is night! your dominion is not comparable to that of your sister. Why should mortals close their eyes when it is so delicious to wake? Never had the poppies of Morpheus such a charm for me as these roses that surround us. I know not what sweet bitterness I feel as I sigh with you! till now I knew not the value of tears; till now I never tasted a sadness preferable to every pleasure. Does it not seem to you, my friend, that this valley is enchanted? that here the birds redouble their caresses, and that men ought here to breathe only love? Ah! should not men become gods in this bliss-bestowing scene?"

I dare not tell you, Emilia, what Apollo replied; the language of happy lovers is a stranger to him, whom you permit not to use it near you. Let your heart then supply that which you have never yet enabled me to write. This rapid night was a charming alternation of delightful converse, and more delightful silence; for when the heart alone speaks, the voice would be an intruder.—Diana, who so often walks too slow, had then hastily ran over her career; the importunate Aurora recalled Phœbus to heaven. They must separate! Venus mounted her planet with a tender sigh, Apollo vaulted into his car, and earthly astronomers betook themselves to their beds.

Meanwhile this happy isle yet felt the presence of the gods. An ambrosial sweetness perfumed its thickets and vales; here and there were seen tufts of roses embroidering the verdant banks where Venus had reposed; the island had become an enchanted garden. Shortly after it bore the name of those flowers with which it was now covered (*Rhodes* being derived from the Greek word *rose*.) And as the poets always dress truth in a more sumptuous garb, they gave out that the rain from heaven had descended there in roses.

Be this as it may, from that period Apollo was adored in the island of Rhodes, where they erected to him a colossal


statue. The feet of the statue were supported on two widely-distant rocks which formed the entrance of the harbor, and vessels passed beneath it, between the legs of the colossus, without lowering their masts. This enormous mass was constructed in twelve years, and cost three hundred talents ; it seemed formed to defy time, and destined to fall but with the wreck of nature herself ; yet five hundred years after it was overturned by an earthquake. The colossus of Rhodes was the first of the seven wonders of the world.

The second was the temple of Diana, at Ephesus ; this edifice, supported by an hundred and twenty-seven columns, was erected by as many kings, during the space of two hundred and twenty years ; it was enriched with the treasures of all Asia, and was burned the very day on which Alexander was born, by Erostratus, who hoped to render his name immortal by the frantic act. The Ephesians punished him, by commanding his name never to be pronounced under pain of death.

Amongst the wonders of the world were also reckoned the statue of Jupiter Olympus, a work of the celebrated Phidias ; the walls of Babylon, built by Semiramis ; the palace of Cyrus, the stones of which were cemented by gold ; the famous Pyramids of Egypt, which served as tombs for the kings of that country ; lastly, the tomb which Artimesia raised to the king Mausolus, her husband. This tomb took the name of him whom it enclosed ; a name which we now give to our mausoleums. It was surrounded by thirty-six columns, and was eighty feet in circumference.

The greatest part of these ancient wonders have been destroyed by time ; but art, in repairing such outrages, has multiplied its master-pieces.

I might now, my Emilia, enter into some very learned researches upon this subject, and speak to you of the new wonders which at this day embellish the universe ; but the wonders of art charm me no longer, and I swear to you by Love and Venus, that you have limited my curiosity about the wonders of nature.—Adieu !



DANCING AND HOWLING DERVISHES OF TURKEY.

FROM DR. CLARKE'S TRAVELS.

IN a mosque at Tophana was exhibited the dance of the Dervishes ; and in another, at Scutary, the exhibition of the Howling Priests ; ceremonies so extraordinary, that it is necessary to see them, in order to believe that they are really practised by human beings, as acts of devotion. We saw them both, and first were conducted to behold the dance at Tophana.

As we entered the mosque, we observed twelve or fourteen Dervishes walking slowly round, before a superior, in a small space surrounded with rails, beneath the dome of the building. Several spectators were stationed on the outside of the railing ; and being, as usual, ordered to take off our shoes, we joined the party. In a gallery over the entrance were stationed two or three performers on the tamborine and Turkish pipes. Presently the Dervishes, crossing their arms over their breasts, and with each of their hands grasping their shoulders, began obeisance to the superior, who stood with his back against the wall, facing the door of the mosque. Then each, in succession, as he passed the superior, having finished his bow, began to turn round, first slowly, but afterwards with such velocity, that his long garments flying out in the rotatory motion, the whole party appeared spinning like so many umbrellas upon their handles. As they began, their hands were disengaged from their shoulders, and raised gradually above their heads. At length, as the velocity of the whirl increased, they were all seen, with their arms extended horizontally, and their eyes closed, turning with inconceivable rapidity. The music, accompanied by voices, served to animate them ; while a steady old fellow, in a green pelisse, continued to walk among them, with a fixed countenance, and expressing as much care and watchfulness as if his life would expire with the slightest failure in the cere-

mony. I noticed a method they all observed in the exhibition ; it was that of turning one of their feet, with the toes as much inward as possible, at every whirl of the body, while the other foot kept its natural position. The elder of these Dervishes appeared to me to perform the task with so little labor or exertion, that, although their bodies were in violent agitation, their countenances resembled those of persons in an easy sleep. The younger part of the dancers moved with no less velocity than the others ; but it seemed in them a less mechanical operation. This extraordinary exercise continued for the space of fifteen minutes ; a length of time, it might be supposed, sufficient to exhaust life itself during such an exertion ; and our eyes began to ache with the sight of so many objects all turning one way. Suddenly, on a signal given by the directors of the dance, unobserved by the spectators, the Dervishes all stopped at the same instant, like the wheels of a machine, and what is more extraordinary, all in one circle, with their faces invariably towards the centre, crossing their arms on their breasts, and grasping their shoulders as before, bowing together with the utmost regularity, at the same instant, almost to the ground. We regarded them with astonishment, not one of them being in the slightest degree out of breath, heated, or having his countenance at all changed. After this they began to walk, as at first ; each following the other within the railing, and passing the superior as before. As soon as their obeisance had been made, they began to turn again. This second exhibition lasted as long as the first, and was similarly concluded. They then began to turn for the third time ; and, as the dance lengthened, the music grew louder and more animating. Perspiration became evident on the features of the Dervishes ; the extended garments of some among them began to droop ; and little accidents occurred, such as their striking against each other : they nevertheless persevered, until large drops of sweat falling from their bodies upon the floor, such a degree of friction was thereby occasioned, that the noise of their feet rubbing the floor was heard by the spectators. Upon

this, the third and last signal was made for them to halt, and the dance ended.

This extraordinary performance is considered miraculous by the Turks. By their law, every species of dancing is prohibited; and yet, in such veneration is this ceremony held, that an attempt to abolish it would excite insurrection among the people.

There is still another instance of the most extraordinary superstition perhaps ever known in the history of mankind, full of the most shameless and impudent imposture: it is the exhibition of pretended miracles, wrought in consequence of the supposed power of faith, by a sect who are called *the Howling Dervishes of Scutary*. I have before alluded to their orgies, as similar to those practised, according to Sacred Scripture, by the priests of Baal; and they are probably a remnant of the most ancient heathen ceremonies of Eastern nations. The Turks hold this sect in greater veneration than they do even the dancing Dervishes.

We passed over to Scutary, from Pera, accompanied by a Janissary, and arrived at the place where this exhibition is made. The Turks called it a mosque; but it more resembled a barn, and reminded us of the sort of booth fitted up with loose planks by mendicant conjurers at an English fair. This resemblance was further increased, by our finding at the entrance two strange figures, who, learning the cause of our visit, asked if we wished to have the "*fire and dagger business*" introduced among the other performances. We replied, by expressing our inclination to see as much of their rites as they might think proper to exhibit: upon this, we were told that we must pay something more than usual, for the *miracles*. A bargain was therefore made, upon condition that we should see *all* the miracles. We were then permitted to enter the mosque, and directed to place ourselves in a small gallery, raised two steps from the floor. Close to one extremity of this gallery, certain of the Dervishes were employed in boiling coffee upon two brasiers of lighted charcoal: this was brought to us in small cups, with pipes, and

stools for seats. At the other extremity of the gallery, a party of Turks were also smoking, and drinking coffee. Upon the walls of the mosque were suspended daggers, skewers, wire-scourges, pincers, and many other dreadful instruments of torture and penance. It might have been supposed a chamber of Inquisition, if the ludicrous mummary around had not rather given it the air of a conjurer's booth. It was a long time before the ceremony began. At length, the principal Dervish, putting on his robe of state, which consisted of a greasy green pelisse with half-worn fur, apparently a second-hand purchase from the rag market, opened the business of the exhibition. At first, they repeated the ordinary prayers of the Turks; in which our Janissary joined, after having washed his head, feet, and hands. All strangers afterwards withdrawing to the gallery, a most ragged and filthy set of Dervishes seated themselves upon the floor, forming a circle round their superior.

These men began to repeat a series of words, as if they were uttering sounds by rote; smiling, at the same time, with great complacency upon each other: presently, their smiles were converted to a laugh, seemingly so unaffected and so hearty, that we sympathetically joined in their mirth. Upon this, our Janissary and interpreter became alarmed, and desired us to use more caution; as the laughter we noticed was the result of religious emotion, arising from the delight experienced in repeating the attributes of the Deity. During a full hour the Dervishes continued laughing and repeating the same words, inclining their heads and bodies backwards and forwards. Then they all rose, and were joined by others, who were to act a very conspicuous part in the ceremony. These were some time in placing themselves; and frequently, after they had taken a station, they changed their post again, for purposes to us unknown. Finally, they all stood in a semicircle before the superior, and then a dance began: this, without any motion of the feet or hands, consisted of moving in a mass from side to side, against each other's shoulders, repeating rapidly and continually the words

Ullah, koo Ullah ! and laughing as before, but no longer with any expression of mirth ; it seemed rather the horrid and intimidating grimace of madness. In the mean time, the superior moved forward, until he stood in the midst of them, repeating the same words, and marking the measure of utterance, by beating his hands, accompanied with a motion of his head. At this time another figure made his appearance, an old man, very like the representations Spagnolet painted of Diogenes, and quite as ragged. Placing himself on the left of the semicircle, with his face towards the Dervishes, he began to howl the same words, much louder, and with greater animation than the rest, and, beating time with all the force of his arm, encouraged them to exertions they were almost incapable of sustaining. Many of them appeared almost exhausted, tossing their heads about, while their laugh presented one of the most horrible convulsions of feature the human countenance is capable of assuming. Still the oscillatory motion and the howling continued, becoming every instant more violent ; and the sound of their voices resembled the grunting of expiring hogs ; until at length one of them gave a convulsive spring from the floor, and, as he leaped, called loudly and vehemently "*Mohammed !*" No sooner was this perceived, than one of the attendants taking him in his arms, raised him from the floor, and turned him three times round. Then a loud hissing noise, as of fire, proceeded from his mouth, which ceased on the superior placing his hand upon his lips. The same person then taking the skin of his throat between the finger and thumb of his left hand, pierced it through with an iron skewer he held in his right, and left him standing exposed to view in that situation, calling loudly upon Mohammed.

By this time, some of the others, apparently quite spent, affected to be seized in the same way, and were turned round as the other had been. The person who turned them supported them afterwards in his arms, while they reclined their faces upon his right shoulder and evidently were occupied in rinsing their mouths with something concealed beneath his

garments. The same process took place respecting their hands, which were secretly fortified in a similar way, by some substance used to prevent the effect of fire upon the skin.

We now observed the attendants busied, on our right hand, below the gallery, heating irons in the braziers used for boiling the coffee. As soon as the irons were red hot, they carried them glowing among the Dervishes, who, seizing them with violence, began to lick them with their tongues. While we were occupied in beholding this extraordinary sight, our attention was suddenly called off to one of them, who was stamping in a distant part of the mosque, with one of the irons between his teeth. This was taken from him by the superior; and the man falling into apparent convulsions, was caught by an attendant, and placed upon the floor, with his face to the earth. Some of the rest then jumped about, stabbing themselves in different parts of their bodies.

A noise of loud sobbing and lamentation was now heard in a latticed gallery above, where we were told women were stationed, who doubtless, being completely duped by the artifices which had been practised, were sufficiently alarmed. As we were already disgusted with such outrages upon religion, under any name, we descended from the gallery, and prepared to walk out; when the superior, fearing that his company might give him the slip, instantly put an end to the *léger-de-main*, and demanded payment. While this took place, it was highly amusing to see all the fire-eaters, and the dagger-bearers, recover at once from their fainting and convulsions, and walk about, talking with each other in perfect ease and indifference.

If what has been here stated is not enough to prove the contemptible imposture practised upon these occasions, a circumstance that occurred afterwards will put the matter beyond all doubt.

A Swiss gentlemen, acting as goldsmith and jeweller to the Grand Signior, invited us, with a large party of English, to dine at his house in Constantinople. When dinner was ended, one of the Howling Dervishes, the most renowned for

miraculous powers, was brought in, to amuse the company as a common conjurer. Taking his seat on a divân at the upper end of the room, he practised all the tricks we had seen at the mosque, with the exception of the hot irons, for which he confessed he was not prepared. He affected to stab himself, in the eyes and cheeks, with large poignards ; but, upon examination, we soon discovered that the blades of the weapons were admitted by springs into their handles, like those used upon the stage in our theatres. A trick which he practised with extraordinary skill and address, was that of drawing a sabre across his naked body, after having caused the skin of the abdomen to lapse over it.

As soon as his exhibition ended, we were told by our host that the Dervish should now bear testimony to a miracle on our part : and, as he had no conception of the manner in which it was brought about, it was probably never afterwards forgotten by him. A large electrical apparatus stood within an adjoining apartment ; the conductors from which, passing into the room, as comon bell-wires, had been continued along the seat occupied by the Dervish, reaching the whole length of the divân. As soon as he began to take breath, and repose himself from the fatigue of his tricks, a shock from the electrical machine was communicated, that made him leap higher than ever he had done for the name of Mohammed. Seeing no person near, and every individual of the company affecting the utmost tranquillity and unconcern, he was perfectly panic-struck. Ashamed, however, that an inspired priest, and one of the guardians of the miracles of Islamism, should betray causeless alarm, he ventured once more to resume his seat ; whence, as he sat trembling, a second shock sent him fairly out of the house ; nor could any persuasion of ours, accompanied by a promise of explaining the source of his apprehension, prevail upon him to return, even for the payment which was due to him.

REMARKS ON MOLIERE.

BY A FRENCHMAN.

IF I were asked who was the greatest preacher of the last age, I would answer, without hesitation, Moliere.

The comedies of Moliere have operated more reforms than the sermons of Bourdaloue have made converts.

The thundering voice of the Christian orator terrified the vicious, without eradicating their vices ; the inimitable pencil of the comic poet forced vice and absurdity to conceal themselves, to avoid the resemblance of his paintings.

The first work of Moliere was a comedy of character, and if it be not a *chef d'œuvre*, it at least surpasses all that had preceded it, with the exception of the *Menteur*.

Moliere was thirty-eight years old when he began to write ; he died at fifty-three ; it is difficult to conceive how he could in so few years furnish so many admirable pieces.

Louis XIV. predicted that Moliere would give lustre to his reign. He was his constant protector and support. He defended him against devotees, physicians, and fops. But for the firmness of Louis XIV. the *Tartuffe* would never have appeared on the stage.

The *Tartuffe* is without dispute the sublimest work that ever came from the hands of man. The tears start from my eyes when I think of Moliere's reply to Despreaux, who congratulated him on this play : "Patience, my friend, you shall one day see something much superior." He died six years after, and his occupations as a comedian and manager of the company prevented his fulfilling his intention. It is supposed that he referred to *L'Homme de Cour*, a subject which engaged his attention till his death, but of which no fragment could be found among his papers. What a loss for the dramatic art ! And who will dare attempt a character which Moliere himself placed above his *Tartuffe*. I am almost tempted to reproach the memory of Louis XIV. for not freeing Moliere from the cares, which, necessary to his fortune, hindered the exertions of his genius.

Moliere derived from the ancients some of his works, and it was giving them new life ; but he borrowed from no source but his mind the *Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*, and *Les Femmes Savantes*.

He had the fate of those who are born with a too susceptible heart, he loved more than he was loved, and the bitterness of jealousy defeated his success, and accelerated his death. He found, however, in friendship the consolations which a more tender sentiment refused him. Despreaux, Chapelle, and La Fontaine were those of his contemporaries, of whose society he was most fond, and who, by a just return, contributed their utmost to gain for him before hand the suffrage of posterity.

Courtiers feared Moliere, but the favor of the monarch saved him from their snares. They were frequently obliged to applaud characteristic portraits, of which they had themselves furnished the models.

No writer has better observed dramatic propriety, better developed the characters he has treated, better pursued the route of the passions through all the intricacies of the human heart.

Moliere is translated into all languages, and played on the theatre of every polished nation. He has universally extended the empire of French literature. He is the poet of all times, of all ages, of all countries ; a glory which he divides only with La Fontaine.

Moliere was the scourge of the wicked, and the father of the unfortunate ; he was just, sensible, and good, and never did misery ask his succour in vain.

Under an exterior serious and cold, Moliere concealed an ardent soul, a lively imagination, and a compassionate heart. It is known that his humanity was the cause of his death, and this sacrifice, made by virtue to the love of his fellow-creatures, puts the last seal to his glory.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

SUICIDE OF THE FRENCH MINISTER ROLAND.

Translated from the celebrated French work, "De la Philosophie de la Nature."

MANY observers attest that, during the ten first years of the French revolution, from the first attacks made against the throne, until the accession of Bonaparte's triumvirate, fourteen thousand unfortunate persons, despairing of the fate of their country, had terminated their miserable existence by suicide: Never were the French known to attempt against their lives, when protected by tutelary laws, when proud of the administration under Charlemagne, or happy with the peaceable virtues of Lewis the XII. or of Henry the IV.; it is astonishing that such numbers should have been guilty of such an act of insanity under a *free administration*, and when they were organizing for them a *brotherly republic*: It is true these *pretended brothers* were nothing more than assassins, and liberty for men of correct principles, only left them the choice of that kind of death, which could save them from the scaffold.

Among these fourteen thousand victims of the most unaccountable and thoughtless revolution, there is one that deserves universal attention; it is that of ROLAND: the commanding events which prompted him to commit suicide, the calmness with which he devoted himself to it, the novelty of his justifying it, every thing concur to give him a distinguished rank in the historical records of those human errors which serve as a foundation for morality.

Roland was a well meaning man, with an elevated mind, who, born in times of trouble, was thrown into a career, the extent of which was unknown to him; continually opposing events without commanding them, he did good with ill grace, and was guilty of evil with firmness, without being liable to praise for the former, or deserving punishment for the latter;

I lay him apart from his contemporaries, who were wrong to abandon him, but whom posterity will never set forth as a great man.

Roland, born a plebeian, and living under a monarchical government, was sensible that he could not attain that rank which his capacity and talents assigned him, until a popular form of government should encourage alike all classes of the community; the revolution then broke out, displaying itself with all its deceitful retinue of false and belying hopes, and he took a part with the demagogues.

It was the Jacobinism, and not the talents of Roland, that brought him into favor; it acquired him fame, proselytes, and, what most excited his ambition, a ministerial appointment:

Roland as a minister discharged with zeal his duty in the bad cause he had engaged to serve, because he was in earnest; thence his fanaticism to diffuse every where a system of depravity, his bold insinuations in the councils, pointed at statesmen who advocated just and correct principles, and the audacity by which his pretended Roman patriotism subverted the foundation of the monarchy.

Lewis the sixteenth withdrew from him his confidence; then Roland, compelled to resign, wrote to this prince a virulent letter, which had been dictated to him by his wife, and which prepared from afar, the downfall of the throne, and the execution of the prince who was seated on it.

Hitherto Roland with a pure heart and great talents, offers to the pen of the historian, but a hot headed seditious man, with lofty pretensions: the scene is now changed; after the death of the king, he was recalled to the ministry; and as his mind had improved by those great events to which he had co-operated, as he beheld, in the reformers of France, only tools of discord, and promoters to murder and bloodshed, to save the state from its downfall, he displayed the same energy which he had formerly done to overpower it.

This second call to the ministership, so well calculated for the glory of Roland, but so fatal to his purpose, was at a period replete with popular commotions; he made known the ex

tortioners of the public money, he urged the dismissing of a turbulent and bloodthirsty administration, devoted to the Catalines of the day, who headed and directed it ; he stamped on the public mind the seal of horror and indignation against the assassins of the prisons.

This courage, at an epoch so distressing, was equal to a death warrant : the ferocious Danton, then the self-called dictator, denounced Roland to the ringleaders who were devoted to him ; the conspiring corporation of Paris armed against him her numerous revolutionary committees ; and the convention, still more guilty, because the majority was yet pure, sacrificed him to the vengeance of the mob.*

Roland, at the first appearance of danger, either of his disgrace, or for that of his life, found no refuge ; he had, by his democracy, alienated the hearts of good men, and by his courage animated the perverse. All abandoned him ; and he saw himself forsaken, in the midst of France, then a prey to murder and assassination.

His most acute feelings arose from the change of public opinion, which he had so much endeavored to demoralize ; they now pronounced him deserving death : the public prints, the motions in caucusses, public declaimers, all combined to point him out as one of the leading agents of public misfortunes : all scribblers complimented Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, who occasioned his disgrace ; for during democratic storms, tyrants are sure to meet as many panegyrists, as they sacrifice victims.

Misfortunes now clouded over his head ; not only his friends abandoned him to his fate, but in addition to this, his wife, who was a heroine, was thrown into a dark confinement ; his daughter, the interesting Eudora, only twelve years old, was compelled to conceal herself, and he only escaped the ignominy of the scaffold by a precipitate flight.

Roland, who, during his two ministerships, had beheld France at his knees, now outlawed, was a long time before he could find an open and sensible heart in which he could

* De la Montagne.

unbosom his own : Lyons, the place of his birth ; Paris, where he had governed, uttered his name but with fear and dread. He then recollected that at Rouen there were two women who lived after the manners of the golden age, and did them the honor (for it was a great one) to beg of them hospitality.

On the 24th of June 1792, Roland found that asylum after which he panted ; there he was welcomed with a simplicity of heart which is always free, and never abandons the path of virtue. This continued to be his concealed residence during more than five months : They carefully kept from him with ingenious attention, the public prints, in which every libellous scribbler pointed him to the daggers of mobocracy : he had almost reconciled himself to his adverse fate, when a daily publication, which chance happened to let fall under his hand, made known to him the concealment of his daughter, and the monstrous event which led his intrepid wife to the scaffold.

Roland had always borne an affection and a tenderness to the lovely and unfortunate victim who had just been sacrificed, which approached idolatry : the unexpected news of her execution was to him a deadly blow ; and the excess of despair into which he fell, was accompanied with convulsions, which made every one fear for his life ; having at last recovered, he determined not to survive the partner of his life he had so much loved ; but what is very surprising, after the rapidity of his first emotions were calmed, he from that moment determined upon suicide ; and shewed the same *sang froid* as Cato at Utica, when he read Plato's dialogue on the immortality of the soul, before he stabbed himself, and afterwards tore out his bowels.

On the morning of the 15th of November, Roland read the fatal paper, which apprised him that his beloved consort was no longer : at noon he seemed to be composed ; then he determined to put a period to his existence, but at a place removed from the sacred abode of his benefactors, where he had, during so long a time, found a safe asylum, and not to expose them in his downfall.

From noon to four P. M. his generous and persevering friends did all they could to deter him from an attempt which the finest natural feelings, and religion condemn : when they saw him unshaken, they yielded to his irrevocable determination ; and they all assembled to point out the kind of death he should fix upon.

Two of a different nature were discussed : the first bespoke an elevated mind ; the unfortunate victim was to repair to Paris in disguise, penetrate into the midst of the convention, compel that body to hear the truth, which never fears, but is always useful, and terminate his appeal, by asking to end his days upon the same scaffold, on which his beloved wife had just been slaughtered.

Parental tenderness rejected this first plan, which promised a death encircled with glory : Roland considered that, if he suffered himself to be juridicially butchered, his death, agreeably to the revolutionary laws, hurried along with his blood the forfeiture of his estate, and must sink his daughter into poverty : then he preferred an obscure death, which would save the interesting orphan ; and it was agreed that he should retire a few leagues from Rouen to put a period to his terrestrial existence.

At 6 o'clock, the martyr of mobocracy called for a pen and ink, wrote for about an half an hour, took a sword cane, and, after having bid an eternal farewell to his overwhelmed friends, he went out of Rouen, and walked a distance of about four leagues on the road to Paris, until he reached a place called Bourg-Beaudoin.

Night was far advanced, and its darkness added to the gloomy ideas which the revolution impressed on his mind. Roland, having arrived at a range of trees opposite a country mansion, sat against one of the trees, and plunged in his bosom the sword of his cane. His death was so easy, that he never changed his attitude ; and travellers, who passed near him the next day, believing he was asleep, dared not awake him for some time : it was only after seeing his coat impreg-

nated with blood, they suspected his assassination, or his suicide.

The death of Roland was soon rumored throughout Rouen. The too notorious Legendre, then on a mission there, was one of the most unbridled mobocrats; he repaired to Bourg-Beaudoin, and, at the sight of the bloody corpse of this worthy and upright man, who had avenged on himself his long errors, he loaded him, in the name of what *he* called *the country*, with insults, and impious imprecations: he afterwards took possession of his papers, among which was a *vindication of his life and of his death*. In a letter to the convention, written in the style of Marat, he requested "that by a decree, a post should be erected in the place of public executions, with an inscription, which should transmit to posterity the tragical end of a perfidious minister, who had corrupted the public opinion, and pre-disposed the criminal coalition, destined to save the tyrant and overwhelm the republic."

Legendre read Roland's vindication in the presence of a horde of demagogues, who thus styled themselves to avoid an infamous and premature end; and one among them, whose memory was tenacious to a prodigy, on his return home, transmitted to paper the most prominent passages of it. Here follows this imperfect but precious piece:

"Whomsoever thou art, that may chance to see my lifeless remains, respect them; they are those of a man who devoted his life to be useful, and died as virtuous as he had lived.

"May my fellow citizens, who have been misled by factions, renounce ferocious and sanguinary purposes, and atone to nature for their crimes, by morality.

"The blood, which overflows my desolated country, warns me that it is time to avoid their numberless poignards. Such homicides perpetrated in the name of the law, can have been nothing more, than the deeds of the everlasting enemies of France: they are sensible they will divide among themselves a large proportion of a republic, out of which they compel to self-exile, or send to the scaffold, its best and most worthy inhabitants.

" After all, it is not the fear of cannibals, it is indignation which forewarns me to cease to live ; and this indignation is accompanied with nothing repugnant to the primitive ideas of the just man.

" I can no longer flatter myself with the hope of escaping my numerous and watchful enemies, nor concealment from the slow poison of slander, nay, from the dagger of an assassin.

" A committee of public safety, which dictates and governs by crime, and in the midst of crimes, denounces me to France at large, *for instigating discord, and fomenting the seeds of civil war in the department of the Rhone* ; though since my exile, if it may be so called, I reside one hundred and fifty leagues from thence, in the sweet and sacred asylum of friendship, which I am at this moment about to leave, and to sink into eternity.

" Calumny, however, could never prompt me to attempt against my life : God remains to me, with the consciousness of my innocence ; with such supports, we are stronger than misfortune itself : but my wife, one of the most perfect beings that heaven ever formed, has just ended her spotless days on a scaffold ; and from that moment I conceive as dismembered, that union which bound me to nature.

" O incomparable woman ! heroine who would have adorned the golden age ! I am sensible of all the sacrifices thou hast made for me ; I know that it was in thy power to escape from thy dark and dismal prison, and would never consent to it for fear of exposing my days. How thy sublime tenderness has deceived thee ! thou art no more, and the cruel fates do not the less impose upon me the necessity of ceasing to live.

" I behold thee, O worthy part of myself, springing forth, with thy usual serenity, upon the bloody board of the scaffold ; and, bending before the statue of liberty, which struck thy eyes, utter these memorable words : *O sacred liberty, how many crimes do they commit in thy name !* and yet thy elevated soul pardoned thy country the shame of thy death.

" And thee, my angelic Eudora, thou hast hardly reached thy twelfth year, and already thou art, to the enemies of the

public good, an object of fear : already they compel thee to alter thy name ; thou wanderest from one asylum to another, and only want to know the worth of life, to lose it on a scaffold.

“ Do not reproach me, my tender Eudora, if I leave you an orphan ; no power on earth can save my life : one hundred thousand ruffians have their ferocious looks bent upon me ; all who have the public force at their disposal have outlawed me, and pointed out my end : thou art not ignorant of the insane and ferocious laws under which we groan ; the state confiscates the estates of all its victims : I have wished to preserve thee from poverty, and this idea ennobles my suicide.”

It is beyond all doubt that Roland died a victim to those feelings which can most honor human nature ; conjugal love, and parental tenderness. It is well known, that no domestic happiness was ever greater than his, and it had been the study of his whole life to promote it : the following remark ought not to be omitted. At the publication of the last edition of “ *Philosophie de la Nature*,” Roland visited me ; and showing me the dedication of the former edition of that work, said to me : *You have dedicated it to the most perfect wife, that could honor human nature : what you sought for in the clouds of metaphysics, I have found in reality. Madam Roland is your Palmrya, and she is worthy of your dedication.*

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A COURSE OF
LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,
BY J. LATHROP, JUN. A. M.

LECTURE THE SEVENTH

Geology.

GEOLOGY, or the doctrine of the earth, a science which embraces in its objects of consideration, the nature, construction, parts, and productions of the globe on which we live, would, were it taken in its most extensive sense, require for its full display and illustration, a course of lectures, instead

of a single discourse. We shall have occasion in another lecture to describe the shape, motion, and planetary connection of the world, as a constituent part of the solar system. But it will be sufficient on these subjects, to observe in this place, that from its analogies, as found by a comparison of its form, revolutions, and other peculiarities, which distinguish the planets from the fixed stars, we find convincing proofs, not only of its being an orb, moving with immense velocity around its solar centre of motion; but we pronounce with confidence, that the other heavenly bodies, which we see subjected to the same general law of gravity, are peopled with inhabitants, and furnished with abundant provisions for their sustenance, and stored with proper means and sources of corporeal and intellectual enjoyments. Narrow and selfish indeed must be the mind, that can for a moment suppose this comparatively insignificant globe to be the only theatre of moral action and of rational intelligence. To suppose that the firmament is studded with innumerable lucid gems, merely to decorate a canopy for a ball of *earth*, a *single* and *solitary* abode of reasoning animals, is absurd and ridiculous—I had almost said *profane*. It is arrogating a rank in the scale of being to which we have no *exclusive* claim, and is by no means an indirect charge of partiality against our Divine Creator.

“ He sees with equal eye, as Lord of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl’d,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Sufficiently humbled, I hope, by an enlarged view of the universe, of which we and our possessions compose so minute a part, we will attempt a brief examination of the planet on which we have our present state of existence. And here, the pride of philosophy finds many mortifying crosses and vexations. The mathematical gauge which has ascertained the depths of aerial space, and the geometrical scale, whose graduations have been set off against planets and their satellites with wonderful precision, when applied to the admeasurement of our earth, only shew us how much better we are

acquainted with things abroad, than we are with our condition at home. Our sententious Franklin has often moralized on this subject.—But he is not the only one of the physico-ethical school, who has rebuked and abashed pride, and taught her that the first step towards wisdom, is humiliation.

In the following discourse, I propose to consider the construction, and the various theories which have been fabricated, to account for the visible appearances, and the secret organization of the terraqueous globe.

The grand question in geology, to which I wish to confine your attention is this—“*What is the internal structure and constitution of the globe of our earth?*”

The ancients believed that the heavens and the earth, above the ocean, were the visible universe, and that all below the ocean, was *hades*, or the regions of the dead, where departed spirits were in a state of torment for their sins, committed while in life ; or in the enjoyment of happiness, deserved by their virtues and heroic actions.

It cannot be necessary in this stage of our philosophical inquiries, to pause for the purpose of proving the sphericity of the earth's shape ; though you will not be displeased if I mention a few important and amusing conclusions drawn by Father Taquet, from a knowledge of the true form of our planet.

1st. If any part of the earth were a plane, granting the earth's annual and diurnal motion, a man could no more walk thereon, than he could on the side of a perpendicular mountain.

2d. That a traveller's head goes farther than his feet ; and a horseman than a footman ; as moving through equal arches of greater circles.

3d. That a vessel, full of water, being raised perpendicularly, some of the water will be continually flowing out, yet the vessel still remain full ; and, on the contrary, if a vessel full of water be let perpendicularly down, though nothing flow out, yet it will cease to be full ; consequently there is more water contained in the same vessel at the foot, than at the top of a

mountain, because the surface of the water is compressed into the segment of a less sphere below, than above.

The terraqueous globe seems to be composed of two substances, earth and water. These constituent principles with the agency of heat, may, perhaps, be assumed as the grand and universal materials of the world we inhabit, and the causes of all the changes which are continually taking place in its interior regions, and on its variegated surface.

Various hypotheses have been formed by learned men, to account for the structure of the earth. Sacred and profane writers seem to agree in one grand point ; that of its chaotic state, when it pleased the Almighty to condensate and fix its unsettled elements, to harmonize its warring principles, and to give it a proper shape and consistence for the abode of man.

The Mosaic account of the creation of the world, is an unrivalled specimen of the sublime in composition. It is the divine language of inspiration and truth.

“ In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep ; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.”

Ovid's description of Chaos, and of the creation of the earth and the celestial luminaries, seems an elegant imitation of the Mosaic history of that glorious event.

Before the starry heav'n encircling all
The varied beauties of this earthly ball,
Held in the concave of its brilliant round,
Th' expanse of sea, and barren stretch of ground,
The face of nature wore a dismal gloom,
Uncheer'd by light, undeck'd by vernal bloom,
Chaos and darkness brooded on the deep
Of sluggish matter, in lethargic sleep ;
For then no genial sun with plastic ray
Had wak'd the hours, or pour'd prolific day,
Or taught the moon, in modest charms benign,
To wreath his tresses on her brow divine.

At length a God, with uncontroll'd command,
Roll'd in an orb the ocean and the land,
Breath'd through the mighty mass a heavenly soul,
And, from confusion, *form'd a perfect whole.*

The various theories of the earth, by Whiston, Descartes, Buffon, and other ingenious men, are better calculated to amuse a leisure hour, than to afford us solid instruction and assist us in our pursuit of knowledge. They present us with brilliant specimens of human intellect; and at the same time offer to our view mortifying examples of the abuse, or misapplication of talents, which in other researches have elevated their possessors to the highest rank of moralists and philosophers.

The great and good Mr. Boyle, who, though dead yet speaketh, surmises that there are great, though slow, internal changes in the mass of the earth. He argues from the varieties observed in the motions of the magnetic needle. But, of what does the substance of the earth consist? How is its internal part constituted? What binds the several divisions of the globe, and makes their constituent particles cohere in such wonderful and lasting union?—These questions require scientific answers. The last question may be satisfactorily settled, before we proceed. Gravity is undoubtedly the power to which the earth owes its coherence and consistency.

The terraqueous globe is divided by geolists into three distinct parts or regions. 1st. The external part, or crust; being that from which vegetables grow, and animals receive sustenance. 2d. The middle part, which is possessed by fossils, extending farther than human industry has ever yet penetrated. 3dly. The internal, or central part, which is wholly unknown to us, though by many authors supposed to be of a magnetic nature; by others, a sphere or mass of fire; by others, an abyss or collection of water, surrounded by the strata of earth; and by others, a hollow space, inhabited by animals, who have their sun, moon, and planets, and other conveniences,

adapted to their peculiar mode of existence.* But others, divide the body of the globe into two parts, viz. the external, called the cortex, including the internal, which they denominate the nucleus, being of a different nature from the former, and possessed by fire, water, or more probably by a considerable portion of metals, as it has been found by calculation, that the mean density of the whole earth is nearly double the density of common stone.

The external, or cortical part of the globe exhibits inequalities, as mountains and vallies; or it is cut into channels, or dug into beds, or excavated for the reception of the waters of lakes, rivers, seas, or oceans. More than two thirds of the globe are covered with water. An ingenious philosopher, a few years ago, with exemplary patience and accuracy, separated the water from the land as represented on a very correct map of the world; and on weighing the different solid and fluid parts, the result was as above stated.

The inequalities in the face of the earth, as most naturalists suppose, have arisen from the force of either subterraneous fires, or waters. In its natural state, the earth is held to be perfectly round, smooth, and equable, by Des Cartès, Burnet, Woodward, Whiston, and others: and they account for its present rude and irregular form, principally from the universal deluge.

In the external, or cortical part, there appear various strata, supposed to be the sediments of several floods; the waters of which, being replete with matter of different kinds, as they became perfectly dry, or oozed through, deposited the substances, which in time hardened into strata of stone, sand, clay, and coal.

Dr. Woodward has considered the circumstances of these strata with great attention, and noticed them with his uncommon sagacity in their order, in respect of number, horizontal parallelism, depth, intersections, fissures, color, and consist-

* This supposition accords with Virgil's account of Elysium—"Solemque
num, sua sidera norant. Here the inhabitants know their own sun, and
 their own stars."

ence. He ascribes the origin and formation of them all to the deluge. At that terrible revolution, he supposes that all sorts of terrestrial bodies were dissolved and mixed with the waters, forming together a confused mass. This mass of terrestrial particles, intermixed with water, he thinks, was at length precipitated to the bottom according to the *order of gravity*, the heaviest sinking first, and the lightest afterwards. By such means were the strata formed, of which the earth consists; which, attaining their solidity and hardness by degrees, have continued so ever since. Those sediments, he further concludes, were at first all parallel and concentrical; and the surface of the earth, formed of them, was perfectly smooth and regular; but that in course of time, divers changes happening from earthquakes, volcanoes, and other subterranean causes of great convulsions, the order and regularity of the strata were disturbed and broken, and the surface of the earth thrown into the irregular form in which it now appears.

The illustrious French naturalist, Buffon, has with his usual eloquence endeavored to support a theory of his own, in which he advances an opinion, that the earth as well as the other planets are parts struck off from the body of the sun, by the collision of comets; and that when the earth assumed its form, it was in a state of liquefaction by fire. But that could not have been the method employed by the sovereign Creator, in producing the planetary bodies; for, if they had been detached from the sun by the violence of comets, they would have moved in orbits passing *through* the sun, instead of having it for their *focus* or *centre*; so that having once been struck off, they would have fallen down into the sun again, terminating their career in a single revolution.

Burnet, in his celebrated theory, advances as a fundamental position, that the earth and mankind had a beginning, and were not from eternity; and that the antediluvian world was of a different form and construction from the present. He, with much subtlety of reasoning and eloquence of style, endeavors to prove, that the face of the earth before the deluge was

smooth, regular, and uniform, without mountains or seas. He describes the young and beautiful world, as the paradisaical scene of the first generations of mankind, with the charms of youth and blooming nature, undeformed by a wrinkle, scar, or fracture in all its body; that its air was pure and serene, and free from those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapors, which the mountains and winds cause in ours: It was suited to the golden age, and to the first innocence of nature. He proceeds to shew how this fair fabric was destroyed by the deluge, and that the new or present earth is very different from that in which our first parents resided. We do not seem, he continues, to inhabit the same world that our forefathers did, nor scarce to be the same race of men. Our life is now as short and vain, as if we came into the world only to see and leave it. And this short life is employed in a great measure to preserve ourselves from necessity, or diseases, or injuries of the air, or other inconveniences. To make one man easy, ten must work and do drudgery. The body takes up so much time, that we have little leisure for contemplation, or to cultivate the mind. The earth doth not yield us food but with much labor and industry; and what was her free-will offering before, or a spontaneous liberality, cannot be extorted from her but with fatigue and toil, and the bitter sweat of the brow.

The next theory, in point of consequence, is that of Whiston. He advances, says a brother theorist, Buffon, many things which are incredible, but they are neither absolutely nor apparently impossible. As we are ignorant of what materials the centre of the earth is composed, he thinks himself entitled to suppose it a solid nucleus surrounded by a ring of heavy fluid matter, and then follows a ring of water, upon which the external crust is supported. In this ring of water, the different parts of this crust sunk more or less according to their gravity, and gave rise to mountains and inequalities on the surface of the earth. He endeavors to prove that the comet, which appeared in the year 1682, in its descent to the sun, on the first day of the deluge of Noah, came very near

to the earth, and was the physical cause of that overwhelming flood.

The ingenious La Place points out, as it were in support of this theory, some of the obvious effects of the collision of a comet with our earth.

‘Let us remark, for the honor of the human understanding, that this comet of 1682, which in this century only excited the curiosity of astronomers and mathematicians, had been regarded in a very different manner, four revolutions before, when it appeared in 1456. Its long tail spread consternation over all Europe, already terrified by the rapid success of the Turkish arms, which had just destroyed the great empire. Pope Callixtus, on this occasion, ordered a prayer, in which both the comet and the Turks were included in one anathema.’ II. 59—62.

Of the collision of a comet with the earth, which, though improbable in a high degree for a given portion of time, may be regarded as having considerable probability, if we take in an unlimited succession of ages, he points out some of the more obvious consequences.

‘It is easy to represent the effect of such a shock upon the earth; the axis and motion of rotation changed; the waters abandoning their ancient position, to precipitate themselves towards the new equator; the greater part of men and animals drowned in a universal deluge, or destroyed by the violence of the shock given to the terrestrial globe; whole species destroyed; all the monuments of human industry reversed: such are the disasters which a shock of a comet would produce.

‘We see, then, why the ocean has abandoned the highest mountains, on which it has left incontestible marks of its former abode. We see why the animals and plants of the south may have existed in the climates of the north, where their relics and impressions are still to be found. Lastly, it explains the short period of the existence of the moral world, whose earliest monuments do not go much farther back than three thousand years. The human race, reduced to a small

number of individuals, in the most deplorable state, occupied only with the immediate care for their subsistence, must necessarily have lost the remembrance of all sciences and of every art ; and when the progress of civilization has again created new wants, every thing was to be done again, as if mankind had been just placed upon the earth. But whatever may be the cause assigned by philosophers to these phenomena, we may be perfectly at ease with respect to such a catastrophe during the short period of human life.' II. page 64, 65.

The theory of the earth and universe by Descartes has long since been consigned to merited contempt. Though he was the discoverer of the laws of refraction, and reduced dioptrics to a science, yet he was so far from applying geometry to natural philosophy, that his system is one continued blunder, on account of his negligence in that point ; the laws of the planets, in their revolutions round the sun, being at perfect variance from his theory of vortices.

We have often had occasion to remark that the ambition of men of genius, to distinguish themselves from the common mass of merely imitative animals, is the prolific parent of theories and hypotheses. The true structure of the earth must, after all our surmises and analogical inferences, remain a secret beyond the reach of human intellect to develop. Practical philosophy, contented with the produce of its surface, and the treasures which patient industry can draw from the depths to which it may be able to penetrate, leaves the busy theorist to his speculations and conjectures. The minute insect that darts its puny sting into the skin of the elephant, may be selected as the emblem of man when he delves to his deepest hole in the terrestrial globe. At the distance of 4000 miles from its centre he will probably remain until its final dissolution ; for the profoundest fissures yet discovered, do not essentially affect the amount of the calculation.

We have already seen enough of the vanity and inadequateness of the most plausible theories, to account for the true structure of the earth. Our peculiar business seems to be to

cultivate its surface. An ingenious philosopher has observed, that by agriculture, we polish our planet, and not only make it more bright and beautiful, but, by increasing the lustre of its reflected light, confer an important blessing on the sister worlds of our system. There is something truly noble in the idea of such extensive benevolence; it bears us away in the most sublime and amiable sympathies to the farthest verge of animated nature, and mingles the finest sensibilities of the heart, with the boldest researches of science and philosophy.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

—
 THE MORAL CENSOR.....No. XII.
 —

“A savage, whose inhuman trade is
 To catch, and tomahawk the ladies,
 And yet this tawny son of Adam
 Bewitches every miss and madam,
 As foolish birds that court their fate,
 Fly heedless round the farmer's gate,
 Lur'd by the sily scattered wheat,
 They little think 'tis death to eat;—
 So women court their own undoing,
 And choose the certain road to ruin,
 Reject advice and trip away
 To scenes where flattering pleasures play,
 And joy, on ever active wing,
 Sports o'er the flow'rs of ceaseless spring—
 At length—the cheering landscape fades,
 And tempests howl thro' leafless glades,
 The erring fair one shuddering flies,
 Alas, too late! she falls—she dies.”—

Fables for young Ladies. Anon. Printed at Edin. 1729.

It seems to have been the principal care of ancient and modern poets and moralists, to superintend the education, correct the follies, chastise the vices, and form the manners of the fair sex. The author, from whose scarce production I have tak-

on the the motto of the present lucubration, in some preceding lines, had been describing a number of the enemies with whom female honor seems naturally destined to contend, and who bear the appropriate name of SEDUCERS. The one in particular, whose character is partly delineated in the prefixed quotation, has some marks and features of oddity and originality about him, worthy of notice. A savage seducer, with an inhuman trade, catching and tomahawking ladies! What kind of chastity must that be, which such a monster could endanger? If our author had not proceeded to a pathetic representation of the silliness and inconsistency, and proneness to do wrong, which he says are the characteristics of the female sex, I should have regarded the rude and cruel savage favorite, merely as the chimera of a heated imagination, a creature engendered by whim and extravagance, in the crazy attic story of a journeyman to the muses. Further reflection, and the assistance of memory, who furnishes a thousand cases in point from her records, convince me, that the fondness of females, even for such a bear of an Adonis, is no more to be wondered at, than any other of their strange and unaccountable attachments and caprices. In fact, I have long ceased to wonder at any thing they do or say. Yet, how are they adored by men, their natural lords—their voluntary slaves! Here is indeed cause of wonder. An ancient satirist tells us, that Fortune owed her apotheosis to the weakness and folly of mankind, who, either with abject servility deprecated the unkindness, or courted the smiles, of the blind goddess of their own creation. So, the lover—

“ ——— Indian like,
Religious in his error, he adores
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more !”

If then, the propriety and justice of the poet's savage, and his succeeding reflections, be admitted, the real friend to the fair sex will feel an additional call to exertion in their behalf. A gloomy picture of moral depravity and deformity would then

be the result of a profound and accurate consideration of the female character.

But I do not by any means intend to insinuate, that I have adopted all the foregoing sentiments in the utmost extent,—or that I believe them all to be founded on that experience, which alone can give a true idea, and enable one to form a fair and just estimate of the enchantress WOMAN.

“ If lovely women go astray,
 Their *stars* are more in fault than they.”—
 If ugly women never roam,
 But piously remain at home,
 And bless their stars they never had,
 A wicked wish to dress and gad;
 ’Tis they, who from their loop-hol’d station,
 Destroy their sister’s reputation.
 And hence, the dames who virtuous would be,
 Are held—no better than they should be,
 While every Tabby, pure and staid,
 Claims privilege of “aunciente maide”—
 To censure, fret, complain and scold,
 Prescriptive, ’stablished rights of old.—
 These—the true “savages, whose trade is
 To catch and tomahawk the ladies,”
 The sex may thank, and not the poet,
 That when one slips, the public know it;
 The bard—for bards have “length of ears”
 The daily tales of scandal hears,
 In rage—to satirize the times,
 And lash an age “o’ergrown with crimes;”
 In print perpetuates the scandal,
 To last till Time, that long-liv’d vandal,
 Light his last pipe at Nature’s candle.

To the ill-nature of old maids, and disappointed lovers, then, we are finally indebted for the character of the female sex, as delineated in this number. I am very glad to find the case no worse; and yet I am almost tempted to add, ’tis bad enough as it is. Merit, real merit, is but seldom rewarded with the hand of beauty. Regard is paid to exterior decoration, more than to intrinsic worth. Good nature would willingly

account for these circumstances, by indulging the supposition that beauty is purblind, and that her eyes are, as it were, dazzled in their own radiance.—I will with pleasure grant she is not possessed of optics which afford her much information by the *depth* of their penetration. But, in this case, we pay no great compliment to her discriminating powers, when we say, that she would honor and bless merit, had she sense to discern it. For the same reason, I suppose, women become, ere they are aware of it, the victims of deceit, cunning, and vice. As they do not easily perceive, and become enamored of, virtue, so they often discover, and are pleased with, false appearances in its adversary. Hence the original causes of wonder, that women can be so often capricious, foolish, and blameable ! Hence the springs of their misfortunes, disgraces, and miseries in life !

Among a thousand female characters, who are in their sentiments, manners, and inclinations, illustrious exceptions from the general remarks contained in this speculation, there is scarcely one, who does not owe her superiority to a proper system of youthful education, and to the force of regular and and worthy example. The flaunting hoyden, the artful coquette, the affected prude, the languishing sensualist,* have been neglected or misled from their early days. A vicious father and a foolish mother must of course produce a wretched progeny of rogues and simpletons—"children trained up for the gallows,"—whose only hope is, that forfeited life may be protracted by transportation, and lost honor in some measure retrieved by the discipline of repentance in the sacred recesses of a work-house.

* Those who choose, may read "sentimentalist."—Among great novel readers, the terms may be considered as nearly convertible.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Translated from the French.

HAPPINESS, proud and vain word, bold invasion against the rights of heaven.

HOPE deceives us ; for it prevents us from enjoyment.

To wish to escape misfortune, is like acting with a creditor who makes us pay dearly for the delays he grants.

GRAVITY is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the mind.

ALL religious sects would be destroyed, if those who profess them were compelled to love one another.

A MAN without a wife and without friends, is situated in this world, as he would be in an apartment hung with landscapes.

WOMEN struggle against love, and would be very sorry not to have to struggle against it.

THE obstacles which we put to the tongue reflect on the mind.

ADVICE TO MEN.

CITIZENS, learn to forget injuries :—People, suffer yourselves to be enlightened by the luminary of science :—Sages, carry truth with boldness, even unto the throne of sovereigns.—O men ! learn that the finest gift that ever was made to the earth, is that of the **MORALITY OF NATURE**.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

Two French gentlemen lately conversing together about Harvard college, one enquired what punishments were inflicted on those scholars who transgressed against the college laws ; upon which the other replied, " On leur fait payer des amendes [fines.] The other immediately said, " Des amendes, [almonds] ma foi, cela est excellent, les amendes je les aime beaucoup, voilà parbleu un excellent college."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO POVERTY.

COME, POVERTY, since you and I
Have long gone hand in hand,
Let us our mutual reckoning try
And see how matters stand.

They say, that thou'rt a monstrous cheat,
A thorn within the heart ;
If this be true, why then 'tis meet
That you and I should part.

They say that thou can'st only please
The learning-addled brain,
That dreams of philosophic ease,
While suffering real pain.

This character I do not claim ;
With learning I dispense ;
I am no favorite son of fame,
But live by common sense.

Come then, old tatter'd boy, we'll see
What thou hast to impart ;
If you and I cannot agree,
Then you and I will part.

How—do you ask ? the rich man's dower
Is quickly gotten still ;
And fewer they, that want the power,
Than they that want the will.

Come then :—this coat thou didst bestow ;
A shabby one, I own ;
Yet, when the brumal breezes blow,
'Tis better far than none.

Of dress, at first 'twas not the claim
To beautify the form ;
'Twas merely made to hide our shame,
And keep our bodies warm.

Then why should humble robes displease,
Or rich ones pride impart ?
They give no soundness to disease,
No merit to the heart.

Yet, thus attired, I walk the crowd,
Oppress'd with shame and fear,
Encountering from the rich and proud,
The frown of scorn, or sneer.

At all I do they take offence ;
No kindness they repay ;
And when I try to talk good sense,
They mind not what I say.

In circles where the wealthy meet,
Their moments to beguile,
The tales, the jokes that I repeat,
Pass off without a smile.

While some rich fool, with some old tale
Repeated o'er and o'er,
Can make the powers of mirth prevail,
And set them on a roar.

Yet why should I their mirth arraign,
Or fret at nature's rules ?
Why should I wonder or complain
That folly pleases fools ?

Can they by flattery, or by praise,
Make mortals better seem ?
Did they admire me, would it raise
One spark of self esteem ?

I see the young on pleasure's wing ;
How soft, how fair they rise ;
I too would snatch life's fleeting spring,
But Poverty denies.

Well—be it so—I'll not complain ;
The poor know no excess ;
No pleasures, soon to end in pain ;
No riots, that distress.

Those tranquil comforts we employ,
That neither grow, nor wane,
That never rise to rapturous joy,
Nor sink to rapturous pain.
Had bounteous fortune deign'd to bless,
What courses had I run ;
Roll'd on from folly to excess,
Uncheck'd—perhaps undone :
But Poverty, ere I could stray,
With power coercive stood,
Bound down my heart to virtue's way,
And forc'd me to be good.
I fell in love—the smiling maid
Was lovely, fair, and young ;—
What graces in her actions played !
What music from her tongue !
I ask'd the listening fair to bless,
If bliss she could bestow ;
She turn'd and saw my tatter'd dress,
She frown'd, and answer'd—No.
But even then no tear I shed,
Nor did I grieve at this ;
For oh ! how oft the nuptial bed
Has prov'd the grave of bliss !
I once was sick—the cordial drop,
Though needed, was denied.
And oft the fluttering pulse did stop,
Unquicken'd, unsupplied.
But He, whose power can all control,
Was pleas'd to heal and raise ;
The Great Physician made me whole,
And ask'd no pay but praise.
Hunger and thirst I often feel ;
But this the wise might choose,
For this gives sweetness to the meal,
That luxury would refuse.

The mansion grand, the rising dome,
With fields and groves I see,
And sometimes wish that such a home
Had been decreed to me.

But stop the wish and check the prayer,
And dare the truth to tell ;—
If sovereign virtue be not there,
'Tis but a splendid hell.

Perhaps the owner feels the frown
Of justice while it warns ;
Perhaps upon a bed of down
He wears a crown of thorns ;

Or if no furies should corrode,
And heaven and conscience share ;
Perhaps 'tis the forlorn abode
Of vanity and care.

This costly, this laborious pain,
In bliss t' appear so high,
May be, perhaps, an effort vain,
To tell the world a lie.

Perhaps these luscious prospects cloy
From a too frequent view ;
Perhaps they gave my soul a joy
The owner never knew.

At least my fancy there may rove,
Untrespassing, unknown,
There she may sport from grove to grove,
And call them all her own.

There Wit may cull from every bower,
Without offence, or wrong ;
And there the Muse may pluck a flower,
To decorate her song.

Howe'er he scorn my rags to see,
Dress'd out in gallant trim ;

His fields will look as green to me,
As e'er they did to him.

His aid he may refuse to lend,
His cash go on to hoard ;
But still his flowers will condescend,
Their beauty to afford.

Come then, O Poverty, my guide,
Still on my steps attend ;
My hope, my solace, and my pride,
My earliest, latest friend ;

Life's journey is a maze of woe ;
But be thou near my heart ;
We oft may quarrel as we go,
But still, we will not part.

When cares impend and I would yield ;
When rising ills infest ;
Come, spread around thy powerful shield,
The broadest and the best.

When age creeps on and strength decays ;
When end my vain delights ;
When sickly suns roll off my days,
And sickly moons my nights ;

Though soothing friendship be not nigh,
Its balsam to impart ;
When grief springs bursting from the eye,
Sits throbbing in the heart ;

This good at least I must confess,
And so forbear to grieve :—
A world, where little I possess,
I sha'n't be loath to leave.

When life's career at last is check'd ;
And body parts from soul ;
When a few tatter'd friends collect
To put me in *some hole* ;

The selfish world may not bestow,
 Perhaps, a single tear ;
 Yet if there's one, what joy to know
That one will be sincere.

ALPHESIBŒUS.

New-Haven, September 15, 1813.

IN CASTITATEM.

Castitas blandi domitrix amoris,
 Castitas vitæ specimen prioris,
 Labe cum puras soboles colebat
 Auræa terras.

Castitas vitæ specimen futuræ,
 Morte cum victa, sociata membris
 Pura mens puris, radiantis anlam
 Incolet æthræ.

Una nec certam Veneris sagittam,
 Jura nec fati metuis severi,
 Quippe quæ rursus moriente major ;
 Morte resurges.

Pura cum puris agites ut ævum
 Angelis, quorum studium secuto,
 Colliges fructus socios secundæ
 Reddita vitæ.

GEO. BUCHANAN.

Translation.

TO CHASTITY.

BORN in an age unknown to strife,
 And pure as angel forms above,
 Sweet pattern of primeval life,
 'Tis thine to tame resistless love.

And when, dissolv'd in death, shall lie
 The clay, that now invests our frames ;
 Oh, thou shalt seek a brighter sky,
 And light the soul to purer flames.

Love whets his venom'd shaft in vain,
 His art, his ire unfelt by thee,

Triumphant over earthly pain,
 And over death and destiny.
 And when at length in heaven thou dwell
 With souls of thy own heavenly mould,
 What glorious joys shall round thee swell,
 God and the angelic throngs unfold. F.

SONG.

My weary soul is fu' o' care,
 Wee birdies that sae gaily throng;
 I'm fu' o' care, my heart is sair,
 I canna listen to your sang.
 O where I stray by yonder burn
 There's not a bonnie gowan grows,
 While joys I mourn that ne'er return
 But minds o' my fause lover's vows,
 O cruel Jamie, far awa',
 E'en tho' thou be the death o' me;
 Yet sweetly a' thy slumbers fa'
 And peacefu' may thy waukening be. F.

From the Latin of Grotius.

ENGAGING that youth to wriggle your fan,
 No wonder, dear girl, you're all in a *lather*;
 Yet 'tis right to dissemble as well as you can,
 And sliely complain of the heat of the *weather*. F.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

FROM FLETCHER'S "PURPLE ISLAND."

THRICE, oh thrice happie Shepherd's life and state,
 When courts are happiness unhappie pawns!
 His cottage low, and safely humble gate
 Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and fawns:
 No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:

Singing all day his flocks he learns to keep ;
 Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.
 No Serian worms he knows, that with their threed
 Draw out their silken lives; nor silken pride :
 His lambes warm fleece well fits his little need,
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture di'd :
 No emptie hopes, no courtly fears him fright ;
 No begging wants his middle fortune bite :
 But sweet content exiles both miserie and spite,
 Instead of music and base flattering tongues,
 Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise ;
 The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
 And birds, sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes :
 In country playes is all the strife he uses,
 Or sing or dance unto the rural muses
 And but in music's sports all difference refuses.
 His certain life, that never can deceive him,
 Is full of thousand sweets and rich content :
 The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
 With coolest shades till noon-tide's rage is spent :
 His life is neither tost in boisterous seas
 Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease :
 Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.
 His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleep,
 While by his side his faithful spouse hath place :
 His little sonne into his bosome creeps,
 The lively picture of his father's face :
 Never his humble house or state torment him ;
 Lesse he could like, if lesse his God had sent him.
 And when he dies, green turfs with grassie tombe content him.

Correspondence.

To our correspondents, "ALPHESIBOEUS" and "F." whose poetical favors enrich our present number, we acknowledge ourselves bound in gratitude—a kind of debt which never troubles one with the dread of insolvency.

"Epistle to Palmyra" next month.

INDEX

TO VOLUME SECOND.

ADVANTAGE of years to an author	104
American Dramatists	281
Anecdotes and Bon mots	131
Anecdotes of Clermont Tonnerre	30
of Louis XV.	30
original	324
Ancients, Pastime of	44
Aphorisms on man	288
Art of Promising	229
Association of Ideas	59
Ascetics, Anecdotes of	198
Attempt to rescue La Fayette	91
Atheism, Danger of	201
Avarice	196
Banians, Account of	267
Beauty described	134
Beauties of Christianity	145, 201
Bethlehem, View of	264
Beza	104
Biographical Sketch of Commodore Stephen Decatur	113
of his excellency Caleb Strong	225
of Hon. William Heath	1
Boston Theatre	51, 110
Boston Common	113
Bon Mot	198
Bon Mot of Tiberius	131
of Maximilian	132
of a Spartan	131
of Christina, queen of Sweden	132
of Jerome Bignon	195
of a Philosopher	195
Cabalist, dangerous	33
Character of the English	202
of the French	203
of Gen. Wayne	211
Clarke's Travels, selections from	257, 294
Cowperiana	25
Correspondence	56, 112, 224, 332
Consecration of Bells	105
Conversation	136, 138
The Contrast	206
Contempt	207
Criticism, New Art of	251
Dancing and howling Dervishes of Turkey	294

INDEX.

Dangers of the Sea	46
Depravity, remarkable instance of	10
Deaths, remarkable	55, 111, 166, 223
Decatur, Commodore, biography of	113
Diderot	29, 230
Difference of Talents, necessary	61
Drunkenness, prize of	43
Dramatic Review	51
Drake	105
Envy	134
Ethelgar, by Chatterton	22
Excerptions from Sir Thomas Pope Blount	40
The Egotist	187
False Wit	28
Father Adam	106
Fenelon	26
Fennell, Apology for the Life of	279
Fear of Thunder	211
Fine Art	46
Fortune	133
French Literature	280
Freebooter	43, 104, 187, 229
Galvanism, Lecture on	5
Garrulity	135
Genius	209
Generosity and Clemency	210
Great Memories	193
Harangue of a Turkish Ambassador	194
Harmonious and discordant sounds; causes of	212
Heroic Valor	209
Hindeo, the Fortunate	269
How to sell a book	194
Holy City, Prospect of	257
Humor, Definition of	280
Hydrostatics, Lecture on	81, 121
Impulse	31
Injuries	133
Instability of some minds	195
King Charles I.	165
Lawrence, Capt. James, notice of	166
Lecturing	165
Lectures on Natural Philosophy	5, 81, 121, 173, 233, 310
Letters on Mythology	11, 65, 139, 187, 244, 289
Letter from the Persian Envoy in London	204
Learned Ages	57
Literary Notices	55, 111, 166, 223, 279
Looking Glass, verses on	185
Love of our native Country	202
Lytletoniana	207
Maternal Affection in the lower orders of Creation	146
Maria to Nancy	41, 150
Marriage a lottery	208
Memory	208
Messiah, Sepulchre of	260
Memories, great	193
Mirror of Fashion	35, 75

INDEX.

Miscellanea	-	-	-	-	135
Moral Censor	-	-	-	18, 78, 128, 170, 249, 320	
Monthly Miscellany	-	-	-	110, 220,	279
Morality the result of good Taste	-	-	-	-	149
Monks of La Trappe	-	-	-	-	230
Moliere, Remarks on	-	-	-	-	301
Obscurity of Style	-	-	-	-	192
Old Brick Meeting house	-	-	-	-	169
Opulence	-	-	-	-	194
Pastime of the Ancients	-	-	-	-	44
Pedants	-	-	-	-	192
Periodical Publications	-	-	-	-	64
Pneumatics, Lecture on	-	-	-	175,	239
Poets	-	-	-	-	31
Politic Orator	-	-	-	-	64
Power of Fortune	-	-	-	-	135
Porter at a Great Man's Door	-	-	-	-	229
Prize of Drunkenness	-	-	-	-	43
Rattle Snake	-	-	-	-	146
Recipe to make an ugly wife handsome	-	-	-	-	46
Remarkable Effects of Association of Ideas	-	-	-	-	59
Reveries of Happiness	-	-	-	-	154
Reflections, Moral	-	-	-	-	276
Richardsoniana	-	-	-	-	72
Roland, Suicide of	-	-	-	-	303
Select Sentences	-	-	-	158, 213, 275,	324
Simile	-	-	-	46,	195
Singular petition to a minister of state	-	-	-	-	157
Spartan Fare	-	-	-	-	46
Study, Remarks on	-	-	-	-	274
Temperance	-	-	-	-	139
Thoughts on Language	-	-	-	-	43
Theodoric, Archbishop of Cologne	-	-	-	-	106
Towns, Villages, &c.	-	-	-	-	203
Varieties, original and selected	-	-	-	-	29
Virtues of Wine	-	-	-	-	106
Voltaire	-	-	-	-	230
Wayne, Character of	-	-	-	-	211
Wife of a Christian	-	-	-	-	145
Works of Fancy	-	-	-	-	193

POETRY.

Age	-	-	-	50
Ambition, Ode to	-	-	-	215
Answer of a Gouty Epicure to his Physician	-	-	-	196
The Bachelor	-	-	-	218
Beauty in Tears	-	-	-	216
Egotist described	-	-	-	157
Epigrams from Meleager	-	-	-	49, 50
from the Greek Anthology	-	-	-	50
Epigram on a young Lady	-	-	-	31
on the Scots	-	-	-	30
from Martial	-	-	-	220
from Grotius	-	-	-	331
Epitaph	-	-	-	106

INDEX.

on an uxorious Hosier	163
on a drunken old woman	195
on a bad wife by her husband	197
Fine Feeling	231
Genius and the Bayadere	161
Harmony of Creation	48
Human Possessions	50
In Castitatem	330
Independence	50
Indian Legend	161
Jeu d'Esprit	276
Latet in Herba	44
Lines to the Memory of her who is gone forever	49
Love and Reason	217
Ode to May	109
Pathetic Psalmist	197
Rhapsody	47
Spenser modernised	31
To Solitude	159
Song from St. Evremond	160
Song	331
Shepherd's Life	331
Temperance	45
The Thornless Rose	107
Verses addressed to a Needle	196
on a Pile of Ruins	217
to a Friend with a walking Stick	218
to a Lady fearful of Thunder	220
to Youth	231
to Poverty	325
to Chastity	330
to Solitude	159
Waterman's Courtship	164

46 ±

SEP 15 1942.



